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CHAMBER'S'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

DURING the dark period of the Middle Ages, a family of eminence, enjoying the rank of nobility, flourished in Tuscany, whence its branches spread into other of the minor states of Italy. A Grecian origin has been ascribed by genealogists to this family, whose name on settling in Italy was changed from *Calomeros* into the synonyme *Buonaparte*, by which it was subsequently known. Such is the doubtful origin of the Buonaparte family; of whom it is only distinctly known that they occupied a respectable place among the lesser Italian nobility, until dispersed by that long and disastrous civil war which ensued on the struggle between secular powers, and which is typified in the ferocious antagonism of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. The Buonapartes, like many other families of greater name and eminence, were now scattered and extinguished in the homes of their birth or adoption; and whilst a remnant still lingered in the basin of the Apennines, the last relic of which survived at the close of the eighteenth century in the person of an old ecclesiastic, a wealthy canon of the Abbey of San-Miniato, the chief of the stock took refuge in the small island of Corsica, and settled at Ajaccio, among whose rude nobility his descendants were enrolled, and even admitted to all the privileges then accorded to that jealous distinction. At that period Corsica was under the tutelary sovereignty of the republic of Genoa, but in 1768 it and its small dependencies passed under the dominion of the crown of France, despite the heroic efforts of the celebrated Paoli to preserve the independence of its sterile mountains.

After its final subjugation, Corsica was assimilated in its internal administration to the other provinces of France, and had provincial states composed of the three orders of nobility, clergy, and commonalty or third estate. It

likewise preserved a supreme magistracy of twelve nobles, in whom the government of the country was vested; and to this high tribunal Charles Buonaparte was attached as assessor, a place preparatory to his elevation into the Council. This Charles was the only son of Joseph Buonaparte, the eldest of three brothers, the two other of whom died without male issue. He inherited the family property, which was not very considerable, consisting of a house in Ajaccio, and a small estate on the shore of the island, where a dilapidated villa served as a summer residence. As is usual in southern climates, he married at the early age of nineteen, and won for his wife from numerous competitors the reigning beauty of the world of Corsica, the young Letitia Ramolino, who was remarkable not only for her personal charms, but also for the courage and fortitude of her character. In 1779 the *noblesse* elected him the deputy of their order to the court of Versailles, and in this capacity he was obliged to make frequent journeys into France, which, notwithstanding the liberal grants he received from the government of Louis XVI., appear to have reduced his fortune within the narrowest limits; for upon his death at Montpellier in 1785, whither he had repaired in the vain hope of being relieved from the malady which afflicted him—cancer in the stomach; a disease often hereditary in families—he left his widow in very straitened circumstances, and dependent in a great measure for the support and education of her children on their uncle the Archdeacon Lucien, who was head of the chapter of Ajaccio, and who cheerfully undertook to perform the part of father to the bereaved orphans.

These were no fewer than eight in number, the survivors of thirteen whom the fruitful Letitia had borne to her husband, although, at the time of his death, she had not completed her thirty-fifth year. Five were sons, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Joseph, was seventeen years old, and the youngest, Jerome, only two months. The second son was Napoleon, the third Lucien, and the fourth Louis; the three daughters were Marianna Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline, also called Annonciada, who was nearly three years old at the death of her father. In his visits to France, Charles Buonaparte had taken with him his two eldest sons for the benefit of their education; Joseph being placed in a school at Autun, with the view of following the ecclesiastical profession under the patronage of Marbœuf, Archbishop of Lyons, brother of the governor of Corsica, who, as a friend of the family, was on his part instrumental in procuring the introduction of Napoleon into the military school of Brienne, whence he was afterwards removed to that of Paris. This second son was always a favourite with his father, who delighted to regard him as the future hero of his race; and the young Napoleon himself was fondly attached to an indulgent parent, whose loss he long deplored, regretting, above all, that the mournful consolation of attending his deathbed had been denied to him, which fell, on the contrary, to the lot of Joseph and the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of their mother. In the succeeding years, Lucien likewise received his education at Brienne and at Aix in Provence; and when the mighty era of 1789 dawned, all the sons were assembled in Corsica, where the cause of the Revolution was from the first embraced by its inhabitants with the greatest ardour. The young Buonapartes were among its most eager partisans; and Lucien, in particular, who was only sixteen years of age, distinguished himself as an orator in the popular clubs of the island. Joseph had abjured the priestly calling, and having entered into the civil service of the department, was enabled to assist his mother in the

management and maintenance of the family. Napoleon held a commission from the king of France as a lieutenant of artillery, and was remarkable chiefly for his love of solitude and the laborious studies in which he passed his time. Already he had ceased to look upon Corsica as his country; its incorporation with France opened to him a wider theatre for the play of his aspiring spirit, and he readily merged paternal patriotism in the greater call to partake the dangers and the glories of the new competition about to arise from the crash of feudalism.

It was very different with the old patriot of the island—Paoli. As a venerated champion of freedom, the National Assembly of France had invited him to return from his long exile in England; and in 1792 he reappeared among his countrymen with all the lustre of a name endeared to them by his services and his sufferings. He was hailed with a boundless enthusiasm, especially by the mountaineers, who revered him as their tutelary chief; but even in Ajaccio he was received with triumph, and Lucien Buonaparte records with exultation that he pronounced a discourse before him which drew tears from the honoured veteran by its touching pathos. So lively, indeed, was the impression made upon him by this fervent orator, that Paoli took him to his residence of Rostino, and kept him near his person for many months, during which he sought to instil into the mind of his pupil, as the latter himself relates with grief, that England was the only land of real freedom, and the British constitution far superior to any the legislators of France were likely to invent. Notwithstanding his veneration for the patriotic sage, Lucien was too zealous for the credit of France and the virtue of republicanism to admit the force of this doctrine, and he began to entertain suspicions of the orthodoxy of Paoli in the precepts of the revolutionary code. This first alarm soon mounted into certainty when the execution of Louis XVI. aroused the indignation of the virtuous patriot, and stirred him to an open denunciation of the sanguinary monsters who were disgracing the sacred cause of liberty. Paoli declared he would no longer belong to France, neither he nor his brave mountaineers; and he called upon the sons of his old companion in the war of independence, Charles Buonaparte, to join him in a fresh struggle against a more terrible tyranny than had ever yet oppressed the island. But to this appeal the Buonapartes were deaf, for their ambition lay in the very opposite direction; and Paoli having summoned around him an army of mountaineers, prepared to march on Ajaccio, which was the only town that had refused, at his command, to lower the tricolour flag. His rage was principally directed against the Buonapartes, if we are to credit Lucien, and he ordered them to be taken *dead or alive*. Joseph and Napoleon were both absent at this critical moment; Lucien, too, had proceeded to France as the head of a deputation to crave succours from the Jacobins; but the heroic Letitia, who had in earlier days fought by the side of her husband, was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of her numerous progeny. In the dead of night she was aroused by intelligence of the approach of her exasperated enemy, who was intent, above all, to seize her person as a hostage for the submission of her sons; and escorted by a village chieftain named Costa, she hastened from the city to seek refuge in the fastnesses of the hills and forests. Amidst a small band of faithful followers she marched with her young children under the shade of darkness, and before daylight, reached a secluded spot on the seashore, whence from an elevation she could see her house in flames. Un-

daunted by the sad spectacle, she exclaimed, 'Never mind; we will build it up again much better: *Vive la France!*' After a concealment of two days and nights in the recesses of the woods, the fugitives were at length gladdened by the sight of a French frigate, on board of which were Joseph and Napoleon with the deputies of the Convention on mission to Corsica. In this vessel the whole party at once embarked, and as no hope remained of finding security in Corsica, it was straightway steered for France. Marseilles was its port of destination, and there it accordingly landed the family of exiles, destitute of every vestige of property, but unbroken, it would seem, in courage and health. Madame Buonaparte had occasion for the exercise of all her fortitude in these trying circumstances, for she was reduced to almost extreme poverty, and was fain to receive with thankfulness the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph speedily received an appointment as a commissary of war; and he and Napoleon contributed to the support of the family from their scanty allowances; but during the first years of their residence in France, these obscure exiles, who even spoke the language of their adopted country with difficulty, suffered all the inconveniences of a sordid penury.

It was in the early period of the Reign of Terror that Letitia Buonaparte and her children took up their abode in France, which was a prey to all the horrors of civil war, as well as to the dangers of a foreign invasion. The principal cities of the Republic had revolted against the central authority of Paris and the bloody domination of the Jacobins, and among the rest Marseilles was distinguished in the great federalist movement. But the reduction of Lyons, and the terrible vengeance inflicted on it, restored the supremacy of the redoubtable Committee of Public Safety, which consolidated its rule with a relentless fury unparalleled in the annals of barbarism. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Marseilles fled in absolute terror on the approach of the Jacobin forces, and sought protection in Toulon, which had not only cast off the yoke of the Convention, but called in the aid of the British and Spanish fleets to uphold the desperate cause of royalty. In this general flight, however, the Buonapartes did not participate, since they in truth belonged to the triumphant faction. This was a connection which may principally be ascribed to Lucien, who was by far the most hot-headed of the family, and who, by dint of inflammatory harangues, had recommended himself to an administrative appointment at St Maximin, a small town a few leagues distant from Marseilles. Here he assumed the name of *Brutus*, and in conjunction with a renegade monk, who styled himself *Epaminondas*, exercised a petty dictatorship, filling the prisons with unfortunate victims, as suspected royalists and aristocrats. But it is his boast that, with unlimited power in his hands, and at so youthful an age, he shed no blood, notwithstanding the influence of the examples around him. He even opposed the mandate of the commissioners, sent by the Convention to restore its authority at Marseilles, for the removal of his prisoners to be tried or rather guillotined at Orange—an act of boldness which exposed him to the anger of the commissioners, who were Barras and Fréron, but which failed to save him from the fatal imputation of being a *Terrorist* when the day of reaction arrived. Yet in this revolutionary career of his Lucien was of advantage to the fortunes of the family, since Joseph, who continued to reside at Marseilles with his mother, was of too mild and unobtrusive a character to gain credit with the powers of Jacobinism, whilst Napoleon was as yet an unknown subal-

tern, jostling among the crowd of rivals for preferment. In the person of the Abbé Fesch, indeed, who had accompanied his sister in her exile, the positive danger was incurred of harbouring a priest, then the most obnoxious of all delinquents to popular wrath. However, when the portents of the storm were gathering, the abbé prudently discarded his clerical robe, and sought a safer calling as a keeper of stores in the army of General Montesquieu, who, in the autumn of 1793, overran the country of Savoy. It was at a later period of the same year that an event occurred which laid the foundation of mighty changes, involving not only the Corsican refugees in their effects, but deranging the destinies of all the nations of Christendom.

Toulon alone of all the revolted cities still held out against the victorious banner of the Republic. The energies of the government were directed against it with the greater virulence that the flag of England, the most hated of the foes of France, floated on its traitorous ramparts. General Carteaux was despatched to undertake the siege at the head of a large force, amounting to 30,000 men of all arms; but carrying on the operations with less vigour than suited the impatience of the sovereign Committee, he was displaced, and succeeded by Dugommier, who had been provided by the celebrated Carnot with a detailed plan for his guidance in the reduction of the place. But during the temporary absence of the senior officer in command, and in a happy moment of inspiration, Dugommier confided the charge of the artillery to the young engineer of Ajaccio, who had been recently promoted to a colonelcy of brigade, and who recommended a plan of operations so much more feasible than the one dictated by the Committee, that it was at once adopted, with the preliminary sanction, nevertheless, of the Representatives on mission with the army. This plan consisted in carrying the more distant forts which commanded the harbour of Toulon, instead of pursuing the attack against the main body of the place, and which promised the advantage of either insuring the destruction of the hostile fleet, or of compelling it hastily to remove out of range of the guns. In either case, the reduction of Toulon was certain and immediate without much waste of blood, since it would be no longer tenable by the foreign garrison, which constituted the chief means of its defence. Being finally determined upon, Napoleon applied himself to its execution with all the ardour which the hope of success could kindle in a spirit fired with genius and ambition; and such was his exercise of scientific skill, combined with a personal heroism remarkable even in those days of matchless daring, that on the eighteenth day from unmasking his batteries, he was enabled to carry by assault the fort called Little Gibraltar, the possession of which gave the republican arms that decisive predominance he had contemplated. Lord Hood immediately evacuated the harbour with his ships; the garrison prepared for a gradual abandonment of the defensive posts; the wretched inhabitants flocked to the quays, imploring protection from their fugitive allies; the galley-slaves burst from their chains, and commenced a general plunder; the arsenal was set on fire, and the huge vessels of war roared with the flames of devastation; the raging conquerors rushed into the devoted city, and then was consummated this scene of horror which all description must ever fail to portray.

Such was the achievement by which Napoleon Buonaparte first emerged in renown from among that swarm of youthful heroes who in this famous

era had flung themselves into the service of France. On this early stage of his career he met two young soldiers, still struggling against the frowns of fortune, whom he attached to him by the notice he took of their cool intrepidity in the midst of danger. These were Junot and Duroc, who retained for him ever afterwards an affection and admiration which was wholly independent of his future grandeur. The Representatives of the Convention and Dugommier freely acknowledged the value of Napoleon's services; and the Committee of Public Safety, which rewarded and punished with equal promptitude, at once elevated him to the rank of general of brigade. He was henceforth attached to the army of the Alps under Dugommier, who, being old, and diffident of himself, willingly relinquished to his more vigorous lieutenant the conduct of a campaign which was beset with unusual difficulties, from the rugged nature of the country and the absolute destitution of the soldiers. To this army were delegated the same commissioners who had superintended the siege of Toulon, all men of note and influence in the Republic at the time, and two of whom at least manifested a perfect appreciation of the merits of the new commandant of artillery. One of these was the younger Robespierre, brother of the chief dictator among the ruling decemvirs; and the other was Barras, who affected a military knowledge, and was fresh from the massacres of Marseilles: the third commissioner was Salicetti, himself a Corsican, but nurturing a bitter envy against his rising countryman. The first, indeed, formed with Napoleon an intimacy which had nearly led to momentous consequences. Although the atrocities of the Jacobins were extremely revolting to him—for his temperament was utterly averse to their horrible system of government—Napoleon was not insensible to the advantage of cultivating a friendship with the brother of their most potential leader, whose favour was the surest avenue to high distinction. Moreover, the younger Robespierre was really estimable for many virtues, and laboured to convince him that Maximilian was far from being the bloody tyrant his seeming actions would represent him. It is not singular, therefore, that Napoleon turned his eyes with some predilection towards one so capable of promoting his interests, and whom he might suppose an involuntary agent of bloodshed, or at least not so vulgar and complete a villain as some of his colleagues. Thus he became connected with Robespierre, who entertained the idea of conferring on him the command of the Parisian sans-culottes in lieu of the miserable Henriot, whose blustering incompetence he had the sagacity to detect. The proposition was even made to him by the younger brother, who repeatedly urged him to accompany him to Paris, whither he was recalled by the perils beginning to threaten the continuance of the existing dominion. But Napoleon resolutely resisted all such solicitations, for however Robespierre might have imposed on him by those hypocritical professions of moderation which he essayed in the latter days of his hideous reign, he could not consent to wear the actual livery of such a master, whose character of sternness and implacability he was not anxious to encounter too closely. 'There is no honourable place for me but the army at present; the time is not yet come, *but it will arrive when I shall command at Paris*,' are the prophetic words which Lucien does not hesitate to put into his mouth on this occasion. Yet notwithstanding his refusal to identify himself with Robespierre, he was involved in the downfall of that malignant monster; and after the glorious 9th of Thermidor (27th of July 1794), he was arrested as an adherent and

partisan of the fallen tyrant.* Being cast into prison with other more avowed Terrorists, he narrowly escaped the death which awaited them under the violence of reaction; but he was eventually set at liberty through the force of his own remonstrances and the plaintive pleadings of his humble friend Junot. Nevertheless this release was purchased by the sacrifice of his rank in the army, and he lost all the fruits of the brilliant reputation he had won: at the age of twenty-five he was thrown as an outcast upon the world, ignominiously expelled from the profession in which he had already begun to gather prospective laurels. His brothers shared in the terrible reverses of the moment: Joseph saved himself by a temporary retreat to Genoa, but Lucien incurred the horrors of the incarceration he had so liberally administered to others, albeit he protested against so ungrateful a return for the boon of life he had magnanimously secured to his unsympathising victims.

This may be considered the second phase in the calamities of the illustrious House of Buonaparte. Whilst all France was ringing with the joy of its deliverance from the detestable thralldom of murderers, the heaviest gloom hung upon the hopes of those forlorn strangers in the land. Proscription and degradation were now their lot in addition to the poverty from which they had partially emerged, and in which they were again plunged with aggravated bitterness. But in this extremity of their fortunes Joseph became the prop and support of the family by his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles named Clary. By the dowry he got with his wife, Joseph was raised into almost affluent circumstances, and obtained a position which enabled him to be of essential benefit to his mother and the children still remaining under her charge. Lucien had been liberated from the prison of Aix after a detention of six weeks, during which he escaped almost miraculously the massacres then perpetrating by the Royalists on the imprisoned Jacobins in the southern departments of France, and he returned to Marseilles from his incarceration in very dismal plight. He, too, had contracted matrimony during his residence at St Maximin, where the daughter of an innkeeper called Boyer had fixed his wayward affections. Unlike his eldest brother, however, he derived no fortune with her; and she proved rather an inopportune encumbrance in the existing condition of his finances. But he was fondly attached to her, portionless as she was, for she was very beautiful and very amiable, and in his sanguine temperament he found consolation for present indigence in visions of future prosperity.

After his discharge from the army and from captivity, Napoleon had proceeded to Paris with the view of claiming from the new government reparation of the wrongs he had suffered. His former friend Barras was now in an influential station, from the important part he had borne in the overthrow of Robespierre, and he could materially aid him in the object of his suit. But although he experienced from that personage a friendly reception, he derived no advantage through his advocacy, if it were ever sincerely exerted, which it probably was not, as Barras might fear to implicate himself by too earnest a recommendation of one involved in the odium of *terrorism*. Hence all his applications being fruitless, he found himself in a situation at once most

* Napoleon accused Salicetti of provoking his arrest by his vile machinations against him, and he subsequently revenged the perfidious deed by facilitating that personage's escape from the vengeance of the Convention after the event of the 1st Prairial (20th May 1795).

galling and deplorable; since to his impetuous spirit the want of employment at a time when active service offered so many chances of distinction must have been intolerable, whilst his destitution was such that he often lacked the means of procuring a dinner. Yet his ardent imagination was even then filled with reveries of the greatness he might achieve; and it was on an Oriental field his thoughts wandered in brilliant perspectives, for he deemed Europe tame and sterile in comparison with Asia as a theatre of glorious enterprise. He cherished the idea of leaving France, and offering to the Turkish sultan the sword his country was unworthy to possess; but averse to go forth as a mere adventurer, he submitted a proposition to the government for heading a detachment of officers to improve the discipline of the Ottoman forces, and prepare them for a more equal encounter with the trained soldiers of Russia. This proposition, however, was not entertained; and the impatient hero was compelled to await a more propitious period to realise his scheme of revolution and conquest in the East. Big with these enthusiastic dreams, he loitered about the streets of Paris, scowling at the effeminate puppies who pranced in the promenades on caparisoned horses, and lisped the praises of singers and dancers at the Opera; for the metropolis of terror had been suddenly changed into one of exaggerated gaiety: conversing with Junot, who clung to him in his adversity with an almost infatuated fidelity and resorted to gaming-houses with the view of increasing their slender stores of subsistence; frequenting coffee-houses, theatres, and other places of amusement when Junot had been successful in his throws of the dice-box or his calculations at *Rouge et Noir*; strolling in deserted avenues or through the collections of the *Jardin des Plantes* in the stillness of evenings, to indulge in pensive meditations, or to beguile the weary time; leading, in short, a life of pure vagabondism, which has its joys in the days of youth, when the spirits are buoyant and hope is elastic, but which is replete with moments of remorse and anguish. In such paroxysms of the conscience despair is prone to seize upon the mind, and inspire its victims with lamentable impulses. So Napoleon fell under the dire temptation, and one night started along the quays to throw himself from one of the bridges over the Seine. On his way he encountered an old friend whom he had not seen since they were comrades of the camp, and to whom he related the sad story of his distresses, which affected not him only, but objects dearer to him than himself. This friend was moved by the mournful tale, and presented to the intending suicide a bag of gold, whose magic touch at once dispelled the gloomy humours which had impelled him to his fearful purpose. If it be true that this bag contained no less a sum than 30,000 francs, it must be confessed that the incident is one of very marvellous complexion, and the munificent genii of the 'Arabian Nights' are outdone in providential miracles by Demasis, who, to enhance the romance of the adventure, is seen thus once, and then passes, like a flitting spectre, into a grave of undisturbed oblivion.

Thus rescued from an inglorious death, the teeming era of revolutions at length summoned into conspicuous action the desolate and wo-worn Napoleon: The Convention was about to close its stormy existence after promulgating a new constitution for France, by which an executive government was created of five directors with a legislature divided into two chambers—one to be called the Chamber of Ancients, the other the Chamber of Five Hundred. By supplemental statutes, two-thirds of the old Conventionalists were to form

part of the new legislature, and against this provision the Reactionists protested with vehement anger. The sections of Paris, in particular, were furious in their opposition; and failing to intimidate the Convention by menaces, they resolved to coerce it by an armed insurrection. To meet this threatened danger, the Convention appointed Barras to command the forces at its disposal, which consisted of about 6000 troops of the regular army; and he, calling to mind that energetic officer whom he had known in the campaign of the Maritime Alps, wisely judged he was better qualified than himself to conduct the military operations fitted to the occasion. He accordingly applied to Napoleon in the emergency, and on his recommendation the latter was forthwith nominated to be second in command. A subordinate part, however, was not suited to one of Napoleon's temperament, and he at once assumed the principal direction of affairs. As the Sectionaries far exceeded in numerical strength the army of the Convention, he determined to act strictly on the defensive, and with this view surrounded the National Palace with cannon, and intrenched his soldiers on all the approaches which led to it. On the morning of the 13th Vendemiaire (5th October 1795) the insurgents assembled to the number of 30,000 men, and about three in the afternoon appeared with their heads of columns on the Place du Carrousel, the open square in front of the Tuileries. Instantly Napoleon opened upon them a terrific discharge of grape-shot, which staggered, overthrew, and routed them. The battle was neither long nor obstinate; the Sectionaries could make no head against the tempest of balls vomited against them by their pitiless and scientific enemy. Recoiling in affright, part of them attempted to make a stand on the steps of the Church of St Roch, but Napoleon ranged against them his murderous guns, and executed upon them a desolating havoc. Shortly the insurgent army was in consternation and in flight; the insurrection was suppressed, and the Convention victorious. The conqueror in the broil was hailed with acclamations by the grateful Assembly, and in reward of his services he was nominated to be general of the Army of the Interior. By his achievement he had gained a twofold merit in the eyes of the government: he had saved the Revolution, for had the Sections been triumphant, the restoration of the Bourbons would have been the almost inevitable result; he had established the Directorial constitution, which, after the experience of the past, was held to fulfil all the expectations of reasonable republicans. Henceforth he became of paramount importance in the convulsed community: the reduction of Toulon had first fixed upon him the attention which was requisite to encourage confidence in his superiority; the repulse of the Sections in Vendemiaire showed him resolute and indomitable in conflict, and stamped upon him the seal of predominance, albeit cemented in the gore of fellow-countrymen and citizens.

It is thus that opportunity only is wanting to men of real genius and capacity to make manifest the qualities within them, and assure them command over the satellite herd of mankind. This Napoleon had gained, and straightway the path of fortune was wide and smooth before him. Happy accidents almost poured upon him, and none was more singularly auspicious than that which introduced him to a wife. As a consequence of their defeat in Vendemiaire, the reactionary citizens of Paris were deprived of their arms, which were delivered into the possession of the general of the Army of the Interior. One day he was applied to by a boy not more than ten years of age for the restoration of his father's sword, which had been seized in the general search,

although its owner was long since dead. The ingenuous earnestness of the youth pleaded in his favour, and Napoleon restored him the sword; but he was induced to ask the circumstances of the family to which he belonged. His father, Alexander de Beauharnais, had commanded one of the armies of the Republic, but had lost his head in the Reign of Terror; his mother, Josephine, still survived, having narrowly escaped the same fate by the fortunate execution of Robespierre within a few hours of her intended condemnation. She was a native of Martinique, and was enveloped in a strange interest, from the remarkable prophecies that had been made concerning her. In one of these, delivered by an old negress, she herself put faith with the superstition natural to her clime; and so far, in truth, the prediction had been verified. It was said that she should witness the death of her first husband, be plunged into the deepest misery, but ultimately be raised above the estate of a queen. That such a prediction had been made there is very positive evidence, although with about as much actual foresight on the part of the negress as is vested in those famed gipsies who, for a corresponding fee, will promise any extent of sublunary grandeur. But whatever might be the fabled destinies in store for her, it was upon more rational expectations that Napoleon sought and won her hand; for although he had himself a considerable share of dreamy superstition, it is not to be supposed that he gave any heed to such stupid tales when he married Josephine. She was recommended to him by the inimitable graces of her person and manners, which were fascinating in a superlative degree, and probably also by considerations of a somewhat grosser nature. Society was very dissolute at this period; she had heretofore enjoyed an intimacy with Barras which gave her great influence over him; and as this personage had been elected one of the new directors, he was now possessed of greater power than ever. Hence his favour was of material consequence, especially in the distribution of military commands; and as Napoleon aspired to the very highest and most important in the service of the Republic, it was politic in him to strengthen his pretensions by an alliance fortified with the most cogent and persuasive ties.

From associations which had their origin in predilections of sundry kinds, individual and professional, Italy was the field on which Napoleon panted to make his great essay in arms. It was a country he had profoundly studied in a military aspect, and had at an earlier period submitted plans for its invasion to the government, which had been well appreciated, but postponed through the pressure of many conflicting circumstances. He again renewed his propositions under present more favourable auspices, and as they met the approbation of Carnot, who had succeeded to a place in the Directory, and who was then considered the highest military authority of the day, he received the appointment he so much coveted, and was named on the 1st of March 1796 generalissimo of the Army of Italy. This army was both the least numerous and the worst provided of all those arrayed by France in that eventful year for foreign aggression and domestic warfare. Young Hoche had 100,000 men assigned him for the subjugation of La Vendée; Jourdan and Moreau commanded armies of 80,000 men each on the Upper and Lower Rhine; Buonaparte had only 30,000 starved and naked troops to realise his daring project of conquering Piedmont, and wresting Lombardy from the Austrians. It is true that the French, by the victory of Loano, under Scherer in the previous November, had surmounted all the difficulties of the mountain passages, and stood prepared to descend into the

Italian plains whenever opportunity might seem to invite them; but for offensive operations, certain supplies at all events are indispensable. Now, such was the penury of the French exchequer, that it possessed no means to furnish these supplies; and during the whole winter these valiant troops had been exposed to hardships and privations which severely tested their fortitude as well as discipline. Even in spring, the utmost efforts of the government were incompetent to feed or clothe them adequately; and all that could be effected was to provide them with such stores of munitions as were absolutely necessary to enter upon a campaign. Means of transit were almost entirely wanting, for the system of forced requisitions was of no avail in a mountainous country from which the meagre cultivators had fled in dismay. But in that extraordinary era armies were subsisted and moved in a manner which defies calculation; and the martial enthusiasm of the soldiers made amends for deficiencies which would have paralysed more methodical and mercenary hosts. Once across an enemy's frontier, the French were at ease, for as they carried with them the boon of liberty, they held themselves justified in living at the expense of disenthralled populations. Their difficulty, therefore, was only at the outset, and until they could break from their own exhausted soil; this overcome, they revelled in abundance, and pushed on to further conquests with the keenest scent of cupidity and enjoyment. To propel his army from the Alpine range into the fertile valleys below, Napoleon received from the Directory the sum of 2000 louis-d'or in specie; and never surely was so gigantic an undertaking contemplated with such slender resources. Yet he was animated with a fervour and self-confidence which set at nought all impediments; and he said joyously to his friends as he started, 'In three months you will see me again at Paris, or will hear of me at Milan.'

It was in no idle spirit that he spoke these words; for on the desperate hazard he was prepared to stake the future of his life, whether it should be disgrace in failure, or empire in success. Two armies were opposed to him—one of Piedmontese 20,000 strong, and the other of Austrians 35,000 strong, between which he poured with his emaciated complement of 30,000. Already, under the revolutionary impulse, the tactics of war had been materially changed from the old established routine; and the generals of the Coalition had suffered untimely reverses, inflicted on them contrary to the rules of art, as they reasonably complained. But such changes were trifling in comparison with those introduced by Napoleon Buonaparte, who struck by blows so sure and rapid, that his enemy was overpowered before he well knew operations had commenced; and campaigns which, under the old system of even Marlborough and Frederick, would have lingered for years, were decided in a few weeks, sometimes in a few days. Thus he hurled the Piedmontese and Austrians before him on separate routes of retreat with a precipitation which annihilated resistance: in less than two months he had fought six battles, reduced Sardinia to sue for peace, entered Milan in triumph, and expelled the Austrians from Lombardy, driving them across the Adige, and into the fastnesses of the Tyrol. Such a series of exploits, accomplished in so short a time, wrought a boundless amazement, and the hero of them was extolled as a prodigy superior to all warriors of ancient or modern fame. It was the rapidity of his achievements rather even than their results which dazzled the imagination, and marked the advent of a new master in the great art of war. No conqueror had ever displayed

such originality of genius, such boldness of conception, such profundity of combination, such celerity of execution; and the sudden interest which invested him was increased by the novel grandeur of the language in which he spoke to his soldiers, and the imperious tone he assumed to the potentates who held fair Italy in servitude. At the bare aspect of his sword, priestly and royal dominations crouched before him; and the proud oligarchy of Venice sent humble intercessions to propitiate his wrath. Yet his possession of Lombardy was very insecure, for the House of Austria was making prodigious exertions to wrest it from him, and to recover that stolen jewel of its usurping crown. Four successive armies of 60,000 men each were pushed down the gorges of the Tyrol and across the Brenta, under veteran leaders of exalted reputation, to dislodge him from his central position of Verona, and thence dislodged, to inflict on him an inevitable ruin. Against these he contended with a skill and energy which have rendered his deeds in those campaigns superior in renown to all other feats of strategy or heroism. He himself has not surpassed them; and the conflicts of Lonato, Castiglione, Bassano, Arcole, and Rivoli, although not attended with the stupendous results for which his later victories were celebrated, must ever be esteemed as the most truly brilliant and marvellous of his military successes. They assured to him the definitive possession of Italy, and enabled him in a subsequent campaign to cross the Noric Alps, and advance within twenty-five leagues of Vienna, where he extorted from the emperor the famous treaty of Campo-Formio, which secured to France all the vast accessions of territory she had gained from the first outbreak of the revolutionary war. At no period of her history had she concluded so glorious and advantageous a peace; and in his double capacity of warrior and pacificator, Napoleon was received in Paris with an enthusiasm befitting the great services he had performed.

The elevation of this illustrious member of the family failed not to have a beneficial influence on the fortunes of his immediate relatives. After his example, they all dropped the Italian orthography of their name, and to render it more nearly French, wrote it henceforth 'Bonaparte.' Joseph, who had already filled a similar appointment in the Army of the Alps, was named a commissary of war under his brother in Italy, as well as the ex-abbé Fesch, who is accused of having shared in the illegitimate profits of the contractors. Lucien gladly answered a summons to Paris from his irksome retreat at Marseilles, and was forthwith attached in the like quality of commissary to the Army of the Rhine under Moreau, where he made himself obnoxious by his passion for wrangling and disputation, and also by the negligent discharge of his duties. Such was his egregious arrogance and incompetence, indeed, that he would have been expelled from his employment but for the protective influence of Napoleon, whom he thought fit to join in Italy when his triumphant progress opened so profitable a field of speculation. Young Louis, too, was provided for by the same fostering care, and although only seventeen years of age, with the grade of a lieutenant, was appointed an aide-de-camp to his puissant brother. He had passed a short time at the military school of Chalons, preparatory to his entering the artillery, and having been from the first under the tutelage of Napoleon, he regarded him not only with great affection, but with almost the deference due to a father. Of all the sons, therefore, Jerome alone remained with his mother, whose household was further reduced in 1797 by the marriage of

her eldest daughter Eliza with Felix Bacchiochi, a countryman of her own, and at that time a captain of artillery. This match was highly disapproved by Napoleon, who justly considered himself the head of the family, and already arrogated a right of disposal over his dependent kinsfolk in matrimony; but he nevertheless promoted his new brother-in-law, and made him first a colonel, and then a general of brigade. In this same year Joseph, and in the following year Lucien, were both returned to the Council of Five Hundred as representatives of the district of Liamone in Corsica, from which Paoli had once more fled with the shadow of the British dominion he had attempted to rear. Subsequently to the 18th Fructidor (4th September 1797), when the Directory, with the connivance of Napoleon, established a virtual despotism in France, Joseph was despatched as ambassador of the Republic to Rome, whence he shortly retired, in consequence of a popular tumult, amidst which he nearly lost his life, and for which the recalcitrant Pope suffered the penalty of deposition. Thus the Bonapartes began to form an important power in the state, and already no post in the government was deemed too exalted to occupy the talents or satisfy the claims of their resplendent chief.

But the time was not yet come for his participation or assumption of the government; he must yet gather fresh laurels, and the country be overwhelmed with disasters, ere he could aspire to seize supreme authority in the Republic. It was not at a period when he had raised it to the pinnacle of greatness it would voluntarily accept him for a sovereign; a season of calamity was needed to rally its hopes on him as an indispensable instrument of salvation. His position at Paris was irksome both to himself and to the Directory, and it was equally the wish of both that he should forthwith betake himself again to active employment. The Directory was intent to invade England or Ireland, and at no period could such an enterprise have been attended with a better chance of success; accordingly, it had nominated him general of the Army of England, the opportune death of Hoche having removed a rival who could alone have stood against him in the lists of competition. But Napoleon had a different project of his own, which was more agreeable to those early fancies he had so fondly indulged; and he had not completed his conquest of Italy before he cast his eyes on Egypt as the next theatre of his ardent prowess. In Egypt he saw the commencement of his visionary subjugation of Asia, or his dethronement of the Ottoman sultan, and an expedition to conquer it was sufficiently plausible to be defended on the ground of interest to France. The possession of Malta and Egypt was a prodigious step towards the accomplishment of that grand traditional scheme of rendering the Mediterranean a French lake, whilst, by opening the readiest route to India, it facilitated the destruction of England in a more certain manner than by a direct invasion. Upon these arguments he maintained the superior merits of his project, and the Directory was fain to yield to them a reluctant acquiescence. There was just sufficient of national advantage in it to cloak his personal desires, to which at all times of his life he was ready to sacrifice every other consideration. He embarked, therefore, on his extravagant but magnificent enterprise, accompanied by the largest naval and military armament that had ever crossed a wide expanse of sea; and before the aim of his expedition was known to the world, had planted the republican banner on the impregnable ramparts of Malta, the ruined towers of Alexandria, and the glittering minarets of the city of the Caliphs.

The battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, fought on fields of such imperishable and hallowed recollection, shed a lustre on the French arms which was all the brighter for the distance it travelled, for the unknown regions that had witnessed them. The French were in raptures at the tidings, for the predominant idea of their Revolution had now become military glory and conquest, to the exclusion of all earlier chimeras touching liberty and fraternity, and the reverses they were sustaining in Europe gave to them a character of peculiar consolation. The Directory was composed of vulgar and violent men, who displayed an insatiable wickedness in aggressions on the neighbours of France, and who outraged every law in the gratification of its lustful passions. Soon its detestable usurpation drew upon it the indignation of combined Europe, and its desolating armies were driven back with infamy into the confines of France itself. But for the inveterate cupidity of Austria, and the astounding imbecility of England, the Republic must have been overthrown at that time; as it was, it was reduced to a state of depression and misery unexampled among the retributions that have been visited on the sins of nations. In this dismal crisis all eyes reverted to the indomitable hero who had already elevated France to such a pitch of grandeur, from which she had fallen the moment his sword was withdrawn, and who alone still upheld the fame of her victorious flag; when at the critical moment the desired saviour appeared, and converted the gloom of his disconsolate countrymen into the joy of an anticipated redemption.

Never was a country so ripe to receive a master, fitted to curb its licentious factions and to restore its vitality, as France in the latter part of 1799. For ten years she had been engaged in a career of revolution, and at the end of that time her fervent prayer was for the institution of a despotism to relieve her from the greater horrors of anarchy and a social dissolution. The master she required in her necessities she found in the person to whom her hopes had instinctively turned—in Napoleon Bonaparte, whose absence she had deplored and his return invoked. On the 9th of November, the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the last of the prolific series since 1790, constituted him First Consul of the French Republic, with an almost absolute executive authority. His brother Lucien was of great assistance in accomplishing this object, displaying in his capacity of President of the Council of Five Hundred a firmness and courage which secured the success of the project when almost on the point of failure. Two subordinate Consuls were at the same time created, together with a Senate, a Council of State, a Legislative Body, and a Tribunal. All the chief appointments were vested in the First Consul, who had consequently abundant means of rewarding his friends and partisans. The policy he pursued was the beneficent one of amalgamating parties and interests, and of substituting for the violent systems of preceding governments one of conciliation and clemency. The measures he took for the restoration of order and tranquillity were singularly judicious and effective, and in a short time he wrought an incredible change in the condition of France, which joyfully threw itself into his arms, reposing confidently on his superior intelligence and capacity. But internal ameliorations were of secondary importance to the still greater object of delivering France from the pressure of foreign enemies, and to this Napoleon directed his unremitting energies. His overtures for peace being contemptuously rejected by the inflated governments of England and Austria, he prepared to strike a blow which, by its force and suddenness, should confound them, and annihilate

their pretensions. With an army, of whose very existence they were profoundly ignorant, he crossed the great chain of the Alps, and debouched into the plains of Italy, directly on the rear of the Austrians, who were beyond the Apennines contemplating an immediate invasion of Provence. These, precipitately retrograding, to regain their communications, he encountered and vanquished on the memorable field of Marengo, through which event he again became, in the course of a few days, complete master of the whole of Italy. Austria was smitten to the heart by so unlooked-for and miraculous a disaster, and she sent an envoy with plaintive propositions to treat of peace. But England strove to revive her palsied courage by dint of replenished subsidies, and she was induced, with desperate resolution, to try the fortune of another campaign. This proved equally calamitous, and nothing remained for her but to submit to the will of the conqueror she had unwisely defied. At Luneville, accordingly, on the 9th of February 1801, she signed a treaty infinitely more disadvantageous to her than that of Campo-Formio, and one which assured to France an aggrandisement wholly inconsistent with the old balance of power in Europe. Nevertheless, to this sad termination of all her struggles against the Revolution, England herself was reduced to accede: placed in melancholy isolation against the power of the colossal Republic, she, too, succumbed, and concluded a treaty at Amiens in March 1802, in order to gain at least a temporary respite from the afflictions of war. Thus did Napoleon lift France from an abyss of degradation to the very highest rank among the nations of the earth; and whilst he endowed her with this envied supremacy, healed the festering sores of her internal maladies, and conferred on her a peace and prosperity she had never known since she embarked in her wild crusade against kings, nobles, and priests. Commensurate was the gratitude of her enraptured people, who were ready to testify it by any inordinate expression agreeable to the ambition of their benefactor and idol.

During the short interval between the 18th Brumaire and the peace of Amiens, Napoleon appears clothed with a majesty and glory which throws far into the shade the lustre of monarchs cradled in royalty. Not only did he beat to pieces the formidable coalition arrayed to extinguish France, but all his conduct in this happy era of his life was marked by a wisdom and beneficence which stands in dazzling contrast with the folly and iniquities of his subsequent career. In his restoration of religion alone, against the most inveterate prejudice confirmed in the course of the Revolution, he rendered to a benighted land the greatest good it could receive and the indispensable guardian of society; but which it would certainly not have accepted from any hands save his alone. Yet rarely has the intoxication of power been so quick and overwhelming in its corruption of the mind and the understanding as in the instance of this extraordinary individual. He almost straightway became the slave of passions that grew in their evil intensity with every gratification which fed them, until they reached a height which overmastered his reason, and transformed him into the very curse of humanity. The arrogance of the language he permitted himself towards foreign courts—particularly the British, which he thoroughly despised—was altogether insufferable; whilst he recklessly seized upon dominions that showed him regardless of all guarantees imposed by either good faith, policy, or public law. Hence he rendered relations of peace impossible with him, unless on the part of miserable trucklers like the king of Prussia; and

he again drew upon France the combined hostility of three-fourths of Europe. But in the interior he had manifested his sovereignty by two events, very dissimilar in their complexion, but equally striking in their tendency and effect. Enraged by the detestable conspiracies of the Royalists to destroy him, he seized a young prince of the House of Bourbon loitering upon the confines of his expanded realm, and, in the mere spirit of revenge and bravado, wickedly put him to death. Encouraged by the admiration and homage of the whole nation of Frenchmen, he constituted himself their Emperor; and amidst an adulation exceeding the abjectness of degenerate Greeks, established an empire unmatched for the rigour of its despotism and the splendour of its emblazonries. To consecrate this culminating phase of the Revolution, he summoned to Paris the head of the Catholic church, and exhibited to the astonished universe the spectacle of a pope anointing in *Nôtre-Dame* the plebeian but august warrior, who had rectified indeed the errors of intolerant democracy, but still left the Papacy shorn of the territorial grandeur it had laboured so hard in bygone ages to secure.

Among all the vices of Napoleon's character, he cannot assuredly be charged with want of affection for his family, since he displayed towards those connected with him an attachment and regard which was often detrimental to him. His wife Josephine was particularly dear to him, although her conduct on many occasions was far from being blameless. His letters to her at every period of their union are replete with expressions of the warmest devotion; and if at any time she failed to reciprocate his love, it was through a wayward levity which left her scarcely mistress of herself. He was supremely happy in her society, for her disposition was of the sweetest and most amiable; and her influence over him was always exercised in kind and benevolent purposes. That she had borne him no children was a subject of inconsolable regret, but he cherished those of her former husband as if they were his own. These were two—a son and daughter—Eugene and Hortense. Both of them possessed in an eminent degree the attractive qualities of their mother; and Napoleon heaped upon them continual evidences of his affection. Eugene had acted as his aide-de-camp both in Italy and in Egypt; at *Marengo* he had commanded a brigade of the Guard; in 1804 he was made an imperial prince and arch-chancellor of state; in 1805, immediately after Napoleon's coronation at Milan, he was nominated viceroy of Italy, and subsequently Prince of Venice, and heir of the Lombardo-Venetian crown. Hortense was designed by Napoleon to be given in marriage to his favourite aide-de-camp Duroc, whose handsome person and gallant bearing had already won her girlish admiration. But Josephine artfully opposed this arrangement, from a natural anxiety she laboured under of drawing still closer the ties that united her with her husband; for her barrenness had already become the theme of opprobrium on the part of Joseph and Lucien, who laboured assiduously with their brother to impress upon him the expediency of a divorce. On this account she was intent to bring about a marriage between Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, through which she hoped to defeat the insidious suggestions of her enemies. But serious obstacles stood in the way of her accomplishing her design; for the young couple had an absolute antipathy towards each other, and both were actually in love with other parties. Louis had become enamoured of Josephine's niece—Louise-Emilie, daughter of Francis, Marquis de Beauharnais, her first husband's elder brother—without, however, engaging the young lady's affections in return.

This Francis de Beauharnais was an emigrant, and consequently an alliance with him was to be shunned by a brother of Napoleon, who was then only a general of the Republic, and bound to be careful of exciting distrust in his zeal. Accordingly, to prevent mischief, he despatched Louis hastily from Paris; and just previously to starting for Egypt, married Mademoiselle Beauharnais to Lavalette, one of his aides-de-camp, for whose safety she afterwards figured in so marvellous an adventure. Louis, whose character was naturally of a pensive cast, took this disappointment grievously to heart; and, joined to an infirm state of health, it produced in him a melancholy which preyed on him all the remainder of his life. He never ceased to mourn the loss he had sustained; and when the proposition of a union with Hortense was made to him, he recoiled from it with abhorrence. He resisted all persuasions with a settled determination; and it was only by much skilful manœuvring that Josephine at length succeeded in extorting his consent. She had wrung from her daughter, too, an unwilling acquiescence; and on the 4th of January 1802 the ill-assorted knot was tied—the gloomy countenances of the affianced belying the factitious joy of the courtly retinue that graced their inauspicious nuptials.

Joseph, whose abilities were mediocre, but who was of the tractable disposition that Napoleon preferred to all others, stood high in the favour of his predominant brother. On him had been conferred the honour of concluding the famous treaties of Luneville and Amiens, and also the equally famous Concordat with the pope. He was named a grand officer of the Legion of Honour on the institution of that remarkable order; and on the establishment of the Empire, he became, in common with all his brothers, an imperial prince. At the same time he was created Grand-Elector, as was Louis Constable of France. The fate of Lucien was somewhat different. After the 18th Brumaire, he had been appointed Minister of the Interior; in which office he displayed great activity, but was frequently embroiled in angry discussions with the First Consul. He naturally plumed himself on the merit of his services in the critical conjuncture of Brumaire, and aspired to play a much more important part in the administration of affairs than Napoleon was at all disposed to allow him. He was of an impetuous and unbending character; full of personal pretensions, and unsuited to act in subservience perhaps to any master, much more to his own brother. Hence they had repeated quarrels; and on more than one occasion Lucien flung down his portfolio in a passion, exclaiming that he would no longer serve such a despot. Once, in a paroxysm of rage, he dashed his watch on the floor, and crushing it with his heel, cried out, 'You will one day be smashed to atoms as I now smash this watch; take warning in time, or you will not have a resting-place for your head, and you will involve all your family in the same ruin!' This was a very good prophecy, doubtless, as it turned out; but such scenes rendered the longer continuance of Lucien in the ministry impossible. He was accordingly sent as ambassador to Spain, where he again contrived to draw upon himself the anger of the First Consul. Contrary to his instructions, he participated in the treaty concluded by the infamous Godoy with the court of Portugal, by which the invasion of the latter kingdom was averted, to the inexpressible mortification of Napoleon, who was still engaged in negotiations with England, and was intent to occupy Portugal as a make-weight in the adjustment of terms. The court of Lisbon paid for the boon some 30,000,000 francs; and it is said

Lucien got about 10,000,000 for his share of the egregious spoil. It is certain he returned from the embassy with a prodigious fortune, the acquirement of which cannot be accounted for on any other supposition, since it is the only opportunity he ever had of amassing wealth. Although recalled in disgrace, Napoleon afterwards put him into the Tribunate, where he was of use in passing through that reluctant body the measure for the institution of the Legion of Honour, of which he was himself also appointed a grand-master. From this time he began to live in great splendour, furnished sumptuously a magnificent hotel, and commenced the collection of one of the finest galleries in Europe. He became a marked patron of the arts, and might have continued to flourish in dignified affluence, but for his unhappy disposition to offend his imperious brother. He set himself in opposition to him in all family matters, and inspirited even the placid Joseph to assume a mutinous demeanour, prevailing on him to refuse, first the presidency of the Senate, and next the dependent crown of Italy. But it was by his own marriage he irritated Napoleon to the highest pitch. His first wife, the daughter of the innkeeper at St Maximin, having died, he married in 1803 a widow, Madame Jouberteau, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but decidedly of tainted reputation. This alliance Napoleon insisted upon his dissolving; and upon his positive refusal, threatened him so roughly, that he thought fit to retire from Paris, and withdrew himself to Rome. There he took up his permanent abode, purchasing a large property at Canino in the Papal States, living in ostentatious luxury, and enjoying the intimacy of the benignant pontiff Pius VII. This exile of Lucien has been often ascribed to his disapproval of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial dignity; whereas, in reality, he had always been an advocate of that step, and was much more urgent for its adoption than seemed meet in the eyes of more discreet partisans. But he henceforth displayed a blind animosity against the Emperor, and even reared his children in principles of hatred against the oppressive dominator of his house.

It was not to be supposed that Napoleon, even had he felt little regard for his mother, would have allowed her to remain in obscurity at Marseilles after he had attained supreme power in France. But he entertained towards her a very affectionate remembrance, for he rightly attributed to her early lessons the foundation of his greatness, confirming a truth of universal application, that a mother's care is the index and condition of pre-eminence among the sons of men. Upon the event of the 18th Brumaire she removed to Paris, where, however, she lived in a very retired manner, which was equally in accordance with her own tastes, and agreeable to the wishes of the First Consul, who could not venture at that time to give the females of his family any distinctive rank or prominence. From the trials and misfortunes to which she had been exposed, she was naturally of a provident disposition, and rigidly condemned superfluous expenditure on the part of her children, saying, with a foreboding gesture, that they knew not what they might come to notwithstanding their present prosperity. She took part with Lucien in his quarrel with Napoleon, and, greatly to the chagrin of the latter, followed him to Rome, displaying in her conduct the sternness and independence which was characteristic of her. When upbraided by Napoleon with an undue partiality for Lucien, she answered sharply that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear to her; which she proved to himself afterwards by a memorable devotion. Shortly after the creation of

the Empire, however, she was induced to return to Paris, whither the new Emperor invited her by tender solicitations, and offers of a splendid establishment. In truth he settled upon her an annual income of 1,000,000 francs (£40,000), assigned her a separate court, and gave her position as *Madame-Mère*, equivalent to the title of Empress-Mother. She took up her residence in the sumptuous mansion furnished by Lucien, but she was far from maintaining the princely state and hospitality of that banished magnate. She adhered to the penurious habits she had formed in adversity, not from an ignoble love of gold, but from a dread she could never discard, that poverty and want might again become the portion of the family, and that all her savings would be needed in the hour of calamity. 'Who knows but I may have one day to keep all these kings and queens?' she was accustomed to remark even in those halcyon days when fortune wore her serenest smile, and crowns glittered on the heads of her rejoicing sons and daughters.

Of his sisters, Napoleon was fondest and proudest of Pauline, who, with a sad accompaniment of vanity and frivolity, had emerged into womanhood a very paragon of beauty. At the age of sixteen, she had displayed a very reprehensible taste in a warm attachment she formed for Fréron, one of the bloodhounds of the Committee of Public Safety, and who superintended the operation of the guillotine at Marseilles until the death of Robespierre. Fortunately saved from pollution with such a wretch, and her reputation becoming endangered by the crowd of admirers she encouraged around her, her brother hastened her marriage with young Leclerc, an officer of humble origin, but of considerable promise, whom he immediately elevated to the rank of general. Pauline was by no means favourable to this union, inasmuch that, when her husband was appointed in 1801 to head the expedition to St Domingo, she refused to accompany him, and it required all the authority of Napoleon, who wished to silence the calumnies of his enemies by so signal a proof of his faith in the success of the enterprise, to compel her compliance with an imperative duty. She went out to the Antilles accordingly, and by her enlivening entertainments, struggled for a time against the desolations of pestilence; but after the death of Leclerc, she gladly escaped from so dismal a scene; and carrying back his embalmed body and her treasures in the same coffin, she hurried with impatient alacrity to enjoy again the pleasures of luxurious Paris. Never did a more gay or fascinating widow flutter in the brilliant circles of that dissipated capital. Her ambition was to outstrip in attractions the graceful Josephine, whom, with all her beauty, she could never rival in the inimitable tastefulness of her dress. Her displays were theatrical and indelicate, whilst in envy she exceeded the usual measure of female weakness, although in other respects she was full of generosity and good-nature. She often provoked the displeasure of Napoleon, but never failed to pacify him by her blandishments, for he knew she was really attached to him, and he willingly suffered himself to be coaxed into pardon of her follies. Nevertheless he deemed it prudent she should take again, with all despatch, another husband, who might at least throw over her the mantle of the conjugal name. Accordingly, in 1803 she was married to the Prince Camille Borghese, an Italian of historic name and large possessions, who united to eligibility the complaisance of a high-bred consort. In the following year the Emperor of the French created her an imperial princess, and in 1806

endowed her with the rich dependencies of Guastella and Piacenza, which she bartered, however, for an equivalent in money, not wishing to exchange the pomps and revelries of Paris for the barren cares of an obscure sovereignty.

Eliza, the eldest of the sisters, was more esteemed than beloved perhaps by her puissant brother. She affected rather the masculine virtues than the softer graces of womanhood, and was distinguished, moreover, for literary propensities, which often impart an air of pretension less pleasing than imposing in a woman of real superiority. She was the first preferred by Napoleon to the dignity of a vassal of his empire, being made by him Grand-Duchess of Lucca and Piombino on the occasion of his coronation as King of Italy. At this extraordinary step, in conjunction with the annexation to France of Piedmont and Genoa, the powers of Europe took just umbrage, and saw in it the commencement of a system which threatened to end in a universal dominion. Such a proceeding was the height of imprudence on his part, and thus early proved, what was ultimately conducive to the salvation of human liberty, that he was totally destitute of what is called policy, or that his passions were too vulgar and outrageous to be subordinated to the commonest foresight. In after-times he transferred also Tuscany to this 'Semiramis of Lucca,' as Talleyrand in his flattery designated her, having at length exhausted the occasions for which he kept that fair region of Italy as a shuttlecock of indemnity. He had first given it to two miserable puppets of the Spanish Bourbons in exchange for Louisiana; then he had taken it from the survivor, upon the promise of an illusory crown in Portugal; lastly, he had held it before the eyes of Ferdinand to induce his renunciation of the crown of Spain. In short, he regarded the Tuscans, more than any other of his enslaved communities, as a herd of cattle, to be trafficked in any way he thought fit, to be sold and conveyed to an opportune bidder like a gang of American slaves. Nevertheless the Princess Eliza ruled these unfortunate Italians with a gentle and intelligent sway, transacting the affairs of administration with great industry, and jealously excluding from all authority her husband Bacciochi, who was content to abandon himself to the grosser enjoyments of his fortune. In personal deportment she was apt to imitate the abrupt manners of the Emperor; in her government she gave literary tastes to the winds, and busied herself instead with reviews of soldiers—an occupation more germane, as she thought, to a kinswoman of the mighty conqueror.

The youngest daughter of the Imperial House was Caroline, and she fell to the lot of Joachim Murat, a cavalry officer who had risen from the ranks, and who, since the event of the 13th Vendemiaire, had been closely attached to the person of Napoleon. Although lacking the perfect symmetry and attractive beauty of Pauline, she was eminently handsome, and of a bold and ambitious character, which rendered her the most aspiring of the whole family. Murat had of himself claims upon the gratitude of the Emperor, who raised him to be a prince and marshal of France, and also endowed him with the anomalous title of Grand-Admiral. But Caroline was continually dissatisfied with the share of grandeur allotted to her husband, and so teased Napoleon with importunate comparisons, that he one day exclaimed to her in a passion, 'To hear you talk, one would really suppose that I had deprived you of the inheritance left by the king your father.' Still, he was solicitous to gratify her cravings, and sought by promises to flatter her

hopes and allay her impatience. These he was enabled fully to redeem, and in the end no members of his family were more amply rewarded than the vain and empty-headed Joachim with his haughty spouse of ever-insatiable pretensions.

M. Fesch, the half-brother of Madame-Mère, had, with the restoration of religion in France, relapsed to his original profession, and having been received again by the benignant pope into the bosom of the Church, he participated largely in the ecclesiastical benefits showered upon the Gallican clergy. He left the commissariat with a somewhat unclean name, but does not appear to have made the worse priest on that account. It is true that Napoleon insisted upon his undergoing an ordeal of purification in a seminary before being admitted to a seat in the new hierarchy; but he immediately afterwards nominated him to the archbishoprick of Lyons, and the pope conferred on him the superior grade of a cardinal. He afterwards represented his imperial nephew at the court of Rome, where he gained in a remarkable degree the favour and confidence of the holy pontiff, whose interests he espoused with ardour against the unseemly violence of Napoleon. It is certainly a surprising fact, that with all the extraordinary benefits lavished upon his relatives by the great Emperor, none of them seem to have been actuated by a corresponding gratitude towards him, and that they all more or less thwarted his views, and proved refractory to his authority. Doubtless his arrogance and tyranny became insupportable to them as to all others; and he had so poor an opinion of men, that he never supposed them capable of heeding inducements other than those of selfish interest: yet it is certainly strange that he should find, as he himself declared, his worst enemies in the bosom of his own family. There was one very decided exception to this rule in the person of Jerome, his youngest brother, who was not competent, through lack of capacity, to contest his will. This silly youth he had sent into the navy, hoping to throw some lustre by his presence on that discredited service; but being appointed on a cruise off the American coast, the uncouth sailor got entangled in a match with a young lady of Baltimore, a Miss Paterson, whom, in 1805, he brought to Europe as his bride. Napoleon, however, refused to allow her even to land on any part of the continent, and she was obliged to seek a refuge in England. He took his scapegrace brother most severely to task for this outrage on the dignity of the family, and insisted that he should forthwith repudiate so improper a connection. The poor lubberly boy was in reality much attached to his pretty wife, and, being instigated by the eternal marplot Lucien, for some time ventured to withstand the stern commands of the incensed Emperor. He was again hurried off to sea as captain of a 74, and having effected what was then considered a great feat in the French navy—namely, crossed the Atlantic, and got back again without being captured—he was extolled in the columns of the 'Moniteur' as a paragon of seamen, and as destined to eclipse in fame all the admirals of England, with the barbarian Nelson at their head. Nevertheless Napoleon changed his opinion touching these prospects of his brother, for he shortly afterwards annulled his marine career altogether, and converted him into a soldier, designing him to gather laurels on a more likely field under his own immediate guidance.

Such being the state of the Bonaparte family at the institution of the Empire, it became of paramount importance with the founder of the dynasty to decide how and by whom it was to be perpetuated. He had himself no

offspring, and therefore must choose a collateral heir. In the *first* place, the imperial crown was settled on Napoleon Bonaparte and his direct issue in the male line, with a power of adoption under certain restrictions; *secondly*, on Joseph Bonaparte and the heirs-male of his body; and *thirdly*, on Louis Bonaparte and the heirs-male of his body. At the same time it was provided that the marriage of a French prince, without the consent of the head of the Empire, should entail the loss of all hereditary right in the offending prince and his offspring. This exclusion struck directly at Lucien and Jerome, who were already in the category of delinquents on that score, and they accordingly remained in the Imperial Constitutions debarred from the right of succession. A chance of reinstatement was, however, left them by the dissolution of their obnoxious marriages, and by a repentant obedience to the will of the outraged chief. In accordance with the old Salic law of the monarchy, females were perpetually excluded, and in so essentially military a creation that relic of feudalism was appropriately preserved. By this exceptional limitation Napoleon sufficiently marked his dissatisfaction with the truculent Lucien, and also with the hairbrained Jerome: against the first he was heartily exasperated; the latter he trusted to reclaim by a course of wholesome discipline.

Having thus settled the foundations of his empire, as he deemed, on an imperishable basis, the warlike Corsican prepared to wage battle against the confederated powers of Europe, and exalt his greatness to a yet more colossal height: and in truth the armies of the continent were extinguished by him with a facility which might well inflate him with notions of his omnipotence on earth. At Ulm and Austerlitz he prostrated the Austrian empire; at Jena he dissolved in a day the accumulated dominion of Frederick and the House of Brandenburg; at Friedland he annihilated the martial host of barbaric Russia; at Tilsit he bound the successor of the savage Romanzoffs captive to his chariot, and whirled him to the precipice on which he had well-nigh met his ruin. Then supreme dominator of the potentates he suffered to reign in corners of their former territories, he trod upon their necks with a pride and insolence which have had few parallels in European history. From Naples he expelled the hostile race of Bourbons, and placed on its throne his brother Joseph; in Holland he planted Louis as king; and at Cassel, across the Rhine, over a heterogeneous compound called the kingdom of Westphalia, he fixed Jerome as a monarch. Caroline he gratified by making her husband Grand-Duke of Berg, constituting him a sovereign over 300,000 wretched Germans. This system of vassal-fiefs he completed by the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he enrolled the second-class powers of Germany as his immediate dependents—such as Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, whose reigning princes he created kings. Thus he obliterated the ancient German empire, and absorbed the greatest part of it within the folds of his exorbitant ascendancy. But even such aggrandisements were insufficient to appease the devouring lusts of his heart. He must needs form alliances with sovereign houses. Accordingly he united his adopted son Eugene to the eldest daughter of the king of Bavaria; and having compelled Jerome to discard the fair American, he extorted from the reluctant king of Wurtemberg his daughter Catherine as a wife for his graceless majesty of Westphalia. A niece of the Empress Josephine, Stephanie de Beauharnais, he married to the hereditary Prince of Baden; whilst another niece of nearer kith, Mademoiselle de Tascher, being

created a French princess for the occasion, was given in wedlock to the young heir of the House of Arenberg. By these courtly alliances he thought to consolidate his sway, to extend the ramifications of his influence, and to wipe away the blots of heraldry from his escutcheon. It is melancholy that so witless a conceit, and so poor a vanity, should have overmastered one of the mightiest of human understandings!

After appropriating so large a share of Germany, and the whole of Italy, in which the pope alone still preserved a shadow of the old patrimony of St Peter, it behoved the all-grasping conqueror to culminate his 'system' by the reduction of Spain and Portugal into a corresponding state of vassalage. Of Portugal he deemed himself justly entitled to take possession, because that power had the audacity to trade with Great Britain, which had become in his eyes a sin sufficient to warrant the subjugation of any independent nation. Accordingly, after the peace of Tilsit had relieved him from all immediate solicitude in the north and east of Europe, he despatched Junot with an army to seize Lisbon, whence at his bare approach the degenerate Braganza fled across the wide Atlantic. As Spain happened to be a very faithful and subservient ally of his own, he could scarcely pursue so abrupt a course with regard to it; and he was therefore reduced to adopt a conduct towards its imbecile monarch and his family which, for baseness and perfidy, surpasses everything that is related of human wickedness. But it was suffered to succeed for a time; and having entrapped all the members of the Bourbon dynasty into his toils at Bayonne, he consigned them to different prisons in France, allowing them insignificant pensions, which he had the additional meanness not to pay with regularity. It is true that the royal family of Spain was the most degraded and flagitious that could be imagined, the old Queen Louisa especially, and her minion Godoy, Prince of Peace, being perfect samples of all that is detestable in the governors of kingdoms; whilst old Charles IV. was weak and besotted to an inconceivable degree. But if the Spaniards thought fit to tolerate such rulers, it was no business of Napoleon to depose them, and establish in their stead a usurpation which was yet more odious and revolting to a people not utterly dead to the feelings of honour and patriotism.

In connection with his contemplated seizure of the two Peninsular crowns, Napoleon had held a singular interview with his brother Lucien at Mantua during a journey he made into Italy in December 1807. Notwithstanding his knowledge of Lucien's intractable temper, he was desirous of making him a puppet king like the rest of his brethren, and he proposed at the moment to give him for a sovereignty the realm of Portugal. He had not yet formed his determination touching Spain, still wavering as to the policy of dethroning the reigning dynasty, or of attaching it to him by a marriage between a princess of his house and Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, who eagerly demanded the honour and protection of such an alliance. He had therefore a twofold object to attain in his interview with Lucien: *first*, to induce his consent to become king of Portugal; and *secondly*, to obtain from him his eldest daughter to be educated under his own eye, with the view of being united to Ferdinand in case that scheme was ultimately adopted. But this offer of Lusitanian royalty was clogged with the condition that Lucien should dissolve his existing marriage; which he peremptorily refused to do; and consequently the brothers parted on as bad terms as ever. However, although Lucien withstood for himself all temptation, his wife, with great

nobleness of mind, urging him to accede, he agreed to part with his daughter, the first-born of the bar-maid of St. Maximin, that she might be converted into a princess under the auspices of her uncle. She was accordingly sent to Paris; and placed with her grandmother, Madame-Mère; but in a very ludicrous manner her sojourn there was cut short. It was part of Napoleon's character to be for ever prying into the most trifling concerns of those around him, particularly of the women attached to the court, whose actions and discourses were minutely reported to him. Thus, with regard to his newly-recovered niece, he caused her letters to be intercepted at the post-office; and having discovered that the child wrote to her parents in a very irreverend strain regarding himself and her relatives generally, he called together a family-council, before which he laid these terrible communications. The young lady was of a satirical vein, and touched up with biting humour the foibles of her imperial uncles and aunts, not sparing the old grandmamma herself; therefore, by the unanimous verdict of the council, she was adjudged to be sent back in disgrace to her father, who had instilled into her such traitorous sentiments. The Emperor signed an ordinance for her removal within twenty-four hours; and so ended the magnificent project of a union in her person between the rival tribes of Bourbon and Bonaparte. She returned to Rome, laughing heartily at the indignation she had excited in the dominator of Europe; and poor Ferdinand was put into durance at Valençay, instead of figuring as a monarch in the bedizened halls of San-Lorenzo and Aranjuez.

The inherent vice of the Spanish occupation was rendered fatal to Napoleon by his injudicious choice of Joseph to fill the vacant throne. That honest personage and his estimable consort, Queen Julia, performed the part of royalty at Naples pretty well, and certainly more respectably than their discreditable predecessors. But he was totally unsuited to the proud and irascible Spaniards, to whom the very mildness of his character was a subject of scorn and reproach. The first great disaster which heralded the coming catastrophe was the surrender of Dupont at Baylen, with an army of 20,000 men, to a horde of undisciplined Andalusians under Castanos. This was followed by the immediate flight of Joseph from Madrid, after a residence in his new capital of only ten days. Then came the capitulation of Junot at Lisbon to a British force, and Europe was in a ferment at events which destroyed the prestige of Napoleon's invariable success. Yet from these primary reverses he rose for a time more triumphant and prosperous than ever. At the magnificent congress of Erfurth, he confirmed the Russian autocrat in his subversive alliance; he poured 300,000 soldiers into the Peninsula, and at Madrid gave back to Joseph in person his reconquered kingdom; at Eckmühl and Wagram he again prevailed over his potent adversary the Archduke Charles, and the Austrian monarchy lay at his absolute disposal. Glimmerings of the decisive conflict in store for him, to sustain, by the actual subjugation of Russia, his expanded supremacy, prompted him to act with moderation in the peace he made with the Emperor Francis, upon whom, however, he imposed sundry heavy sacrifices. Within a few months of this last conquest and accommodation, he sought to form a closer alliance with an enemy who had hitherto so pertinaciously opposed him, but whom he wished now to conciliate, and rank as one of his future supporters. In March 1810 he made a formal proposition for the hand of Maria-Louisa, the eldest daughter of Francis, and it was joyfully conceded by the humbled cabinet of Vienna.

This marriage was necessarily preceded by his divorce from Josephine, which he had determined upon with reluctance, but which he deemed essential to the stability of his empire and dynasty. The new Empress arrived at Paris in April, and the nuptial ceremony was performed with extraordinary pomp in the palace of the Tuileries. The felicity of Napoleon was at its summit when in the following year she was delivered of a son, the destined heir of all his greatness, and who received in the cradle the majestic title of King of Rome.

But the lowering portents began to accumulate apace. The solemn anathemas of the pope, whom he had at length made prisoner at Grenoble, he might affect to deride, though they were not without effect in kindling the conflagration within which he was to be consumed. But the simultaneous flight of two of his brothers struck him with a mortal disquietude, and exhibited in a palpable light the intolerable tyranny of his rule. Lucien was warned that the imperial vengeance was about to fall heavily upon him, and with the assistance of Murat, who had succeeded Joseph as king of Naples, he made arrangements for proceeding to America; but being captured by a British cruiser, he was carried to England, where he remained until the termination of the war. Louis refused any longer to be the instrument of his oppression in Holland, and under the shelter of night, fled from the Hague into Bohemia, where he found an asylum from the Austrian government. He left behind him an abdication in favour of his son; but Napoleon immediately absorbed the Dutch Netherlands into the French Empire. From Jerome at the same time he took a considerable share of the territories he had assigned him, and administered to him severe lectures on the dissolute courses he pursued on the throne. He often reviled him in opprobrious language, and harshly upbraided him with his total want of courage, capacity, and virtue. To increase these fraternal afflictions, Joseph was continually demanding to be relieved from the horrors of his situation in Spain; and Joachim, instigated by his ambitious queen, chafed in petulant anger against the humiliations imposed upon him in his tinsel dignity of King of the Two Sicilies.

In 1812 the Emperor of the West set forth on his memorable expedition to chastise the faithlessness of Alexander, who had eventually found his alliance too onerous to be longer endured. With half a million of soldiers he crossed the Niemen, and through fearful difficulties prosecuted his perilous enterprise even to Moscow, where he attained indeed the acme of his glory, but found arrayed against him the destructive agencies of fire, famine, and frost. He commenced his retreat over the wasted route by which he had advanced, and before he again reached Poland, his army had perished. This was the irremediable disaster which struck him down. But never were the extraordinary resources of his character displayed with such brilliancy as in his gigantic efforts to retrieve it. Myriads of embattled enemies marched to crush him, and populations rose to avenge their long-suffered miseries; but he stood an impregnable bulwark against a world in arms. Still he fought and conquered; the fields of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, attested the ineffable superiority of his genius, until ever-accumulating numbers overmastered him; and at Leipzig his power received an incurable stab. Driven back into France, he still showed an indomitable front; the campaign of 1814 recalled all the heroism of the renowned 1796; and with 50,000 men, he kept at bay the swarming hosts of invaders,

numbering upwards of 300,000. The French, who of all people in the world are least able to endure defeat, were now tired of Napoleon, and began to expatiate on the evils of war and ambition; accordingly, amid a universal hallelujah, the mighty Napoleon was extinguished (1814). In exchange for the empire of the world he was assigned the island of Elba, to which he was conveyed on board a British frigate; and there he was left to pine in reminiscent grandeur, realising the classic tale of Prometheus with the vulture at his liver, chained to the flanks of frosty Caucasus. The members of his family were for ever banished from the soil of France: his wife returned to her ancestral home, bearing with her his child, to forget of whom he was begotten; and the white flag of the Bourbons was seen once more waving over the prostrate and repentant sons of the Revolution.

The monarchs and diplomatists of Europe assembled at Vienna to partition the spoils which had fallen for allotment by the destruction of the French Empire. In their strife of cupidity they were somewhat tardy; and ere they had reconciled their rapacious rivalries, the noise came upon them that the imprisoned eagle was again upon the wing. Straightway they separated in tumultuous confusion, for the bare name of Napoleon bore with it a terror greater than that of ten thousand legions, and they hastened to make preparations for their final deliverance from him. The story of the return from Elba, the triumphant march to Paris, the flight of Louis XVIII., the reign of the Hundred Days—is it not written in imperishable records, and are not its marvellous incidents related, if not in letters of gold, at least in characters of shining magnitude? Waterloo, the most fatal day for France in all her annals, terminated this fleeting phase of the great drama, and definitively relieved Europe from its oppressor. Then fell indeed the imperial idol without a hope of resurrection: transferred to a distant island, he was consigned to a living tomb under the ban of mankind at large, but encircled with a halo which will grow brighter in its immortality, and which will shine purely when the instruments of his punishment are known only for their brand of infamy.

In the calamity of 1814 the whole family of the Bonapartes shared with one exception. Joachim Murat had sought, by a timely defection, to make his peace with the Allies, and by taking part against his brother-in-law, to preserve the royalty of Naples. In this object he succeeded for the moment, but with little prospect of ultimately securing the advantage he expected from so deplorable a treason. All the other members of the family retired into Italy, and chiefly to Rome, where the reinstated pope afforded them a hospitable reception. Even Lucien broke from his detention in England, and joined the circle in the Eternal City, commanding a cordial welcome from his pontifical friend, who looked upon him as a fellow-victim of the same injustice, and who gratified him with the title of Prince of Canino and Musignano. Taught now by experience how entirely dependent they were on Napoleon, the whole of them, mother, uncle, brothers, and sisters, concurred in promoting his return, and none with greater zeal than the refractory Lucien or the light-headed and remorseful Murat. Madame-Mère and Pauline repaired to Elba, where they affected to hold a mimic court, but in reality were the medium through which many of the necessary negotiations were conducted. Upon the successful execution of the enterprise, Joseph, Lucien, and Jerome, followed by Cardinal Fesch, hastened to Paris, and assisted with all their power the re-establishment of the Emperor. Lucien,

in particular, distinguished himself by energetic services, and Jerome drew upon himself the eulogy of Napoleon by his intrepidity at Waterloo. The second occupation of Paris by the Allies crushed every hope, and thenceforth all who bore the name of Bonaparte had the mark of proscription set upon them: they became exiles from the land which had witnessed their fabulous greatness, and they were scattered into various regions as wanderers who had lost their place in the world.

Joseph had accompanied Napoleon in his melancholy journey to Rochefort, with the view of effecting an escape to America. The deposed Emperor was circumvented in that design, but the ex-king of Spain was allowed to prosecute the voyage. He landed at New York in the month of September 1815, and established his residence in the state of Pennsylvania, not far from the town of Philadelphia. He purchased a considerable estate, built a large mansion, maintained a numerous retinue of dependents, and lived in a splendour which surprised the simple denizens of the great Quaker community. The Americans were flattered by his choice of a retreat among them; and as he was uniformly gracious in his demeanour, disbursing money with an unwonted munificence, he commanded their respect and esteem in a very eminent degree. He passed much of his time in agricultural pursuits, and doubtless found a greater portion of happiness than in the more bustling periods of his life, although he was denied the satisfaction of having the society of his wife and daughters. In 1832 he revisited Europe, where he appeared under the title of the Count de Survilliers, which he had assumed from his first landing in America. Three years subsequently he returned to his transatlantic home, whence he took his final departure in 1841, and repaired to Italy, there to lay his bones in the original seat of his family. He died at Florence in August 1844, at the advanced age of seventy-six, leaving surviving him only one of his two daughters, both of whom had married their first cousins, the sons of Lucien and Louis Bonaparte.

The activity of Lucien, when debarred from a political career by the severity of Napoleon, had found vent in literary pursuits and antiquarian researches, prosecuted on his domain of Canino. When in England, he finished his grand epic poem of 'Charlemagne' in 24 books, and he subsequently composed another poem in twelve cantos, called 'La Cirnéide,' or 'Corsica Saved.' These works have not elevated him to a place among the epic poets of France, as he fondly expected; and notwithstanding the labour bestowed upon them, and the distinguished name of their author, they have already passed into oblivion: yet they by no means merit the contemptuous criticisms they have encountered, and which, both in English and in French writers, have been dictated by the disgraceful animosity so long exhibited against the connections of the man who kept monarchs and aristocracies in such dastard terror. Lucien continued during the remainder of his life in the papal dominions, maintaining a splendid establishment in the city of Rome, and affording a bright example to all proprietors by a diligent cultivation of his estates. He was eminently successful in his excavations of antiquities, and formed a gallery of Etruscan relics unsurpassed for its extent by any similar collection in Christendom. In 1836 he published a volume of memoirs at London, which certainly reflected little credit on his ability in any capacity, and which he very wisely abstained from following up with any successors, as he had vauntingly promised. He lived under four ponti-

fications, and died at Viterbo on the 29th July 1840, leaving behind him a numerous progeny.

To almost every individual of the elder generation Italy became eventually an abode and a resting-place. After a residence in Styria and Switzerland, under the title of the Count de St Leu, derived from an estate he possessed near Paris, Louis settled at Florence in 1826, having been separated from his wife Hortense since his flight from Holland, and there died in 1846. Jerome had followed his wife into Wurtemberg, where he was at first very ill received by his royal father-in-law, who wished his daughter to discard him as a ruined adventurer. But she clung with true female constancy to her disgraced husband, and at length obtained from her father a grant of land in his favour, and also a patent of nobility, by which he was created Duke of Montfort. He remained for some years in Germany, subsequently roamed into Switzerland—where the Princess Catherine died in 1835—purchased property in the March of Ancona, and fixed his head-quarters, like Louis, at Florence, whence the revolution of February 1848 called him to France. Meanwhile all the females of the family were dead. Madame-Mère had died at Rome at the extreme age of eighty-six, on the 2d February 1836; Pauline and Caroline both died at Florence—the first in 1825, and the latter in 1839. Shortly prior to the execution of Murat, who was shot at Pizzo in Calabria on the 13th October 1815, Caroline had retired to Trieste under the protection of the Austrian government, and there she continued to reside until 1836. In that town her sister Eliza, the wife of Bacciochi, had died in 1820, being the only one who died out of Italy except Napoleon himself. The *ci-devant* Grand-Duchess of Tuscany left a son and a daughter—the first being killed by a fall from his horse at Rome in 1833, and the latter married in 1825 to the Count Camarata, a noble of Ancona. The beautiful Pauline alone departed this life without having borne any progeny. As Napoleon had died at St Helena in 1821, the whole original Corsican stock was now extinguished, save the youngest of all—Jerome, formerly king of Westphalia, and at present governor of the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris.

No family, plebeian or patrician, has ever become so truly cosmopolitan as that of the Bonapartes through the ramifications of alliances. Except that not one of them is united to a native of France, they have been distributed in all the principal countries of the world—Italy, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Portugal, Great Britain, and the United States. The children of Lucien surviving at his death consisted of three sons and several daughters. The eldest son Charles, now Prince of Canino, married Letitia, the eldest daughter of his uncle Joseph, and at present is in the forty-seventh year of his age. The two younger—Pierre and Antoine—were compelled to flee from Rome in 1836 on an accusation of murder; for which the former was condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted by Pope Gregory into one of banishment. They retired into the United States, whence they returned in 1838, and Pierre has since been elected a member of the French National Assembly for the department of Corsica—in which capacity he has rendered himself more notorious for his pugnacious propensities than for his political wisdom. Of the daughters, Charlotte, the eldest, she who was intended to be the wife of Ferdinand VII., married in 1815 Prince Gabrielli, a Roman noble; and the second, Christine, a Swedish count of the name of Posse. This latter marriage was dissolved, and then Christine

fell to the lot of Lord Dudley Stuart, a younger brother of the last Marquis of Bute. Letitia, the third daughter, likewise married a British subject, Mr Thomas Wyse, who, as member for the city of Waterford, is favourably known for his exertions in the cause of education. This union was unfortunate; and certain romantic incidents arising out of it have been embellished in a novel by the Viscount d'Arlincourt, called 'Le Pelerin.'

By the charming Hortense, who excited in him so unnatural a repugnance, Louis had three sons, the eldest of whom was reared by Napoleon as his future heir. The child died, however, when he was only four years old; and of the survivors—Napoleon-Louis and Charles-Louis-Napoleon—the latter, born 1808, alone is still living. The former married his cousin Charlotte, daughter of Joseph; and after taking part in the revolutionary disturbances at Rome in 1831, died of inflammation at Forli. Both the sons had clung to their mother, who with difficulty extricated the youngest from the consequences of the abortive enterprise at Rome, and retired with him to the castle of Arenenberg in Switzerland, where she had previously fixed her residence, and brought up with maternal care her two imperial scions.

Previous to his repudiation of Miss Patterson, Jerome had a son, who accompanied his mother to America, and has since married in that country. The admirable Catherine of Wurtemberg bore him three children—two sons, and a daughter. Jerome Napoleon, the eldest, born in 1814, was remarkable for his extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor; but died in 1846, without having distinguished himself in any way. Napoleon, the youngest, born in 1823, has been elected to sit in both the National Assemblies of France since the last Revolution, and is known as a member of the discreditable party called the Red Republicans. The daughter, Letitia Matilda, married in 1841 a wealthy Russian nobleman, Count Anatole Demidoff, with whom she passes her time between Petersburg and Paris.

The unfortunate Murat left a numerous family—namely, two sons, and two daughters. The eldest, Achille, born in 1801, ex-Crown Prince of Naples, has led a very chequered career. He emigrated to America like so many of his family, and became a naturalised citizen of the States. He practised as a lawyer in Georgia, married a wife, and purchased a tract of waste land in Florida. The revolutionary tocsin of 1830 brought him back to Europe, and he served in Belgium as colonel of the Foreign Legion. He returned to America; but the heaving portents of the times induced him once more to revisit Europe, where he died, however, just previous to the last revolutionary outbreak. His brother Lucien, born in 1803, accompanied him to America, where, after preliminary studies, he took post among the legal fraternity of New York, and married a demoiselle of that sovereign state. Discontented with so ignoble a lot, he also made his way back to Europe, and now fills the more appropriate position of a representative of the French people. The two daughters of Joachim and Caroline are married respectively to Italian magnates: the eldest, Letitia, to Count Pepoli of Bologna, long a political exile in London, where he exercised the functions of Italian professor in the university; and the younger, Louisa, to Count Rasponi, whose patrimonial homestead lies in the exarchate of Ravenna.

Eugene Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy, had immediately, after the events of 1814, repaired to the court of his father-in-law, the good king of Bavaria, who received him with open arms, and showered upon him every benefit in his power. He conferred on him the principality of Eichstadt, and gave him

the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg. Eugene died from the effects of an accident in 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and left six children—two sons, and four daughters. Most of these have made what may be called fortunate matches. The eldest daughter, Josephine, is the present queen of Sweden, having married Oscar, son of Bernadotte, in 1823. The second is the wife of a German prince, titular of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married Don Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, and thereby became the mother-in-law of her own brother; the fourth married a certain Count of Wurtemberg. Of the sons, Augustus espoused in 1835 the young queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, daughter of Don Pedro, but he unfortunately died shortly after the nuptials; the youngest, Maximilian, now Duke of Leuchtenberg, obtained in 1839 the hand of the Grand-Duchess Maria, daughter of Nicholas, puissant autocrat of all the Russias. To complete the medley of nationalities involved in the Beauharnais branch of the family, the daughter of Stephanie, Grand-Duchess of Baden, and niece of the Empress Josephine, has been recently united to a Scotch nobleman, the Marquis of Douglas, only son of the Duke of Hamilton, ranking one of the highest among the British peerage for martial ancestry and vast possessions.

Notwithstanding all these diversified and brilliant unions, the name of Bonaparte had fallen into a species of oblivion until the Revolution of 1830, which overturned the crude dominion of the restored Bourbons. Amid the conflict that ensued in France, the young Napoleon was put forward by a party as the legitimate possessor of a revolutionary crown; but overweening considerations served to stifle his pretensions. He had remained under Austrian tutelage since the fatal era of 1814, and though treated with great affection by his grandfather, pains had been taken to rear him as a German, and as little as possible as a Frenchman. The unfortunate youth, born to such mighty prospects, pined in the effeminate seclusion of a palace, and swelled his bursting heart with reminiscences of the wondrous mortal whom he was allowed to recognise as his father. He early betrayed the delicate constitution which hurried him to a premature grave; and cut off from his natural associations, and formed in so anomalous a mould, it was better perhaps that he should die. How melancholy the degradation for the son of Napoleon to be an officer in a German army, or to be the mediatized lord of Slavonian serfs, crushed under the ignominious title of Duke of Reichstadt! On his death in 1832, a singular rivalry broke out—Who thereby became the representative of the Emperor? Joseph certainly was alive, but he had wisely abjured all idea of political strife. Lucien, it is suspected, was not inclined to undergo a similar negation; and if his eldest son Charles had been more energetically disposed, instead of being immersed in his congenial studies of natural history, he might have exhibited a more active prosecution of his claims. Louis was obliterated, as if he had descended into a cloister; but his surviving son, Charles-Louis-Napoleon, or, as he called himself, Louis-Napoleon, was not a person to forego any pretensions he derived from his birth. By the *Senatus-Consultum* establishing the Empire, the limitation, after the failure of direct heirs, was to Joseph and Louis, and their respective heirs-male. Under this provision Louis-Napoleon assumed the position of head of the family and heir of his imperial uncle, Joseph and Louis being set aside as *effete*, and he prepared to make known his succession by a startling manifestation.

Endowed with considerable activity of mind, and stirred by a restless am-

bition, his first endeavours were to surround his name with such a degree of illumination as literary efforts might suffice to win it. Thus he composed in Switzerland an essay on that confederation, and a work on artillery, which gained him a certain measure of applause, and the honorary citizenship of the canton Thurgau. But in literary reputation he was immeasurably outshone by his cousin Charles of Canino, who, by his magnificent works on the ornithology of America and the natural history of Italy, has earned the highest fame of his family in fields of scientific and intellectual disquisition. Hence it was by proof rather of masculine daring and enterprise that he must find his hopes of achieving an acceptable renown. In a work he had published, intended for the political atmosphere of France, and entitled '*Rêveries Politiques*,' he manifested republican tendencies mingled with a leaven of the imperial régime, attempting therein to embody perhaps the fantastic creation imagined by Lafayette of 'a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.' With this as his manual of politics, he made an abortive attempt at Strasburg in 1836, when, dressed in the costume of the Emperor, he sought to kindle a military insurrection against what he thought the unsubstantial throne of Louis-Philippe. This scheme seemed so preposterous at the time, that it covered the audacious pretender with ridicule, and the King of the French thought fit to punish him simply by a voyage across the Atlantic in a frigate appointed for the purpose. Being disgorged on the soil of America, he soon found his way back to Switzerland, where, on the 3d October 1837, he closed the eyes of his devoted mother Hortense, Duchess of St Leu. Irritated by his unexpected reappearance within a year of his traitorous adventure, the French government procured his expulsion from Switzerland, and he retired to England, whence, in the year 1840, he executed his marvellous exploit of landing at Boulogne with a tame eagle and two or three dozen of followers, primed with champagne, and attired in the uniform of the 40th regiment of the line. He had judged the time arrived for taking possession of the French crown after the manner of his uncle in 1815, a considerable excitement then prevailing in France through the corpse of Napoleon having been removed from St Helena for interment at Paris. But the affair proved the most perfectly ludicrous and contemptible that was ever heard of; and the deluded prince was quietly shut up in the fortress of Ham with Count Montholon, one of the distinguished attendants of the Emperor in his exile, and who had been induced to join in the rash enterprise of the nephew. From this dolorous incarceration Louis-Napoleon contrived to effect his escape by a clever disguise on the morning of the 25th of May 1846: returning to England, he once more took up his quarters in London, and became a mere loungeur in the gay society of the metropolis.

Before proceeding on this last expedition he had issued a preparatory work entitled '*Idees Napoleoniennes*,' in which he expounded not only his own ideas on manifold important topics, but those also of his deceased and illustrious uncle. In this singular production he makes the Emperor talk after a peculiar fashion, discoursing largely on glory, liberty, popular sovereignty, division of property, and many other matters of most complex character. He would represent the *beau idéal* of a monarch suited to France. A man encircled by military glory he must be, but withal truly benevolent and philanthropic in his sentiments; maintaining stupendous armies and fleets, yet anxious to alleviate the burthens of taxation, and devoutly attached to 'peace; a little despotic at times, but with a rare love of national liberties,

and especially of their best guardian—the independence of the press. But it is objected to this elaborate compound of monarchical virtues that the military element is found obtrusively preponderating: and as Louis-Napoleon placed his principal hopes on the army, this preference was probably marked by design. Whilst in Ham, he beguiled the time by compilations of a different complexion. In the ‘*Fragmens Historiques*,’ he assimilates the revolutionary episodes of France and England, showing all the Bourbons to be exact parallels of the Stuarts, and keeps up a running commentary on himself in the character of the Duke of Monmouth. In a tractate on the question of sugar, which forms a sort of corn-law controversy in France, he is unpleasantly divided in his sympathies. As an imperial creation, he upholds protection to the native beet-root; but being a grandson of Josephine, he is extremely favourable to the interests of West-India planters: accordingly, he labours to demonstrate his equal solicitude for the antagonist causes. In another work entitled ‘*L’Extinction du Pauperisme*,’ he handles the most difficult subject of modern times, but fails to emerge from the impracticable theories of the visionary school. He expatiates on the merits of agricultural colonies, but without giving any more feasible plan than the enthusiast Fourier. The development of manufactures also is a favourite notion of his, and this he thinks, contrary to the doctrines of economists, will be materially aided, if not effectually accomplished, by the use of artillery—a sentiment which is probably not ill-adapted to the notions of the people over whom the writer longed to exercise authority.

The fate of Louis-Napoleon, till the present moment, is well known. However slenderly adapted by personal adventures or mental accomplishments to win popular approbation, to the astonishment of the world, he was named president of the Republic by an almost unanimous vote of the French people, December 10, 1848. The only rational means of accounting for this unlooked-for preference over men of tried character, was the traditional glory which clung to the name of the Bonapartes, and the desire to give some species of stability, even of despotism itself, to the tottering framework of French society. Thus again is revived in Europe the splendour of the Bonaparte family—but whether it will endure, depends probably less on the personal character of Louis-Napoleon than the exigencies of France, whose present condition is in the highest degree critical and unsatisfactory.

THE SEPULCHRES OF ETRURIA.

AGES before Romulus—according to a religious custom of Etruria—drew with a copper ploughshare the boundary line of that city which was in future to be the mistress of the world, whose citizens were to lord it over the mighty of the earth, and to extend their civilisation throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa, the people from whom he borrowed this rite had attained a high degree of power and civilisation, and had spread their sway over a great part of Italy. The name of this people, during long centuries eclipsed by the grandeur and glory of Rome, which borrowed from them her first laws, institutions, and religious ceremonies, has within the last century risen again from the gulf of oblivion; and the antiquarian pilgrims of Europe are now beginning to turn their footsteps from Rome the pupil, to Etruria the teacher, whose tombs have been opened to let out the secrets of the dead, and to tell a tale of more than two thousand years ago.

If it be asked why we should feel such an interest in the life and thoughts of a people who ceased to exist twenty centuries ago, we would ask, in return, what can be more interesting than to trace the sources of our own thoughts—to mark the influences which have given a colouring to our mental life? And can any one fancy that his individual life is independent of that of the nation in which he was born, or that the life of that particular nation has not drawn nourishment from those which have gone before? The links that connect the first pair who woke to life in Eden's garden, with the myriads of human beings who now cover the face of the globe, have never been broken; and there is therefore an intimate, though not always an evident, connection between the history of the whole human race and that of every individual who swells its aggregate. Though proud Rome never fully acknowledged the debt of gratitude she owed to Etruria, the influence of Etruscan civilisation on her development, and through her on every nation over which she once exercised dominion, is not the less certain. How far this has been the case, the sepulchres we are about to describe may afford, in some measure, the means of determining.

That part of ancient Etruria which has furnished the greatest number of relics to the antiquary extends over the whole of Tuscany, and that portion of the papal dominions which lies to the north of the Tiber. In these regions the cities were most thickly studded; and though few remains of their proud walls, their well-paved roads, their admirable system of drainage and tunnelling, have survived the ravages of time to bear testimony to their ancient glory, the sepulchres, with which almost every range of *cliffs* throughout the land is lined, and the tombs, hundreds of thousands of

which are hidden beneath the surface of the soil, are still extant, and bear record that here a populous nation lived and died; while the architecture, furniture, and decorations of these tombs, tell us more of the manners of the people, of their national customs, of their modes of life, their religious observances, their artistic development and intellectual ideas, than all the fragmentary records of their national existence met with in the Greek and Roman writers of antiquity.

Before we enter upon a closer examination of these 'cities of the dead,' or the treasures which the museums of Europe have drawn from their rich stores, and which form the delight of antiquaries and archæologists, of artists and of cultivated and thinking minds among all classes and all nations, we may glance for a moment at the history of the remarkable people who, about two thousand eight hundred years ago, began to deposit in the earth the rich inheritance which it is now yielding up to us.

The Etruscans were a people of mixed race, composed, it is generally maintained, of Siculi or Umbri, two of the most ancient races of Italy, the aborigines of the lands inhabited by the Etruscans; of the Pelasgi, a people of Greek origin, who had conquered the former; and of a third race, said to have been of Lydian extraction, by whom the Pelasgi had in their turn been subdued. These last comers called themselves *Rasena*, but were by the Greeks denominated *Tyrrheni*, or *Tyrsemi*, and by the Romans *Tusci*, *Thusci*, or *Etrusci*. The Etrusci are supposed to have established their power in Italy about 290 years before Rome was founded, or 1044 before the birth of Christ. The learned are not, however, agreed as to their descent, for while the Greek and Roman writers in general acknowledge their Asiatic extraction, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a Greek antiquary of great renown, who lived and studied at Rome during the Augustan age, maintains that the Etruscans were an aboriginal people of Italy. This view is adopted by Micali, a learned Italian of the present day, who has devoted much attention to Etruscan antiquities; whereas the German historian Niebuhr derives their origin from the Rhetian Alps, and thus brings them within the great German nationality. But in the recorded customs and traditions of Etruria, as also in the many monuments of her art which are still extant, there are proofs of an early connection, and a mental and historical relationship between the Etruscans and the Asiatic nations, which speak to the mind in more persuasive language than even the most ingenious theories. The language of Etruria, which, if known, would aid more in tracing the origin of the inhabitants than any of the analogies above alluded to, unfortunately remains a mystery; for though the alphabet is known; and numerous inscriptions have been discovered on the walls of the sepulchres, and on the vases of various kinds with which these are stored; though many proper names inscribed on the tombs have been deciphered, and the meaning of some oft-recurring formulæ have been guessed at, our knowledge of the Etruscan tongue extends no farther than to some two-and-thirty words, recorded by ancient writers, but which probably are not free from foreign alloy.

But whatever the origin of the Etruscan nation, in its career of prosperity and renown it advanced with gigantic strides. It spread its dominion from the mouth of the Po far southward into the Campania; while, on the other side, it pushed its conquests north even to the Alps. Ultimately,

however, the Etruscan territory was limited to that region of the Italian peninsula which at present comprehends the principality of Lucca, the grand-duchy of Tuscany, and that portion of the Roman territory which borders upon the latter. As it was with the people inhabiting this territory that Rome, in the early period of her history, held such intimate intercourse, and drew so much of her civilisation, it is of them we have the most abundant record in the writings of the ancient Latin historians; but at the period when the Etruscans gave a king and a dynasty to Rome, in the person of Tarquinius Priscus, their sway probably still extended over much wider regions. This central territory, or Etruria Proper, as it is called by some, was, however, from the beginning, and remained to the last, the chief seat of Etruscan power and civilisation; and here the name, language, religion, and customs of the people were preserved for ages after they had lost their political independence, and had been absorbed by their mighty neighbour Rome.

Etruria Proper is generally represented as having been divided into twelve states, each presided over by a great and powerful city, which, like the cities of Italy in the middle ages, governed the surrounding country. Of these twelve cities no complete list has been given by the ancients, and modern authors differ with regard to some of them. Mr Dennis—who, in his recent valuable and most interesting work on the ‘Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria,’* has given proof of having verified, by his own observations on the spot, the assertions of ancient as well as modern writers on the subject, and to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in these pages—gives the following names: Tarquinii, Veii, Falerii, Cære, Volsinii, Vetulonia, Rusellæ, Clusium, Arretium, Cortona, Perusia, and Volaterræ. This last-mentioned city (the remains of which may still be traced near the little village of Volterra, that has inherited its name) was the northernmost, and was situated about thirty miles south-east of Leghorn; Rusellæ lay from forty to forty-five miles south of Volaterræ; and Vetulonia about twenty miles south of Rusellæ, near the coast of the Mediterranean. Still further south, and not far from Civita Vecchia, is the site of Tarquinii, the seat of the chief political and ecclesiastical power of Etruria; and to the south of this again Cære or Agylla, with its ancient port of Pyrgi; while Veii lies almost at the very gates of Rome; and Falerii a little to the north of Veii, at the foot of Mount Soracte. Volsinii occupied the site of the present Bolsena, on the eastern shore of the lake of that name; and Clusium and Arretium those of Chiusi and Arezzo in the Val di Chiana; while Cortona and Perusia, now Perugia, crowned the heights near Lake Trasimene.

Though each of these cities was governed by its own chief, called ‘Lucumo,’ and was possessed of local sovereignty, yet they formed together under one central lucumo—who also exercised the functions of high priest or chief augur—a kind of confederacy similar to that which existed among the early states of Greece. Unlike the states of Greece, however, whose internal dissensions devastated the country, and retarded their civilisation, the cities of Etruria seem to have lived together in amity and peace, extending their commerce, developing their industry, and cultivating those arts

* The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria. By George Dennis. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray, London. 1848.

the remnants of which even now excite so much admiration. Nevertheless the bonds of union between the members of the Etruscan league do not seem (at least at a later period of their history) to have been sufficiently well-knit to make them united in their action on foreign states, and strong in their resistance to foreign aggression; for one by one they were conquered by Rome. The political constitution of the confederacy seems to have been democratical in form, in as far as questions of peace and war, and all other measures of national importance, were settled in public assemblies of representatives of the twelve townships, held in the temple of Volturna, the chief fane of the Etruscans; but the form of government in the cities themselves was aristocratical, the lower orders having probably been held in a kind of feudal servitude.

As regards religion, Etruria won for herself the name of 'Genitrix and Mother of Superstition,' she having been the first among western nations to introduce the science of augury and divination. This science, tradition—which has been handed down to us by Cicero—says the Etruscans learnt from Tages, the son of a genius (or well-meaning demon), and the grandson of Jove, who sprang up from a furrow made by the ploughshare of an Etruscan husbandman while ploughing his field in the neighbourhood of Tarquinii. This wondrous being made known to the Etruscans, who flocked to the spot, attracted by the cries of the amazed peasant, the practice of divination by the inspection of the entrails and flight of birds, and instructed the *lucumones* in all the mysteries of the religious discipline which was established throughout Etruria, and was afterwards transmitted by the Etruscans to the Romans. The Jove who is mentioned as the grandsire of this boy-prophet can hardly have been the Jupiter of the joyous sensual mythology of the Greeks, so rich in sportive imaginings; for the religion of the Etruscans was of a gloomy, unbending, imperious character, bearing in the earliest ages a strong resemblance to the mystic and symbolical religion of Egypt, as well as to other theological systems of the East, and retained to the last its dark and mysterious character, though in the course of time, and in consequence of much international intercourse, it became gradually assimilated to that of the Greeks. The sacred books of Etruria are said to have been composed in language and images so terrific, that they inspired all who consulted them with fear and horror, while the augurs or high priests, to whose care these books were intrusted, were possessed of an absolute and despotic power, political as well as ecclesiastical, against which there was no appeal. That this power, though it may to a certain degree have enslaved the minds of the people, was mostly wielded for good, we may judge from the high degree of general civilisation attained by the Etruscans.

Of Etruscan literature not a vestige is extant; yet we know from ancient writers that Etruria possessed a national literature, comprising history, poetry, and dramatic compositions, besides the sacred books of Tages, in which the mysteries and rites of the established religion were recorded, and commentaries on these, one of which was written by a woman; and that this literature must have attained no mean development, is proved by the fact, that the Romans used to send their sons to the Etruscan cities to gather knowledge from the intellectual sources of a nation which likewise excelled in the practical sciences of agriculture, navigation, and military tactics. Though many of the scenes depicted on the walls of the se-

pulchres of Etruria, and on the innumerable painted vases found in these, as well as the records we have of their histrionic art and their love of music, attest that the Etruscans were not indifferent to the more spiritual enjoyments of life, yet it is supposed that their tastes were more utilitarian than artistic, and that they were far inferior to the Greeks in the love of the beautiful, though they excelled them in those branches of civilisation which conduce to the 'creature comforts' of life. This does not, however, seem to be an entirely just inference, for the arts had attained a certain degree of development in Etruria at a period when the nations of Greece, devastated by wars, were almost sunk in barbarism, and the love of art may therefore have been an innate element of the Etruscan character, though the inhabitants generally may not have possessed the sense of the beautiful in so high a degree as the 'favourite people of the gods.' Be this as it may, it cannot be denied, that though there are still proofs extant of the great and early development of the physical civilisation of Etruria, those in favour of her attainments in the art of moulding in clay, of casting and chiselling in bronze, of working in gold and silver, of carving in wood and bone, of engraving in precious stones, and of painting on walls and vases, are much more numerous, and equally striking; and though the application of these arts to useful purposes may strictly be called utilitarian, the calling in the aid of art to embellish the objects that surround us in daily life must always be considered as proving a high degree of refinement and taste. Besides, the innumerable bronze statues of Etruscan workmanship with which we are told Rome and other neighbouring cities were inundated, and first among these the colossal statue of Apollo on Mount Palatine in Rome, which Pliny describes as being equally marvellous for its beauty, and for the mass of metal contained in it, as well as the sculptured ornaments on their tombs and temples, give evidence that the Etruscans were not altogether deficient in love of the ideal, or insensible to the higher purposes of art.

Although we would vindicate for Etruria some love of art for its own sake, it is, however, for her achievements in the way of material improvements that she maintains that high position in the history of European civilisation which Greece occupies in the domain of the beautiful; for with the Etruscans originated all those useful arts which Rome, having borrowed from them, transmitted to other nations, and for which she alone has reaped the glory. The people of Etruria were an industrious race, endowed with a bold spirit of enterprise, the development of which was greatly favoured by their national polity, which placed large masses of men at the disposal of the augurs and the *lucumones*, and enabled the latter to carry out great and useful national undertakings, equally beneficial to all classes. Amongst these stand pre-eminent the noble walls which gave strength and dignity to their cities; the tunnels and canals cut through rocky mountains, for the purpose of carrying off the superabundant water of the lakes and rivers, where these were apt to overflow, and of irrigating those tracts of country where the natural supply fell short; the stupendous sewers, which conveyed away from their populous towns everything that could interfere with health and cleanliness; their excellent and numerous roads, which facilitated internal communication, and probably materially contributed to the spread of civilisation, and to the maintenance of good-feeling between the different communities. With the Etruscans also originated the style of house architecture prevalent among the Italians, with imitations of which we may make

ourselves acquainted in many of the tombs still in a state of preservation; and in temple architecture also the Etruscans were the first teachers of the other Italian nations. In agriculture and commerce they were pre-eminent, their well-tilled fields yielding rich harvests of wine, and corn, and olives, and their ships almost exclusively navigating the Italian seas, and carrying on a brisk trade with Greece, Egypt, and Carthage. Their system of coinage, weights and measures, is deserving of admiration; and they knew how to draw from their mines the metals which they wrought so admirably. Even in military tactics they excelled; for though it was not until pressed into the service of Rome that the Etruscan phalanx became formidable to the liberty of surrounding nations, the armies of Etruria, in the days of her independence, were scientifically organized, regularly paid, and well disciplined.

The cemeteries from which so much of our knowledge of the Etruscans is drawn were so universally situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the city whose dead they were formed to receive, that the existence of a cemetery may be taken as a sure indication of the site of a town, and the remains of an Etruscan town will always prove the vicinity of a cemetery, however much its tombs may be concealed. Their position and character, however, vary according to the physical features of the district. Thus in the southern portion of Etruria Proper, which is high, but not mountainous, and where the soil has been subjected to strong volcanic action—the cities being always situated on table-lands, on all sides intersected by deep ravines or glens, which form natural fosses of great depth—the chambers of the dead were generally excavated in the side of the cliffs of tufa or other friable volcanic rock, below the city walls, as well as on the opposite side of the ravine, so that the town was sometimes surrounded on all sides by tombs. In the northern and more mountainous district, where the cities, though never built on mountains of considerable altitude, generally occupied an isolated and commanding height, the tombs must be looked for on the lower slopes, or on the plain at the foot of the mountain, the hard nature of the sandstone strata of the higher regions presenting too much resistance to the tools of the excavator. When in cases such as these the lower soil was found too soft to preserve the form of the sepulchre, the excavation was lined with masonry within, and then covered over with a conical mound of earth, it being contrary to the custom of the Etruscans to allow their dead to rest above ground. Besides these rock-hewn and earth-covered tombs, there are in Etruria others of a most primitive character, bearing a strong resemblance to the cromlechs of Britain; rude graves sunk a few feet beneath the surface of the earth, and covered with rough unhewn masses of rock, and forming so glaring a contrast to the highly-finished sepulchres of subsequent ages, that if they be Etruscan, which has as yet not been proved, they must date from the infancy of that nation. From these last-mentioned tombs, which all bear evidence of having stood open for many centuries, every vestige of their former occupants has vanished, yet they are full of interest, as indicating the first rude attempts at artificial burial in a country abounding in remarkable proofs of the height to which the ancient inhabitants carried their veneration for the dead. This description of tomb must be considered the first in age; next to them come the tumuli, a form which has been usual among all nations in an early stage of civilisation; and lastly, the chambers hollowed in the sides of the cliffs. Of the two last-mentioned classes there are, however, varieties indicating

different dates, though it seems that the one never entirely superseded the other. Now that the deposits of centuries have accumulated around the tumuli, and that the very sites of many Etruscan cities have ceased to be known, the discovery of tombs is often an undertaking of some difficulty, and is mostly owing to chance; but in earlier times these rich treasures of the earth were more obvious to public notice. They proved an irresistible temptation to the cupidity of the Goths, though, for some cause unknown, they were spared by the Romans, who showed so little reverence for the graves of other nations. The last general rifling of tombs upon record is, we believe, that which took place under the Emperor Theodoric at the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century, when, however, by the express order of the emperor, all the furniture of the graves, with the exception of ornaments in gold and silver, was respected. After the tide of barbarism that destroyed Rome had swept over Italy, the very name of Etruria was almost obliterated from the memory of those who dwelt on her ancient sites, and the descendants of her people having long been absorbed by the Romans, and having lost all remembrance of their distinct descent, probably tradition was silent on the subject of her rich sepulchres. But though, in consequence, no systematic search after these monuments was instituted, some of them must from time to time have become known. It is indeed very likely that the semi-barbarous peasantry of the middle ages have availed themselves of the snug habitations afforded by many of these sepulchral chambers; for even in the present day, the rural population of Italy, though disdaining to lodge themselves in these subterranean abodes, frequently domicile their cattle and their pigs in them, converting the sarcophagi into mangers and watering-troughs. Sometimes also the sepulchral caves are used as wine-cellars. It is only since in modern times a general interest in the ancient Etruscans has been revived, that the Tuscans begin to remember with pride that on their territory in particular flourished this civilisation of two thousand years ago, and that some few Italian families have been led to trace in their names and genealogies indications of a connection with the first civilisers of their fatherland.

Among the cemeteries explored by modern antiquaries, or by modern lovers of gain (for the excavations are by some of the possessors of the soil carried on as good pecuniary speculations, and with no higher views), that of Vulci, which has furnished the Prince of Canino with the means of forming a most splendid collection of Etruscan antiquities—which has, besides, enriched many of the museums of Europe, and which still yields an annual harvest to the successors of the prince—was utterly unknown until the year 1828, when it was discovered by chance. A field in the vicinity of the village of Canino being ploughed with a yoke of oxen, the ground suddenly gave way beneath them, and disclosed an Etruscan sepulchre with broken vases. The mine thus opened was worked without loss of time, and the result has been as shown above. The tombs of Norchia and Castel d'Asso, which are remarkable for their sculptured façades, were brought to light only forty years ago by some sportsmen of Viterbo, who, in the pursuit of game, penetrated into the secluded glens in which they are situated. Those of Bomarzo, which have also yielded objects of great interest, were discovered as late as 1830, and those of Orte in 1837. Mr Ainsley, an Englishman, in 1843 brought to light others near Savona, peculiarly interesting as types of the domestic and ecclesiastical architecture of the

Etruscans. Mr Dennis, another Briton, has within the last few years recorded the discovery of several tombs in the annals of the Archæological Society at Rome. So many of the tombs rediscovered in our day bear, however, evidence of having been opened before, that the number of such as are intact is calculated to be as one to thirty in the whole number opened; while those which contain articles of great interest are in much smaller proportion. Very likely future generations will be doomed to the same disappointments as the present; for it is still the custom in many places, after having rifled the tombs of their contents, to cover them up again, in order to preserve the earth for tillage.

Now that public attention is so generally turned to the subject of Etruscan antiquities, and that these, when of rare or remarkable character, command such high prices from public and private collectors, every year brings to light new cemeteries containing tombs innumerable; so that the whole of Tuscany, and a great part of the papal states, seem literally to be undermined by these cities of the dead. That the word *necropolis* has not among the ancients been a mere figurative expression, is indeed proved by many of these rock-hewn cemeteries; for not only do the porticos, the pediments, the house-like roofs, and whole internal arrangement of the tombs, recall to mind the habitations of the living, but in several places, such as Bieda, and the so-called *Banditaccia* near Cervetri, it is evident that the cemeteries have been laid out in streets, and even in squares, the façades of the tombs occupying the place of those of the houses in the cities of the living.

Every necropolis in Etruria has its peculiar style of tomb; and similar variety prevails in the character of the sepulchral furniture, and also in a great measure in the mode of burial. The most primitive style of sepulchre existing in the tufa districts is a kind of conical pit, generally eight or nine feet deep by six in diameter, and above which will almost invariably be found a small niche, probably destined for the reception of votive offerings, or for the *cippus*—a kind of altar much used in the sepulchral decorations of the Etruscans. No tombs of this kind have, as far as we are aware, latterly been found unripped of their contents, and it is therefore merely conjecture that the pits have served as receptacles for sarcophagi, such as are seen in many museums, representing the effigies of the deceased, and at the same time containing their ashes. Some antiquaries, indeed, have refused to acknowledge these pits as tombs, considering them as depositories of grain; but Mr Dennis, having observed them not only in the immediate vicinity of the ancient city walls, but also in the most distant parts of the cemeteries, and among indubitable tombs, considers their sepulchral character beyond a doubt. Next to these in simplicity are the tombs with a simple doorway opening in the side of the cliff, and leading into a small antechamber, through which you pass into the larger sepulchral chamber. The antechamber, seldom as much as five feet square, is ventilated by an opening in the ceiling, running up to the level of the ground above, and destined, it is supposed, to allow of the escape of the effluvium of the decaying bodies or burnt ashes; and also as a means of pouring in libations to the *manes* of the deceased, and of gaining admission into the tomb when the principal entrance was walled up; for there are in these chimney-like apertures small niches, as if for the introduction of the hands and feet, and for the facilitating of the passage of a human body through them. These openings having in many cases been found covered on the outside with large blocks of hewn stone,

it is concluded that this was generally done when the effluvium had passed off, and the tomb could be closed without the fear of generating a noxious atmosphere within. As the dead can hardly have been the objects of such care, we are inclined to believe that the precaution must have been used in anticipation of the next occasion when the tomb should be opened to receive a new occupant. Within the antechamber is, as has already been mentioned, the tomb itself, generally from twelve to twenty feet square, with a massive quadrangular pillar in the centre, hewn out of the rock; or, in other instances, with a thick partition-wall of rock, dividing the tomb into two equal parts. In the walls on all sides there are double or triple tiers of oblong recesses, in which the corpses used to be placed; and the face of the pillar, or projecting wall, is also in many cases hollowed into similar horizontal body-niches, or else in upright niches for votive offerings or cinerary urns; for among the Etruscans the fashion of burning the dead seems to have prevailed as much as that of interment. From the arrangements in some tombs, it may indeed be inferred that interment was a mark of distinction, at least in some ages; for large urns, supposed to have contained the ashes of the slaves and retainers of the families, have been found in the same sepulchral chambers (or in the porticos leading to these) in which the bodies of their masters were left to decay. In several instances the tombs which we have just described are so like the catacombs of the Romans and of the early Christians, that—being found devoid of the cinerary urns and various articles of pottery so peculiar to Etruria, and which would at once assign to them their nationality—they might be mistaken for the former, had not Etruscan inscriptions placed their origin beyond a doubt. This is the general character of the tombs at Civita Castellana; and the like are also found near Corneto, Ferenti, and Cervetri.

At Castel d'Asso, Norchia, Bieda, Falerii, Sutri, and Orte, all places of little note in modern Italy, but occupying the sites of cities which held a high rank in the history of Etruria, the tombs, as regards their external character, surpass in majestic grandeur and architectural decorations all that have as yet been discovered. At Castel d'Asso they rise upon each side of a narrow glen, facing each other like the houses in a street. Each tomb being detached, and the cliffs in which they are hollowed being hewn to a smooth surface, and formed into square architectural façades, with bold cornices and mouldings in high relief, they bear a strong resemblance to dwelling-houses, their façades extending the whole height of the cliffs, which in some places rise as high as thirty feet. In the centre of each façade is a rod moulding, describing the outline of a door, in many cases having panels recessed one within the other. This, however, is but the false semblance of an entrance, the real one being in the lower part of the cliff, which, having been left to project when the façade was smoothed down, has been hollowed into a kind of small vaulted antechamber, open in front. The form of these monuments, as well as of the false door in the façade, tapers upwards, and the front recedes slightly from the perpendicular. Along the top of the façade runs a massive horizontal cornice, but receding from the plane of the façade. On many of the tombs there are inscriptions, some of which are still legible, graven deep in the smooth surface of the rock above the simulated doorway. On the inner wall of the little entrance-chamber, and immediately below the one in the façade, is a second false door, moulded like the former, but with a niche in the centre; and directly below this again is the

real door leading into the sepulchral chambers, which, neither in grandeur of dimensions nor elegance of details, answer to the external appearance of the tombs. They are quadrilateral, of various sizes, and rudely hollowed in the rock, having a flat or slightly-vaulted ceiling, and ledges of rock against the wall for the support of sarcophagi. In some cases the sarcophagi have been sunk in the rock in two rows, side by side, with a narrow passage between them, and seem to have been originally covered over with tiles. In the interstices which separate the monumental façades there are in many cases flights of steps cut in the rock, and leading to the plain above. In the largest of these tombs there have been found eight or ten sarcophagi of *nenfro*, in the simple style of the early stone-coffins of England, having no sculptured figures reclining on the lids, or bas-reliefs adorning their sides, as is so common in the sarcophagi of Etruria. Beyond these simple and massive coffins, these tombs contain no objects of interest, having been rifled at a very early period; but other tombs on the plain above, which have been excavated of late years, have yielded articles of gold and jewellery, painted vases of great beauty, and metal mirrors with figures and inscriptions.

However imposing the external features of the tombs of Castel d'Asso, they are far surpassed by those of Norchia. There, besides sepulchres of the severely-simple style which we have just described, are specimens of others of a highly ornate character, with pediments and Doric friezes, and with bas-reliefs on the inner walls of the portico. These interesting monuments of the Etruscan style of temple architecture—for they are probably imitations of such—are now in a most dilapidated state, their pediments being broken, their columns overturned, and parts of the sculptured friezes effaced. Enough, nevertheless, remains to feed the imagination, and to tax the ingenuity of archaeologists; and many a conjecture has been raised as to what honoured remains rested in tombs so magnificent. Many a question has been asked of the shield, and mace, and sword, cut in relief, as if suspended on the wall of the portico, and of the funeral procession below, in which the souls of two departed warriors are being conducted with funeral pomp to the world of spirits by the winged genius of Death, accompanied by three other figures in long robes, bearing in their hands twisted rods—the mysterious symbols of the Etruscan Hades. The sculptures in the pediments represent scenes of combat and bloodshed; but they are now too much injured to allow of the subject being clearly distinguished, and each antiquary, in turn, has pronounced a different opinion. The interiors of these splendid tombs are utterly devoid of ornament, being as plain as the plainest at Castel d'Asso, which also they resemble in the plan of their arrangements; and proving, by the great economy of space exercised, that, far from being the restingplaces of some distinguished individuals, as would be supposed from the pomp of their external character, they have, like all the rest around them, been receptacles for generations of one family.

The cemetery of Bieda presents specimens of each variety of tomb as yet mentioned, and impresses the beholders with the opinion that the resemblance to cities, more or less remarkable in all the cemeteries of Etruria, cannot be merely accidental, but must be the result of plan. In this place the tombs are not only, as usual, hollowed in the cliff side by side, but are hewn in terraces one above the other, and connected by flights of steps cut in the rock. Here also there are tombs standing out like isolated dwelling-houses, which they resemble likewise in form and other external

features, having roofs sloping down on two sides, with overhanging eaves at the gable. In the interior the resemblance is no less striking—the whole construction of the ceiling being like that observed in houses, the inner chambers in many cases lighted by windows cut in the wall which separates them from the outer ones, while the rock-hewn benches around the walls are arranged in a manner precisely similar to that observed in the banqueting-chambers of the living.

As regards the interior of the Etruscan dwelling-houses, no tombs, however, give so interesting and distinct a notion of them as those of the Banditaccia near Cervetri. None of the sepulchres here have architectural façades, though there are vestiges indicating that such have existed; but on descending into the tombs, the house-like character is unmistakeable. Opening from the rock-hewn steps, which lead down to the entrance of the tomb, is a vestibule, and on each side of this a small chamber. Within the vestibule, and occupying the whole breadth of the tomb, is a large chamber representing the *atrium* (as it is designated by the Romans, who copied the internal arrangements of their houses from the Etruscans), and within this the *triclinia*, or banqueting-rooms, with the rock-hewn bench extending along the three sides of the wall, and on which the effigies of the dead were placed in a reclining position, as if at a banquet. The ceilings of all the chambers have the usual beams and rafters hewn in the rock, and in one tomb there are two arm-chairs, each with a footstool attached, hewn out in the rock in the atrium, between the doors leading to the inner chambers. Above each chair is a round shield suspended on the wall.

Now that these sepulchres have made us somewhat familiar with the external features and internal arrangements of the dwellingplaces of the Etruscans, let us try to catch a glimpse of the life they led within the sacred precincts of their home; let us endeavour to become acquainted with their domestic character, their social manners, their national costume, their household utensils, and their personal ornaments; their religious ceremonies, and their public games. Here, again, the tombs come to our aid, for on the painted walls of some, and on the 'storied urns' of others, we shall find almost every event of daily life recorded. Foremost in interest among these tombs are those of Tarquinii, the chief city and ecclesiastical metropolis of the land, which took its name from Tarchon, the mythical hero of Etruria; Tarquinii, the fountain-head of Etruscan civilisation, and the birth-place of Tarquinius Priscus, in whom Etruria gave a king to Rome. The graves of this city, so illustrious in the legendary annals of the country, are scattered in thousands over a long and barren ridge, on the extremity of which is situated the papal city of Corneto, and opposite to which, on a similar ridge, separated from it by a deep vale, is the site of ancient Tarquinii. The hill of the cemetery is generally known by the name of Il Montarozzi, derived from the strange rugged appearance given to it by the numberless shapeless mounds of earth, overgrown with the rich vegetation of the south, which cover its surface, and each of which marks the place where rose one of those curious conical tumuli, surmounted by a chimæra, a lion, or some other animal, and surrounded at its base with a low wall of masonry, to which allusion has been made in the preceding pages.

In the necropolis of Tarquinii there are at present eleven painted tombs open for inspection, several of which, however, having been left for years

after their excavation without a door or a guardian to protect them from the wanton destruction of the rude and the ignorant, are much dilapidated. Many others were discovered in times past, of which some have been destroyed; some have fallen gradually to decay, others were immediately damaged by the admission of the light and the atmosphere, and some have been reclosed, and lost sight of. Of some of the earliest-discovered (1699 and 1756) there are descriptions extant proving them to have been no less interesting than those at present open. Among the latter, the Grotta Querciola is one of the most remarkable. This tomb, first opened in 1831, is situated in the heart of the Montarozzi, about a mile from Corneto; its name is derived from that of the owner of the soil in which it is excavated. A descent of about twenty steps, hewn in the tufa rock, leads to the entrance of this, the largest and loftiest tomb in the necropolis, which is also considered the most instructive monument extant for the pictorial art of Etruria, on account of the free and admirable style of the designs, which, though bearing strong evidence of the influence of Grecian art, are nevertheless accompanied by features purely Etruscan in character. The walls of this sepulchre are completely covered with paintings, the colours of which, though now much faded, must have been splendid when in their original state. The scenes described in these paintings are indicative of the sensual enjoyments of life, not of the gloom of the sepulchre or of the mysterious awfulness of death. The figures on the two side walls are drawn in two rows, separated by a coloured band—those of the upper row being about four feet, those of the lower about two feet high; while on the walls at the two ends of the chamber there is a third row of figures, occupying the pediment formed by the sloping sides of the roof, and not above twelve inches high. The scene in the principal frieze of the inner wall introduces us to a party of Etruscans at a banquet, whether funereal or not, cannot be discerned, there being nothing whereby to distinguish the convivial meeting from the funeral feast. On luxurious and elegantly-formed couches recline the guests in pairs, two on each couch, in richly-embroidered garments, with chaplets of myrtle round their brows, resting their elbows on embroidered cushions, quaffing wine from goblets of graceful form, and listening to the



music of the *subulo* (player on the double pipe) and *citharist*, to the tones of whose instruments dancing-girls, decked with rich jewellery, and clad in figured robes of bright colour and with embroidered borders, are moving their nimble feet, being joined in the dance by male partners. The banquet-table spread in front of the reclining guests is attended by slaves, who stand

around, some replenishing the goblets from the wine jars on a kind of sideboard near at hand. With one exception, the guests are all males, and the presence of this solitary lady at what is evidently a *symposium*, or drinking bout, a bachelor's party, and the strange freedom of her manners, her arms being thrown fondly round her partner on the couch, have led to suppositions far from honourable to her character. The trees interspersed among the dancers, and stretching forth their branches from behind the couches and their occupants, indicate that the festive scene is passing in the open air, while the presence of candelabra would lead one to suppose that it is taking place at night.

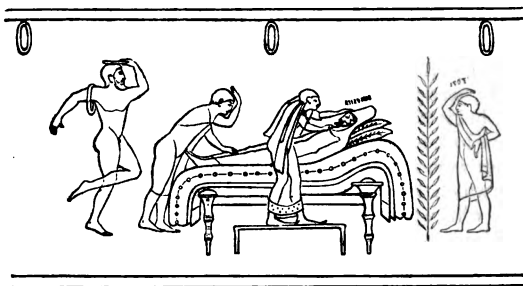
The second and smaller frieze on the same wall as the foregoing represents a boar-hunt. Men on foot and on horseback are rushing eagerly to the attack of a wild boar, which has been brought to bay by the dogs. The pedestrians who precede the horsemen are armed with spear and hatchet—the former being used to fell their dangerous foe, the latter to cut their way through the thickets, or to sever the boar's head from the carcase when the victory is gained. In front of the animal are extended the nets, into which it was the custom to drive the game to bring it to bay; the whole being a faithful picture of the ordinary mode of hunting among the Greeks and the Romans, and (by the evidence of this picture, and of similar ones in other tombs) among the Etruscans also. Above the doorway are the remains of the figure of a man in a two-horse chariot, or *biga*, and having no perceptible connection with the foregoing scenes; but as there are still in the lower band, and on a line with the boar-hunt, some faint traces of chariot-races having been depicted there, this figure may possibly have formed part of them. The figures in the two pediments, representing two warriors leading their horses by the bridle, are exactly alike in both, and in both pediments also the angles are filled by panthers, which animal, being of very frequent recurrence in the tombs, is supposed to have had some symbolical funereal meaning. The general rule in Etruscan paintings, and one which is particularly prevalent in the early and purely Etruscan tombs, is to distinguish the sexes by the colour of the flesh—the males being painted a deep red, while the females are left the colour of the ground on which the figure is painted. This rule has, however, been departed from in the Grotta Querciola, where all the human figures are of a pale cream colour.

In the Grotta del Triclinio, or the 'Tomb of the Banqueting Scene,' situated nearly opposite the Grotta Querciola, the subjects of the paintings are in character and arrangement very much like those we have just mentioned, but are in a state of much better preservation, the brilliancy of the colouring being described as absolutely dazzling by those who have beheld them when the rays of the sun fall into the grave-chamber. The very ceiling is here decked with gorgeous colours, and the broad beam in the centre of the roof is gracefully entwined with leaves of the lotus and ivy. The character of the banquet here represented is, however, more decorous than that of the Grotta Querciola, the festive couches being in this case occupied by males and females in equal number. The feast which we may suppose them assembled to partake of is spread on elegant four-legged tables, placed in front of the couches, and among the viands on the table eggs hold a prominent position. That some idea connected with the dead has been attached to this species of food, there is every reason to suppose,

as vases containing eggs have repeatedly been found in the tombs. One of the male figures in the present picture is in the act of handing an egg to his neighbour; and from the lively gestures of all the persons present, we are led to infer that they are pleased with each other's company. Depending from the ceiling behind the guests are several of those elegant chaplets with which the Etruscans were wont to wreath their brows when about to enjoy their siesta. Here also there are dancers and musicians in attendance; and one of the former is rattling the castanets, which to this day play so prominent a part in the popular dances of the southern nations. The males and females in this tomb are distinguished by the colouring of their faces—the males being of a deep red, the women of a pale cream colour. On each side of the doorway is the figure of an equestrian mounted on a brown horse, with blue tail, the rider having upper but no nether garments, and being seated sideways on the horse.

We learn from the traditions of the Etruscans, repeated by Roman writers, and we know from the history of Rome, Etruria's pupil, that woman in Etruria, far from occupying the degrading position which she held among some of the nations of antiquity, and particularly among the Greeks, was honoured and respected, and even instructed in the same arts and sciences as the men. Begoe, an Etruscan woman, we are told, wrote a book upon the art of divination from things struck by lightning, which became one of the statute books of Etruria, and other women are named who acted as aruspices; among these Tanaquil, the wife of Tarquinius Priscus, who is also mentioned as having been an industrious housewife, a great spinner of wool, and an excellent helpmate to her husband. These assertions as to the position of woman we find confirmed by the paintings on the walls of the tombs just described, and others, and on vases found in different museums, and more particularly in that of Volterra. In these paintings we see her seated at the festive board with her liege lord, taking part in the pleasures he is enjoying, and mixing freely in society. That her early years were spent at school, we learn from a cinerary urn in the museum of Volterra, which has probably contained the ashes of a young girl cut off in the bloom of life, before her education was completed; for her effigy is represented in the usual reclining position on the lid of the urn, while on the body of the urn are half-a-dozen other youthful female figures, evidently representing a school, and holding in their hands open scrolls. That the mode of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot' was pretty similar to that still in vogue, we may infer from another and very curious urn found in a tomb of Cervetri, on which is inscribed the Etruscan alphabet and primer. On the urns of Volterra there are also many repetitions of the banqueting scenes depicted in the tombs, with a pair of figures of opposite sexes on each couch, while groups of children sometimes stand around, indicating by their caresses the pure affections of a happy home. The existence of these affections, and the observance of the sacred duties they impose, are again visible in the deathbed scene of the Camera del Morto, the 'Dead-Man's Chamber,' another of the painted tombs of Tarquinii, and the smallest of them all. In this tomb, discovered in 1832, the two walls exhibit figures in the act of performing a dance so wild and extravagant in character, that it must be supposed to represent a Bacchanalia, these festivals having been introduced into Etruria from Greece; but on the third wall, and in strange contrast with the foregoing, is the scene illustrative of the tender care with which

the bed of the dying was surrounded. Here the body of an aged man is discovered stretched on a couch of elegant form, not unlike those we see in modern drawing-rooms. A young female, who is bending over him, is in the act of drawing his hood over his eyes, which have apparently just closed in death, while a young man at the foot of the couch is as reverently covering up the feet of the deceased with one hand, the other being raised to his head in expression of grief. At the head of the couch stands another



man in the same attitude of subdued sorrow, but a third male figure is so vehement in his expressions of the same feeling, as to lead one to suspect him of being one of the hired mourners whom it was customary to employ on such occasions, and who used to rend their garments and strike their bosoms with an air of frantic despair. In a still more touching and pathetic manner than in this tomb are the natural affections portrayed on various vases, also in the museum of Volterra. On one a female is seen stretched on a couch, the near approach of her last moments being intimated by the presence of a winged genius with a torch on the point of expiring. The father, husband, and sisters of the dying woman stand weeping around her, while a group of little children close to her bedside seem as if unconscious of the nature of the approaching separation. On another vase a dying woman is delivering to a friend the tablets on which she seems to have inscribed her dying behests. On others man and wife are seen taking a tender farewell of each other. Some of these scenes, however, bear only a metaphorical reference to the death of the person whose effigy reclines on the lid of the vase, but in some of these cases the beauty of the conception of the metaphor tells more for the refinement of feeling that must have existed among this people than anything we have as yet described. Thus on one urn a youth is seen on horseback (a common way of symbolising the departure of the soul from its mortal envelop) about to start for that land whence none return, when his little sister rushes in, and endeavours to arrest the progress of the horse; but the messenger of death has seized the reins, and all resistance is vain.

The story of Etruscan manners would not, however, be complete were we not to see the reverse—which, alas! everything human presents. In the symposium scene in the Grotta Querciola, and in the Bacchic dances of the Camera del Morto, we are therefore made acquainted with that laxity of morals, and that excessive indulgence in sensual enjoyments, which gained for the Etruscans from Greeks and Romans (who, by the by, were little better than those they censured) the degrading appellations of effeminate

debauchees, sluggards, gluttons, and voluptuaries, and which but too often follow great luxury and refinement. That the Etruscans themselves were fully aware of the contending propensities which war in the soul of man, and cause such strange inconsistency in his acts, is proved, among other things, by a picture which once graced the walls of the Grotta del Cardinale (another of the tombs of Tarquini), which is now effaced, but drawings of which have happily been preserved. In this picture Cupid and Psyche—represented as children, the latter, as usual, with butterfly wings—are embracing each other; but Cupid—who here, as in the Greek myth, represents the bodily appetites and passions—is being drawn by an evil genius towards the things of this world, typified by a tree, and a labourer hurrying along with a large stone upon his head; while Psyche, or the higher aspirations of man, on the other side, holds him back, and is assisted by a beneficent genius.

The excessive love of personal adornment said to have been a characteristic of the Etruscan women may be traced in the luxurious dresses and the rich jewellery with which they are represented on the walls of the tombs, and in the mirrors with which in their hands they are so frequently depicted upon vases and sarcophagi, that we may almost suppose a mirror to have been as indispensable at all times to a lady of Etruria as to a *petite maîtresse* of the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. That these ladies had charms, which they might well dwell on with delight, is proved by the reclining statues on some of the sarcophagi found in the tombs, and in the countenances of which there is such a strong stamp of individuality, that it is impossible to doubt of their being portraits. From the grace and dignity united in the attitude of some of these reclining fair ones, we are tempted to attribute to them those qualities also which add loveliness to beauty; but we might perhaps in this case be doing honour to nature at the expense of the sculptor. The favourite ornaments in jewellery among the Etruscans seem to have been, for men, chaplets of myrtle, ivy or oak-leaves in pure gold; and for women, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and rings, numbers of such articles of the most beautiful workmanship having been found in the tombs, and particularly in those of Vulci. Rings seem to have been worn by both sexes, and in preference on the fourth finger of the left hand; this fashion having probably been, like so many other of the Etruscan customs, introduced from the East, where, it is said, rings were worn on this finger because of the discovery that through it passed a vein or nerve connected with the heart; and rings were in Etruria, as in modern Europe, given in sign of betrothal.

We have now seen the Etruscans in domestic life enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse, of the festive board, and of the dancing and music of their slaves; we must next accompany them beyond the precincts of home, and watch them following the manly sports of the field, and attending at the favourite games of the circus. For the former purpose, we may revert to the boar-hunt of the Grotta Querciola; of the latter we shall get a sight in the Grotta delle Bighe, also on the Montarozzi of Corneto, and which must once have been resplendent with colours. The painted figures in this tomb, like those of the Grotta Querciola, occupy a double frieze; and the subjects represented are—besides the usual convivial scene, which in this case is a symposium, and the usual dances—the public games of the Etruscans. On one wall are two-horsed chariots, called *bigæ*, preparing for the race; on the others, the foot-racers are speeding along the arena; other

men are hurling the discus or quoit; others leaping with poles; some are boxing with the cestus, and others are trying their strength in wrestling; while some, who stand around armed with helmet, spear, and shield, seem preparing for the gladiatorial combat. Near the corners of the walls are depicted wooden platforms, on which persons of both sexes, and, from the richness of their costume, evidently belonging to the higher ranks of society, are seated enjoying the spectacle of the games, while on the bare ground below recline the classes less favoured by fortune, but equally intent on the amusement of the moment.

One of the many facts which prove that however much as to form the Etruscans may have borrowed from the Greeks, as to spirit they always remained distinct from that nation, and more closely allied to the East, is, that men of rank in Etruria never mingled in the public games except as spectators, every direct participation in them being looked upon as derogatory. That they have, nevertheless, had an indirect interest in the result of the games, we may judge from their having employed their dependents and their handsomest slaves in them; and no doubt the same glory redounded to the master of the slave who excelled in the wrestling-match, or the boxing-match, as now redounds to the owner of the horse which is the winner at Ascot or at Newmarket. If an Etruscan of rank was fond of athletic games, and anxious publicly to prove his skill in them, he went to Greece for the purpose; for in that country the competitors were his equals in rank, and participation in the games therefore involved no loss of station. Games similar to those here described are also depicted on the walls of the 'tomb of the inscriptions' at Tarquinii, and on those of the famous Tomba delle Colle Casuccini at Chiusi—that wonderful tomb, which is to this day closed by the very same folding-doors, formed of two enormous slabs of travertine, placed there on the first construction of the tomb more than two-and-twenty centuries ago, and working on the same hinges! In this last-mentioned tomb, moreover, we find the *agonothete*, or director of the sports, with his wand of office in his hand, watching that no foul play be introduced; and we make acquaintance with another kind of bodily exercise among the Etruscans to which we are not strangers—namely, the playing with dumb-bells. The charioteers are dressed in white skull-caps and short tunics, and the reins are passed round their bodies. The other participators in the games are mostly naked. Scenes similar to these are also frequently represented on urns, and in the sculptured reliefs on sarcophagi.

But it was not only as a spectator at games and at public festivities that the Etruscan appeared abroad: he had other and weightier matters to look after. He must attend at the temple, and be present at the offering up of the sacrifice which was to propitiate the gods in favour of his daily undertakings. Scenes of this kind are frequently represented on the cinerary urns and sarcophagi which have been found in the tombs. The priest or augur is seen pouring libations on the head of the victim; the latter being in one case a bull, in another a donkey, in a third a wolf, and, we are loth to confess it, in some cases human beings—the barbarous rite of human sacrifice having been practised by this otherwise so civilised people on occasions of imminent importance. From the temple we may accompany the Etruscan to the hall of justice, and see the judges proceeding to take their seats upon the bench. Scenes of this kind, represented on cinerary urns in the museum of Volterra, and on a cippus in that of Chiusi, are thus de-

scribed by Mr Dennis:—‘Four judges, or magistrates, wrapt in togas, are proceeding to judgment. Before them march two lictors, each with a pair of rods or wands, which may represent the *fusces* without the *secures* or hatchets, just as they were carried by Roman lictors before one of the consuls when in the city. They are preceded by a slave bearing a *curule* chair, another *insignia* of authority, and, like the lictors and *fusces*, of Etruscan origin. Other slaves carry the *scrinium* or *capsa*, a cylindrical box for documents; and *pugillares*, or wax tablets for noting down the proceedings. On another urn four magistrates are returning from judgment, having descended from their seats on the elevated platform. The lictors, who precede them, in this case bear forked rods. They are encountered by a veiled female, with her two daughters, and two little children of tender age—the family, it must be, of the criminal, come to implore mercy for the husband and father.’ On another—‘Two judges, with wands of office, are sitting on a platform, with their secretary, who has *stylus* and tablets to take notes of the proceedings; a lictor or attendant stands by with a rod in each hand. Before the bench a warrior fully armed—helmet, spear, shield, and greaves—appears to be waiting judgment. A woman behind him, dancing with castanets to the music of a subulo, seems to mark him as some hero or victor in the public games. The judges are consulting as to his merits; and their decrees seem to be favourable, for the officer of the court is pointing to half-a-dozen skins or leathern bottles beneath the platform, which, full of oil, probably constitute his reward.’

On other vases we may follow the Etruscan hero in the triumphal procession awarded to him by his grateful country, a custom usual in Etruria, it would seem, before it was adopted by the Romans. Appian, a Greek historian, describes the Etruscan victor on these occasions with a golden crown of oak-leaves round his brow, and an ivory sceptre adorned with gold in his hand, borne along in a gilt chariot, and preceded by a long train of lictors in purple tunics, and a troop of musicians and dancers, their heads wreathed with golden chaplets, and singing and dancing as they go along. Such are very nearly the scenes described on the vases, though some of the pomp and circumstance is of course left out.

Even to the workshops of the artist and the artisan we may pay a visit, and become acquainted with the manner in which the very articles which excite our interest in so high a degree have come into existence; for on an Etruscan *amphora* (vase for holding liquids) in the Pinacothek at Munich, we find depicted the whole mode of procedure relative to the fabrication of the fictile vases, in which the potter's wheel plays as great a part as it does in the potteries of our day; and on another vase in the museum at Berlin the process of casting bronze statues is in like manner described.

The only incident in Etruscan life to which we are not introduced by any of the monuments extant is the wedding ceremony. The closing scene of life has, on the contrary, been most abundantly illustrated, as has been shown above; but we have still to accompany the body to its last resting-place, in one of those wonderful tombs which have revealed to us all these secrets of the past. The urns in the museum of Volterra here again come to our aid. We see by them that among the Etruscans, as among the modern nations of Europe, it was customary to convey the mortal remains of the deceased to the grave on a covered car or wagon; this car is open in front, and drawn by two horses or mules, which are made to droop their heads in

sign of wo; the mourners follow on foot, but sometimes the procession is preceded by a man on horseback. On one urn the corpse is represented stretched upon a bier, carried on the shoulders of men. Arrived at the tomb, we are led to infer, from the scenes depicted on the walls of the sepulchres, as also from analogy to the Greeks and the Romans, that the funeral games and the funeral feast ensued, and these games and this feast, it is believed, generally took place in the open air, on the rocks above or around the sepulchral cave. Having deposited the body of their departed friend in the tomb, the Etruscans endeavoured next in imagination to follow the soul on its journey to the seat of judgment, and even to picture to themselves the dread moment when the judge's voice was pronouncing the sentence which decided its fate for eternity. Their notions on these subjects were very curious, and differed considerably from those of the Greeks; and in order to understand the illustrations presented by the painted walls of the tombs, we must first take a cursory view of their mythology and their religious ideas:—

That the system established by Tarchon, the propounder of the laws of the imaginary Tages, was borrowed from the East, and that profound wisdom and some reminiscences of a purer faith were hidden beneath its symbols, there cannot, we think, be any doubt. Thus Tina, Talna, and Minerva, the chief Etruscan divinities, to build a temple to whom was obligatory on every city in Etruria, are supposed to have been the symbolical embodiment of the three attributes of strength, riches, and wisdom, of the one supreme God, whom they recognised as the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe. But there were images of all his other attributes, and temples to those images, and it is not too much to suppose that, the sacred books being in the sole keeping of the priests, who governed by the aid of superstition, the people soon forgot the deeper meaning concealed behind the symbol, and became what the worshippers of mere outward forms of religion are in all times and countries. By degrees also the influence of Greece began to be felt in the religion of the Etruscans; Grecian myths and religious festivals (as, for instance, the Bacchanalia) were introduced, and the number of the divinities was no doubt greatly increased. Indeed myths of almost all the Grecian deities may be traced on the bronzes, vases, and particularly on the numerous mirrors of polished metal found in the tombs of Etruria, and to which we have alluded when speaking of the vanity of the women. Many of the purely national features were, however, still maintained. Thus the mystery and awe with which this people loved to surround their religion is particularly evidenced in their belief in the twelve great gods, six of each sex, who formed the council of Tina, who were of fierce and pitiless character, who dwelt in the inmost recesses of heaven, and whose names it was forbidden to utter. On the other hand, the existence of the glimmerings of religious truth which lay below the vulgar surface may be traced in the doctrine of the 'shrouded gods,' who, it was believed, dwelt in eternal mystery, ruled both gods and men, and held even the mighty Tina in subjection.

Among the inferior deities worshipped by the Etruscans, the most prominent position is held by the *genii*—spirits good and evil, and of both sexes—who were supposed to preside at the birth of the individual, and to influence and watch over the soul in its progress through this world, attending it also into the next. The doctrine of the *genii* was held by the Romans also, who received it from the Etruscans, together with that of the *Lares* and *Penates*

(household deities, who watched over the domestic and pecuniary interests of individuals and families), and the propitiating of the *manes* or spirits of the departed. What were the functions of the *genii*, and that the idea of these spirits was particularly mixed up with the notions of the Etruscans relative to the passage of the soul from this world to another, we may also learn from the painted tombs of Tarquinii, as well as from numerous other monuments of Etruscan antiquity scattered through the museums of Europe. Besides the *genii*, there is another ministering spirit of the infernal regions who plays a prominent part in their mythological representations. This is Charun, whose name has been learned from an inscription in one of the tombs, and who seems to perform pretty nearly the same services for the spirits of the departed Etruscans as his namesake Charon performed for the Greeks; but as the former people had probably no river to cross on their way to Hades—for the soul is always represented taking its departure on horseback—the Charun of their mythology is not a ferryman, but simply a grim-visaged guide to the gates of eternity.

For a glimpse into these regions, we must turn first to the Grotta de' Pompej, or the Tomb of the Pompeys; so called from the name of the family inscribed on its walls. This sepulchre was discovered in 1832, and also bears the name of the Cave of the Typhon, from a mythological being



represented on the walls, the Etruscan name of which is not yet known, but which, bearing a strong analogy to the Typhon of the Egyptians and the Greeks, and being apparently like the former, the representative of the Principle of Destruction, this name has been given to him until his own shall one day be discovered in some subterranean herald's office. The Typhon Tomb, which is of great size, and the roof of which is supported in the middle by a massive square pillar, is surrounded by a triple tier of rock-hewn benches, on which the sarcophagi, which now lie broken and scattered on the ground, were originally placed. On the three sides of the square pillar in the centre are depicted the fantastic beings, with winged human bodies terminat-

ing in serpents,* and which have given its name to the tomb; but the walls of the grave-chamber are simply adorned with a double band in colours, the upper one representing dolphins sporting above the waves, the lower quaintly-shaped flowers; in addition to which, a small space on one of the walls is occupied by a funeral procession of singular character. It is in this miniature procession that we are particularly interested. The band is preceded by one of those *genii* to whom we have above alluded, and whose rank in the world of spirits is indicated by the hammer—the emblem of supernatural power—borne aloft, and by the serpent—the emblem of

* 'The attitude of the body—the outspread wings—the dark massy coils of the serpent-limbs—the wild twisting of the serpent-locks—the countenance uplifted with an expression of unutterable woe, as he supports the cornice with his hands—make this figure imposing, mysterious, sublime. In conception, the artist was the Michael Angelo of Etruria.'—*Dennis*.

eternity—encircling her brow. This genius bears a lighted torch, and is followed by a number of persons of both sexes, all—with the exception of two, a male and a female—bearing in their hands the twisted rods of mysterious import. These are all being urged on by another genius in their rear, evidently of malignant character and of hideous aspect, also with snake-bound head. In the midst of the procession, and towering above all the rest, is Charun, ‘the conveyer of souls,’ in this case depicted as a ‘black, hideous, bearded, brute-eared monster,’ with a terrific claw grasping the shoulder of the youth, who carries no twisted rod in his hand, while the younger demon in the rear has charge of the young girl, who is equally devoid of this mysterious emblem. These two figures, the only ones without the twisted rods, are, in consequence, supposed to be the souls who are being conveyed to the gates of eternity. In the Grotta del Cardinale, close to that of the Pompej or Typhon, is another series of paintings illustrating the passage of the souls into the unseen world, and the treatment they meet with there. The souls are here represented under the form of men robed in white, and the genii, both good and evil, who are accompanying them on their passage are represented with wings, this being, indeed, the usual way of indicating the supernatural character of these beings. ‘Sometimes a good and evil spirit,’ we again borrow the words of Mr Dennis, ‘seem contending for the possession of a soul—as where this is pursued by the malignant demon, and hurried away by the better genius. Sometimes they are acting in unison—as where they are harnessed to a car, and are driven by an old man, who may possibly represent the Minos or Rhadamanthus of the Etruscans. In another instance a similar pair of antagonist spirits are dragging a car, on which sits a soul shrouded in a veil. We may conclude they are attending the soul to judgment—for such was their office, according to the belief of the ancients—in order that, when their charge was arraigned before the infernal judge, they might confirm or contradict his pleadings, according to their truth or falsehood. When the good demons have anything in their hands, it is simply a rod or wand; but the malignant ones have generally a heavy hammer or mallet, as an emblem of their destructive character; and in some instances, probably after condemnation has been pronounced, they are represented with these instruments uplifted, threatening wretched souls, who are imploring mercy on their knees. In a somewhat similar scene a soul is in the power of two of these demons, when a good genius interposes, and arrests one of the evil ones by the wing. In another scene the soul is represented as seizing the wing of the good genius, who is moving away from him. The same dark demons are in more than one instance mounting guard at a gateway, doubtless the gate of Orcus, which stands open by day and night. One of these figures is very striking, sitting at the gateway, resting on his mallet, his hair standing on end, and his finger raised, as if to indicate the entrance to some approaching soul.’ Besides the eleven tombs open at Tarquinii, there are several painted tombs at Chiusi, two at Cervetri, and one at Veii, Bomarzo, Vulci, and Vetulonia, respectively. Taken together, the paintings in these tombs illustrate the different stages of the pictorial art among the Etruscans, from its infancy to the highest degree of perfection which it attained, exhibiting also the different characteristics which mark every branch of their art—namely, the Egyptian, the decidedly native, and the Greek.

Of the tombs we have hitherto been examining, not one was, at the

period of its discovery in modern times, exactly in the same state as when closed upon the last of the race whose ashes it contained; but the interesting sight afforded by a tomb broken open for the first time after the lapse of the many centuries which separate the civilisation of our day from that of the period which it illustrates, has also been reserved for our generation. The most interesting instance upon record is that of a tomb discovered in 1826 by an Italian gentleman of the name of Avolta, under whose superintendence some repairs were being made in the high road leading to Rome: in the course of which, a stone having been displaced, it became apparent that it had formed part of the roof of a cavern. 'I stooped down,' says Signor Avolta in his report to the Archaeological Society at Rome, 'and what was my amazement to see through this hole a warrior lying in state upon a bed of stone! He was clothed in full armour, and looked like a living man; but whilst I gazed, his figure trembled, and he vanished away! I stood for some minutes, hoping the illusion would return; but when I saw that it was gone for ever, I got the workmen to enlarge the hole sufficiently to let me down into the tomb, that I might observe all the particulars of it before it was destroyed or emptied of its contents. When I went up to the stone bier, I found the armour and the body crumbled into dust, and nothing remaining but some bits of a yellow woollen garment, and some fragments of bone. The tomb was roofed with beams of nenfrite, and supported on pillars, and the furniture in it was of a very interesting character. The latter consisted of the arms of the warrior—among which were a sword with a gilt handle, his *biga*, or chariot, several large bronze shields, with images in bas-relief, bronze vases of different shapes and sizes, numerous *tazze*, and eight large terra-cotta vases. Opposite the bier on which the warrior had reclined was a large table of polished red limestone, supported on three legs, and on this lay a wreath of lilies of pure gold.'

Another very remarkable virgin tomb was opened in 1836 near Cervetri, and is known by the appellation of the Regulini-Galassi Tomb, borrowed from the names of the discoverers. This sepulchre, together with several others belonging to the same group, but situated on a lower level, was originally surmounted by a large conical mound, surrounded at its base by a wall of masonry three feet high, and in which were the entrances to the several sepulchres. At present no vestige of mound or wall remains, and the tomb we are about to describe opens in a low bank in the middle of a field. The grave-chamber is in this instance, indeed, a mere passage about sixty feet long, and divided by a partition-wall into two compartments, the inner being somewhat smaller than the outer one, and communicating with it by a doorway, which, at the period of discovery, was closed in with masonry to a certain height. On each side of the larger chamber is a small cell hollowed in the rock, the chamber itself being, on the contrary, lined with masonry, and constructed after a very peculiar fashion. The masonry consists of horizontal layers of rectangular blocks of nenfro, presenting a smooth surface, and forming a perpendicular wall to the height of about three feet, and then gradually converging towards the top in a slight curve, and forming the two sides of a kind of Gothic arch, which is not, however, carried up to a point, but suddenly terminates, leaving a square channel between the two sides of the arch, which is covered over with large blocks of nenfro. The architectural peculiarities of this sepulchre, which prove it to be of date anterior to the discovery of the correct principle

of the arch, are doubly interesting, because, according to the opinion of the learned in these matters, they afford additional proofs of the same expedients in construction being resorted to by all nations ignorant of the wedge principle of the arch—attempts of a similar kind having been found in the earliest structures of Egypt, Greece, and other countries of the old world, and having also latterly been discovered in the remains of a bygone civilisation in Central America. The Cavaliero Canina, a well-known Italian architect—taking into consideration the *cloaca maxima* of Rome, in which the principle of the perfect arch is carried out, and which is unanimously ascribed to the reign of the Tarquins, the Etruscan rulers of Rome—refers the construction of the Regolini-Galassi Tomb to a period much anterior to this, and assigns to it and its contents an antiquity of not less than three thousand years; thus making its construction coeval with the siege of Troy. With the exception of one or two Italian antiquaries, all are indeed agreed as to the very high antiquity of the tomb; but no other, we believe, goes as far as Canina in this respect. The contents of this sepulchre are hardly less interesting than its architecture, and in an equal degree testify of its antiquity, being all of the most ancient Egyptian character, and at the same time of a nature so magnificent, as would almost be considered fabulous, were they not all preserved in the Gregorian Museum at Rome, and open to the inspection of the curious and the incredulous. Of the dead for whom this last restingplace was so richly fitted out, the dust alone remained when the tomb was opened; but at the upper end of the outer chamber stood a bier formed of crossed bars of bronze, and with an elevated place for the head, on which had reclined the uncoffined corpse, supposed, from the character of the furniture in the tomb, to have been a warrior. In front of the bier stood a row of small terra-cotta images, probably Lares, and at the head and foot was a domestic altar for sacrifices, made of iron, and standing on a tripod. Somewhat below the bier was placed a four-wheeled car, on which the body had probably been transported to the grave, and close to this an embossed bronze shield and a bundle of arrows. Against the opposite wall rested several more shields of the same metal and the same beautiful workmanship, they having all apparently been made for ornament only, as the metal plates were too thin to have afforded any protection in combat. Just within the entrance stood a couple of bronzed caldrons on tripods, and some other nondescript vessels; the former supposed to have been used for burning incense, and the latter to have contained perfumes. The side recesses in the rock contained sundry terra-cotta vases, and images hanging from the roof by bronze nails. On the posts of the door leading to the inner chamber were suspended two vases of pure silver; and on the top of the wall, which partly closed in the doorway, stood two bronze vessels. The decorations of the second and smaller chamber were more elaborate even than those of the larger. Along the whole length of the walls, on both sides, was suspended a row of bronze vases, and parallel with these, but hanging from the roof, were two more rows of vessels of the same metal. Against the upper wall of the chamber were placed two silver vases ornamented in relief; and a little farther down, on each side, bronze vessels for perfumes. Immediately in front of the two last-mentioned silver vases, and on the bare ground, lay literally a heap of golden jewels of the most exquisite workmanship. From the position in which the various articles were found, it appears beyond a doubt that, when placed in the

tomb, they formed the ornaments of a human body, which had, however, before the sepulchre was opened, returned to the dust whence it came. All these ornaments were of the purest gold, and consisted of the following articles:—A head-dress of very singular form, consisting of two plates with animals in relief upon them, and two fillets; a large breastplate, beautifully embossed, with a variety of small patterns and arabesques in the Egyptian style, and which had been fastened on each shoulder with a delicately-wrought *fibula*, or brooch, and chains very similar to those now made at Trichinopoly; a very ponderous necklace, with long joints; earrings of great length; sixteen brooches in addition to those above-mentioned; broad bracelets of beautiful filigree-work; several rings; and innumerable fragments of gold fringe and *lamine* of the same precious metal, which had evidently been woven into the garment worn by the deceased, and had survived the frailer texture with which it had been combined. A collection of jewels such as these, it is affirmed in the 'Annals of the Institute of Rome,' would not be found in any well-furnished jeweller's shop of the present day. From the presence of this astonishing quantity of personal ornaments in this chamber, it is generally supposed to have been occupied by a female of high rank, particularly as an inscription, graven in one of the silver vases, contains the female name *Larthia*; but some inquirers are more inclined to believe the occupant to have been a priest, or augur, there having been very little distinction between the ornaments worn by males and females in the countries of the East, and also in Etruria (who so closely resembled these in many points), at the period from which they are supposed to date. This, and a tomb at Vulci, called the *Isis Tomb*, are considered to have furnished the earliest monuments of Etruscan art, such as it was before it had been subjected to the influence of Greece.

Similar in architecture to the *Regulini-Galassi Tomb* is another near *Palo* and *Monterone*, about twenty-two miles from Rome, which was opened by the *Duchess of Sermoneto* in 1838, in a tumulus forty feet high, and which, until the period mentioned, was supposed to be a natural hillock. On examination, it was found to be encircled by a basement wall of nearly 800 feet in circumference; and on the western side of the wall was a hole containing a small cylinder, pointing, as it was subsequently observed, to the entrance of the tomb, which was with some difficulty discovered about forty or fifty feet up the slope of the mound. The first grave-chamber entered is the one resembling in structure the *Regulini-Galassi Tomb*; its high antiquity being likewise proved by the Egyptian character of the furniture in it, and by another feature bearing a strong analogy to the *Pyramids of Egypt*. This is a shaft in the floor of the tomb, 20 feet deep, opening into another horizontal passage about 100 feet long; from which, again, open three other shafts, probably leading to other sepulchral chambers on a still lower level.

Of all the peculiarly-constructed sepulchres of Etruria, few have, however, excited so much interest as the polyandrian tombs in a hill called *Poggia Gajella* at *Chiusi*. The labyrinthine passages which in this instance were found to lead from one grave-chamber into another, for a time nourished the hope that this might prove to be the tomb of *Porsenna* (the king of Etruria, before whom proud Rome once trembled, and to whose magnanimity alone she owed her salvation), and which was said to have been erected on a site in this neighbourhood, but which is described by *Varro* in terms so

extravagant, as to have been considered fabulous by all sober-minded people. Porsenna was buried, says Varro's description as reported by Pliny, 'under the city of Clusium (Chiusi), in a spot where he has left a monument in rectangular masonry, each side whereof is 300 feet wide and 50 high; and within the square of the basement is an inextricable labyrinth, out of which no one who ventures in without a clue of thread can ever find an exit. On that square basement stand five pyramids, four at the angles, and one in the centre, each being 75 feet wide at its base, and 150 high; and all so terminating above, as to support a brazen circle and a *pedasus*, from which are hung, by chains, certain bells, which, when stirred by the wind, resound afar off, as was formerly the case at Dodona. Upon this circle four other pyramids are based, each rising to the height of 100 feet. And above these from one floor five more pyramids, the height whereof Varro was ashamed to mention.'

The external appearance of the Poggia Gajella certainly bears no kind of resemblance to this marvellous monument; but the existence of a labyrinth on almost the very spot on which this wonderful structure surmounting a labyrinth is said to have stood, lead to a belief in the possibility of there having been a foundation of truth to this vast superstructure of fiction, probably raised by national vanity and that love of the marvellous which is manifested in the traditions of all nations. The tombs to which we allude are excavated in the conical crest of a broad hill, surrounded by a fosse about three feet wide, and lined on the inner side with large blocks of travertine, which thus form a wall measuring about 855 feet, this being the circumference of the base of the enclosed tumulus. The chief sepulchres open from the encircling wall: the largest, a circular chamber facing the south, and supported in the centre by a huge pillar hewn in the rock, is connected with the fosse by a passage about fifty feet in length. Towards the south-east is a group of smaller chambers; close upon the fosse, and facing the south-west, is another, connected with the former by a passage about forty-five feet long; while other smaller ones, again, are situated all around, facing all the points of the compass.

Above this tier is another, containing likewise several groups of chambers of different size and shape; and below the level of the fosse is a third tier, the chambers of which are, however, in a very ruinous state. Opening from the circular chamber facing the south is a narrow passage, which winds by many a circuitous route towards the western group of chambers, and then turning again to the south, branches out into many side passages. These passages were at first thought to form a regularly-planned labyrinth, but their lowness, being such as barely to allow a man to creep through on all-fours, the irregularity of their level, and the circumstance of the passage opening into the western group of chambers, breaking through one of the stone benches with which the walls of the chamber are lined, and on which the dead reclined, have subsequently led to the abandonment of this opinion, and of the idea of this being the site of the far-famed tomb of Porsenna. Nevertheless, the circumstances connected with these sepulchres, and with another called the Cucumella at Vulci, still keep up in many minds the hope that this interesting monument of antiquity may one day prove to be a reality. The tombs of the Poggia Gajella contained, when first opened, several objects of great value and interest, among which were some beautiful vases and curious stone sphinxes, and several articles in gold and jewellery.

The walls, and also several of the ceilings, bear faint traces of having been decorated with painting; and the benches of rock on which the uncoffined dead slept their long sleep are hewn into the form of couches with pillows to support the head, many being double, so as to allow two bodies to recline, side by side, after the fashion we have seen recorded on the walls in the painted tombs of Tarquinii.

The Cucumella of Vulci, to which allusion has been made above, as bearing some slight affinity to the monumental part of Porsenna's tomb, consists of a tumulus of about two hundred feet in diameter, and which has been heaped up around the axis of two towers—the one a cylindrical cone, the other square, both being from thirty to forty feet high. The basis of the mound is surrounded by the usual wall; and in the soil around have been found lions and sphinxes of stone, which have served for the external decoration of the tomb. There are no entrances to the towers, and the purpose they have served still remains a mystery.

The importance of the sepulchres of Etruria with regard to the character and the whole internal development of a nation, which but for them would have held a very subordinate place in the history of civilisation, has, we trust, become evident from all that has been said above. Relative to no one branch of Etruscan civilisation do these monuments, however, furnish such complete materials as for that of the development of Etruscan art—yet on this subject it is that the learned are most at variance. Some ascribe all that is beautiful in conception and design in the monuments of Etruria not only to Grecian influence and example, but even to Grecian execution, presuming the most beautiful of the painted vases found in the sepulchres either to be importations from Greece, or to be the products of the skill and taste of Grecian colonists settled in Etruria, while all that is exaggerated in conception and faulty in design is allowed to be the product of native genius. Others would vindicate for Etruria some originality in art; and while admitting that the most perfect style exhibited in her various monuments has been borrowed from Greece, still maintain that the greater number, though belonging to the Hellenic School, are of indigenous and native production. Others, again, enthusiastic admirers of Etruscan civilisation, will hardly admit of the existence of any foreign influence. The opinion of the renowned German archæologist, Müller—one of the writers who have most profoundly studied every subject connected with Etruscan antiquities—is, that the energetic, but at the same time gloomy and severe character of the Etruscans, being devoid of the creative imagination of the Greeks, showed itself in matters of art more receptive than productive, but that, having at a very early period become acquainted with the artistic productions of the Greeks, and particularly of the Greeks of the Peloponnesus, the Etruscans adopted their manner, and remained faithful to it for centuries. This did not, however, exclude the imitation of such works of art as their extensive commerce with the East brought under their notice, and the subjects of which, being of a more mysterious and less natural character than those of the Greeks, spoke more forcibly to the imagination of the Etruscans, who seem to have had a natural tendency to fantastic compositions and exaggerated forms. When, at a subsequent period, Grecian art attained that wonderful development which has never yet been equalled, the former lively intercourse between

Greece and Etruria had, owing to divers circumstances, greatly diminished; and the Etruscan nation being, besides, at that period already in a state of decline, and verging towards its internal dissolution, was too much devoid of true artistic feeling to *assimilate* Grecian art, and become in its turn creative in this direction, though it was still capable, to a certain extent, of *copying* the manner of its more advanced contemporary. Therefore, though Etruscan art produced at this period individual works of undoubted merit, the general state of art in the country was of a subordinate character, and ultimately degenerated into a kind of handicraft. Grecian art, indeed, seems to have been the bearer of all the deepest and all the highest thoughts stirring in the nation; it was therefore the most spiritual expression of the nation's life; and works of art stood forth as the spontaneous embodiment of the ideal as it existed in the most gifted individual minds; and their influence on the masses was in a high degree elevating. In Etruria, on the contrary, art was, what we fear it still is in modern Europe, not a spontaneous and natural expression of thought and feeling, but a form chosen in consequence of reflection and calculation; and the pleasant, not the ideal, being the object sought, it was brought in to adorn, not to elevate life, and consequently never attained the same height. In nothing do we more plainly discern the goal of moral perfection which God has marked out for the human race than in the fact, that in every direction the degree of our success and development is dependent on the unselfishness and elevation of our motives and our objects.

As far as execution goes, it seems, however, that the very activity given to Etruscan art by its application to the less-elevated purposes of daily life, led in this respect to a certain independent development, which gained even the admiration of the Greeks; for the chased gold vessels of Etruria, and Etruscan works in bronze, and among these particularly candelabra, were renowned in Athens even at the most flourishing period of Attic art. Silver goblets of Etruscan workmanship, ivory thrones ornamented with gold and silver, curule-chairs, embossed ornaments in gold, silver and bronze for triumphal chariots, and elegantly-wrought arms and armoury, were also much sought after in Greece; and the various and numerous articles of the kind that have been found in the sepulchres of Etruria prove that they were worthy of their renown.

Whatever be the real claims of the Etruscans to originality in matters of art, among the ancients they were particularly famed for their productions in the plastic arts, in the strict acceptance of this term, and were even considered inventors of this branch of art. By some their superiority in the art of moulding in clay is ascribed to the natural qualities of the soil in various districts of Etruria, which yielded in abundance a kind of black potter's clay, of which the native artists availed themselves for the fabrication of those vases of various shape and size, numberless specimens of which are found in the tombs. These vases of black unbaked clay having been merely dried in the sun, are found in greatest quantity in the sepulchres of Southern Etruria, and particularly in those of Veii, but also in great numbers in the cemetery of Chiusi. At first, the clay of which they are manufactured was supposed to be artificially blackened, and it is only within a few years that it has been proved to have had no admixture of colouring matter, a similar kind of clay having been discovered while boring an Artesian well in the neighbourhood of Corneto.

These vases, the most ancient in style, if not always in date, are not painted, but adorned with figures either scratched in the clay while moist, or left in flat relief, or in prominent or rounded relief, according to the custom prevalent in the different localities where they were made; and the subjects represented on them are generally such as will admit of the introduction of a uniform suite of figures; as, for instance, processions, the meetings and greetings of kings and divinities, dances, &c. At a more advanced period of artistic development, a fine red clay was more frequently used in the fabrication of the vases; and in pottery of this kind Arretium, both as regards form and beauty of ornament, was foremost among the cities of Etruria. As throughout Etruria a decided tendency to the plastic arts in preference to the art of painting is manifest, these fictile wares, ornamented in relief, are considered as more characteristic of the purely national taste in art than the painted vases of a subsequent period. As for the latter, they form the most interesting, but also the most difficult, subject of study connected with Etruscan art. The several antiquaries who have made them the subject of particular study class them differently, and also view them from a somewhat different point of view. The most simple mode of classification for obtaining a general view



of the subject seems, however, to be that which places them under the heads Egyptian, Etruscan, and Greek, according to the peculiarities of style evinced in them. Among the *Egyptian* are classed those also in the designs and subjects of which the influence of the East is manifested; but some archæologists regard the peculiarities which have obtained for this class the name of Egyptian not as derived from Egypt, but as being a variety of the ancient Greek style. By all, however, this class of vases exhibiting brownish-black figures on a pale-yellow ground, is admitted to be the most ancient. The outlines of the figures, which are arranged in bands round the vase, are scratched in the clay, and white, purple, and also red, are not unfrequently introduced in the drapery and other subordinate objects. The subjects represented are chiefly animals, wild and tame, and those imaginary beings in which the nations of antiquity delighted—such as centaurs, sphinxes, sirens, and griffons, intermixed with foliage and flowers, among which the lotus is conspicuous. On some

also there are representations of genii, or of the four-winged deities of Oriental worship. The designs on these vases correspond with those on the walls of the earliest-painted tombs known, as also with the works in bronze of most ancient character, and which probably date from the same period.

The vases classed under the denomination *Etruscan* prove an advance in artistic feeling. The forms of the vessels themselves are more graceful, and the designs, though still held in the bonds of antiquated and rigid conventionalism, nevertheless in many instances display much vigour of conception, great truthfulness in expression, and neatness of execution. The figures are, as in those of the former class, painted black, the ground-colour being likewise that of the clay, which is, however, of a warmer tone of yellow, approaching almost to red. The advancement in artistic development evinced in the paintings on these vases is ascribed to Attic influences, and more particularly because the subjects are exclusively borrowed from Athenian life and Athenian mythology. Among the divinities represented, none appear so frequently as Athene, whose birth, in particular, is repeatedly introduced; next to Athene, Dionysos, and the myths connected with him, as well as the Delphic divinities, occupy the first rank; and among the heroes, Heracles and Theseus are the most prominent. The public games of Greece are also frequently depicted on these vases, and many bear inscriptions indicating that they have been awarded as prizes in games. It is relative to this class, in particular, that opinions vary with regard to their being importations from Greece, or Etruscan imitations of Greek models. Those who incline to the latter opinion insist much on the fact, that many of the Greek inscriptions on the vases are misspelt, and also on their being found in much greater numbers in Etruria than in Greece.

The superiority of the third class of vases is implied in the term *Greek*, emphatically applied to them; they being, in truth, representatives of Grecian art at the period when it had attained its greatest height and purity. The number of vases appertaining to this class found in Etruria is infinitely inferior to that of the others; whether this be owing to a decided preference among the Etruscans for severe and rigid forms, or to other casualties, it is difficult to decide. In this class it is the ground of the vase that is painted black, the figures being left of the natural reddish colour of the clay; and the subjects are in a great measure the same as those on the former class, with the exception of the Palæstic games, and exclusively descriptive of Grecian mythology and Grecian life, for which reason the representations on the vases are of little or no importance with regard to the study of the national peculiarities of the Etruscans. The vases themselves, however, familiarise us with a species of household furniture which must have been in most extensive use among that people, for the number of vessels in clay, of various forms and sizes, which the excavations bring to light, is perfectly surprising. Some have probably been exclusively of funereal character, others are supposed to have been used merely for ornamental purposes, and others, again, to have been given as prizes at the public games, and as nuptial presents, and pledges of friendship and love.

The vases used for household purposes have been classed under six heads:—

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Vases for holding wine, oil, or water. | 4. Vases for pouring wine. |
| 2. Vases for carrying water. | 5. Vases for drinking. |
| 3. Vases for mixing wine and water. | 6. Vases for ointments and perfumes. |

Each class is distinguished from the others by its form, each form having,

however, several subordinate varieties; and it will be observed that rigid principle pervades the classification, the Etruscans tolerating, it would seem, no democratic encroachments of one class upon the functions and privileges of the other.

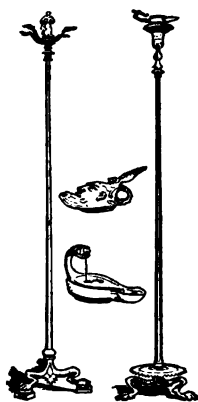
The skill of the Etruscans in moulding in clay was of great advantage to their architecture, which borrowed from this art the terra-cotta ornaments for roof, and gable, and pediment, which seem to have been common on their buildings, particularly their temples, and which, together with their temple architecture, they transmitted to the Romans, who retained them during centuries. The very tiles on the roofs of Etruscan houses seem to have been ornamented with masks and other decorations, and the spouts for letting off the rain-water from the roofs were similarly adorned. Even large statues were by the Etruscans moulded in terra-cotta for architectural and religious purposes. The large *quadriga* (chariot) which graced the temple of the Capitoline at Rome, as also the statue of Jupiter in the same temple, was the work of Etruscan artists.

In sculpture, on the contrary, the Etruscans never attained any high degree of excellence. Their failure in this branch of art may perhaps in a great measure be owing to the unfavourable nature of the materials over which they could dispose, for the art was early cultivated among them, having first been practised in wood, and subsequently in stone. The sculptured works of this people still extant are executed in *nenfro* (a species of volcanic stone), in limestone, and also in alabaster. Of these, numerous specimens have come down to us; partly, as we have seen, in the sculptured façades of the sepulchres, but chiefly in the reliefs and the reclining statues on the sarcophagi and cinerary urns which furnish such interesting materials for the history of the domestic life, and the national creed, manners, and customs of the people. The reliefs on these sarcophagi and urns are often painted in accordance with native conventionalities, which are far

from being true to nature. Altogether, the taste of the Etruscans with regard to colouring is evinced in a certain attention to harmony of effect, but without the slightest attempt at imitating nature—deep-red, as we have before observed, being the conventional colour for the flesh in male figures, and white for that of females; while, in the figures of animals, the artists have made use of the most whimsical combinations of colour—as in the brown horses with blue tails, to which we have already alluded.

The art of casting in metal is nearly allied to the plastic art, and was therefore greatly developed among the Etruscans. How rich Etruria must have been in bronze statues, is proved by a passage in an ancient writer, who accuses the Romans, after their conquest of Volsinii, of having attacked the city in order to obtain possession of its two thousand statues. The smaller Etruscan statues or statuettes (known by the

name of *Tyrrhæne Sigillæ*) were celebrated in foreign countries, and much sought after; but of all the bronze works of the Etruscans, none were so highly admired as the *candelabra*, which are also now accounted most important and most beautiful monuments of Etruscan art. They are of



various form and design, the essential feature being an upright rod or column, on which is placed the vessel destined to contain the oil or the wick; the candelabra are, however, made for suspension also, but still retain the same essential features. But in no kind of metal-work were the Etruscans so skilful and so famous as in the chiselling, and chasing, and engraving of the precious metals, and the fabrication of those articles of jewellery and other luxuries which were so much in accordance with the tastes of the people. To this branch of art belong the mirrors to which we have so repeatedly alluded, and which play a great part in the history of Etruscan art and Etruscan antiquities, and also the objects formerly denominated *mystical cistas*, round or oval boxes of bronze, the use of which was at one time doubtful, but which, having subsequently been found containing mirrors and other articles appertaining to the bath and the toilet, have ultimately been pronounced to be dressing-boxes, and have, in consequence, lost the epithet of mystical. This latter class of objects are found much more frequently in Latium than in Etruria, and principally at Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, and are believed to have been deposited in the temple there as votive offerings from women; but they date from a period when the Etruscan style of art was predominant in those regions, and are therefore reckoned among Etruscan subjects. One of the most beautiful of these caskets extant was indeed found in a tomb at Vulci. The *cistas* are generally adorned with engravings, rarely with reliefs. The handle on the lid is mostly formed of the figure of some animal, and the feet of the claws of the same. That found at Vulci, to which allusion has been made, is in the Museo Gregoriano at Rome, is of oval form, and about eighteen inches long, the sides being decorated with beautiful reliefs representing the combat of Achilles with the Amazons, and also wreaths of flowers and elegant Greek patterns. The handle is formed of two swans, the one having on its back a girl, the other a boy, the children clasping their arms round the neck of the bird. On the lid are four heads surrounded by flowers. Within the *cista* were found several articles appertaining to the toilet—such as a mirror, two pots of rouge, two hair-pins, two bone-combs, and an ear-pick. The British Museum of London also possesses a very beautiful specimen.

The mirrors, or *specchj*, as they are termed in Italian, which has become the technical language for Etruscan antiquities, were also at one time denominated *patera*, and were supposed to have been used in the temples for sacrificial purposes. Their presence in the *cista* with comb, hair-pins, and rouge-pots has, however, lowered them in rank in the estimation of antiquaries, and they are now presented to us as specimens of those monuments of human vanity—looking-glasses. In shape they are much like the little hand looking-glasses of the present day, being either round or pear-shaped. (See tail-piece.) The disk, consisting of a bronze plate sometimes gilt, sometimes silvered, is seldom more than six or seven inches in diameter, and is slightly concave, the outer side being highly polished, and the inner ornamented with figures graven in the metal: some have been found with reliefs also, but these are rare. The handles are generally beautifully wrought, and highly finished, and are very frequently in the form of human figures. The subjects represented on the *specchj* are chiefly borrowed from Grecian mythology, but some have also representations of the national gods of Etruria, and others scenes of Etruscan life.

Some also are ornamented with merely decorative designs. The importance of these mirrors with regard to Etruscan art arises partly from their bearing strong evidence of being genuinely native, and partly from their representing every style of art of this people from its earliest dawn down to the period of its decline.

The art of engraving in precious stones was also much esteemed and much cultivated among the Etruscans. The form universally given to the stones in which the engravings were executed was that of the *scarabæus*, or beetle, a form borrowed from the Egyptians, who, however, attached to it a religious meaning, and regarded it with a superstitious veneration as the symbol of the Creator of the universe—in which we have no reason to suppose the Etruscans participated. Yet the latter seem to have used the scarabæi as charms or amulets; but this may have been done, in the same manner as the ladies of our day wear the Italian charm against the *malocchio*, or 'evil eye'—as matter of fashion. From the nature of the subjects engraved on them, mostly selected from the myths of the heroes or from the Palæstric games, some antiquaries infer that the scarabæi were worn by men only, and regarded as symbols of manly valour and energy. In form, the Etruscan scarabæi differ in some degree from those of Egypt, the back being made higher and more rounded, and the whole appearance of the insect less natural. As a general rule, only the flat side of the stone is engraved; there are, however, specimens (and these of the most beautiful workmanship) in which the wings on the back and also the sides of the stone are engraved. Chiusi and Vulci are the two localities in which the scarabæi of Etruria are found in greatest number, and indeed almost exclusively. At Vulci they are, like other Etruscan antiquities, found in the tombs, but at Chiusi they are picked up in such astonishing numbers in a slope beneath the city, that this spot has derived from the circumstance the name of the Jewellers' Field.

Besides those already alluded to or mentioned, there are other Etruscan antiquities which our space will not allow us to enumerate; but we trust we have said sufficient to interest our readers in these wonderful relics of a bygone civilisation, and to lead them to reflect and to compare.



VALERIE DUCLOS:

SOME LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRENCH PHYSICIAN.

THE revolutionary outburst at the end of the eighteenth century not only consumed the time-worn governmental institutions of France—shielded, hallowed, sanctified, as the dreamers of the world believed them to be, by the 'awful hoar' of many ages of traditional glory—but, in the intoxication and madness of sudden and unexpected triumph, snapped temporarily asunder many of the wholesome bonds by which society can alone be restrained and held together; withering up by its fiery breath alike the poison-trees of unjust privilege, and the gentle and holy influences which shed light and calm upon the shadow stretching from the cradle to the tomb; and from which alone the multitude, in their daily walks of life, can hope to derive wise and healthy counsel and guidance. Of this trite truth, visible to the dulllest eyes that ever glanced across the stormy chaos of the first revolution, the following incidents, drawn from the domestic history of France during that troubled period, furnish one of the many vivid illustrations which, for the warning and instruction of the world, light up pages that seem to visibly palpitate beneath the eye with all the fierce emotions which can stir and inflame the human heart. The *dress* of the story is alone changed: in its incidents and catastrophe it remains unaltered. The author has but paraphrased, as it were, a few leaves of a volume, every line of which is full of suggestive meaning to mankind—to the rulers and the ruled, to the Christian philosopher as well as to the merely analytical student of the moral phenomena of social and individual existence.

I.

One afternoon towards the close of the month *Brumaire*, year 2, of the French Republic—November 1793 by Christian reckoning—Mrs Arlington, a recently-widowed English lady, was engaged with her only remaining attendant, Annette Vaudry, an honest Bordelaise, in making preparations to quit Paris for the south-west of France, where she hoped to find means of embarking for England. Her husband, whose long and painful illness rendering his removal impossible, had detained them so many months in the distracted city, expired a few days before, and had been privately and hurriedly buried at Père la Chaise. He left his wife and child not only friendless in a land of strangers, but surrounded and in danger of being en-

gulfed by the eddies of a sanguinary revolution. Full of terror as of grief had been the days and nights passed by Mrs Arlington at the bedside of her suffering husband—strange and appalling the *spectra* which had flitted past the sick man's windows. Early in the year the death-tumbrils conveying a king to execution had swept by; and but lately, the queen and Madame Roland, D'Orleans and the Girondists, with a host of minor victims, had followed to the same doom. Terror, all-potent Anarch of the time, was solemnly enthroned, and the very air pulsed with fear. The British government had replied to the announcement of the death of the king by a declaration of war; and if betrayed to the authorities as a long-traitorously concealed countrywoman of 'Pitt'—the *bête noire* of Paris clubbists—as the widow of a gentleman known to have been on terms of intimacy with many of the fallen aristocrats, the fate of Mrs Arlington might, without the gift of prophecy, have been easily foretold. Fortunately, the persons with whom for the last ten months she had been domiciled—ardent republicans as they might be—were trustworthy and kind-hearted; and Annette Vaudry—the English servants had been sent off at the first intimation of danger—proved equally faithful and discreet. It was amid this terrible state of affairs that Mrs Arlington, having, to her joyful surprise, not only obtained in her assumed name of Le Bon a passport, but a certificate of civism, without which no one could pass the barriers, prepared for her dangerous journey to Bordeaux, the native city of Annette, where it was thought means of leaving France might be with less risk sought for and obtained than at nearer but more jealously-watched ports.

Another and all-sufficing reason with Mrs Arlington for undertaking this long journey to the south, instead of attempting to escape by way of Havre or Calais, was her determination not to separate from her daughter, a child of scarcely three years of age, except in the last extremity. Annette Vaudry, as a native of Bordeaux, had not the slightest difficulty, on exhibiting her passport at the Hôtel de Ville, to get it *visé*, or indorsed, in order to be enabled to return to the place of her birth. There was no danger that she would excite the slightest suspicion; and Mrs Arlington resolved, with the view of insuring, in all eventualities, the safety of her child, that it should pass during the journey as Annette's. It had also been determined, in the event of Mrs Arlington being detained, or of any other misfortune befalling her, that Annette should as speedily as possible pass over to England with her precious charge. The mistress and servant were to travel in the same diligence, but there was to be no apparent acquaintance between them. Their places had been secured by different messengers, and they were to arrive separately at the office from whence the vehicle took its final departure from Paris. Annette Vaudry was also necessarily intrusted with a large sum of money in gold and jewels.

Mrs Arlington's preparations were at length complete; Annette and the little Julia were already gone; and bidding her kind hosts an affectionate farewell, she left her place of refuge, disguised as a French countrywoman of the humbler classes, and escorted by a porter, who had undertaken to carry her purposely-scanty luggage. Evening had set in, and a cold, drizzling rain was falling, but the ill-lighted, dirty streets were nevertheless alive with groups of men and women eagerly engaged in discussing the politics and most stirring incidents of the day; and occasionally, on passing a café or wine-shop, the door would be suddenly flung open, and gangs of noisy re-

vellers—their sinister features briefly but strongly marked in the streaming light—bursting forth, helped to swell the wild yells and *Ca ira* exultations which filled the air. Not the humblest *fiacre* could proceed any considerable distance without the inmates, if any, undergoing the rude scrutiny of suspicious patriotism; and Mrs Arlington tremblingly congratulated herself on having followed Monsieur Henri's earnest advice, to walk rather than ride to the barrier. Happily, too, the man who carried her luggage was well known to many of the excited republicans as a *bon camarade*; and his off-hand replies to the queries apparently suggested by the patrician features and graceful carriage of the supposed countrywoman, amply justified the said Henri's recommendation of him, and enabled her to escape the peril of being detained or questioned by those eager caterers for the guillotine. With trembling limbs and beating heart she passed along, and at length reached the bureau of the diligence, close to the *Barrière du Maine*. Arrived there, a still more perilous scrutiny awaited her from the agents of the commune, in attendance to deprive suspected persons of all chance of escape. Deadly pale, and wholly unable to master the betraying emotions which agitated her frame, Mrs Arlington tendered her papers for the principal official's inspection.

'Approche, donc, citoyenne,' said the man somewhat coarsely; 'let us see if the writer of these papers is a good hand at a likeness. Humph! "Twenty-three years of age, light-brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion"—not absolutely incorrect, certainly, but still conveying a very poor impression of the charming original, who is, I must say, the most splendid specimen of a *bonne bourgeoisie* travelling to the Gironde on family affairs I ever had the honour of meeting. Entrez, citoyenne,' continued the official with a malicious grin, 'we must have some further conversation together. You, conducteur, may proceed; this good Madame Le Bon will scarcely pass the barrier to-night.'

A cry of despair, impossible to repress, broke from the terrified lady, and she turned instinctively towards the diligence, as if to snatch one last embrace of her child.

'This way, citoyenne,' cried the officer, rudely seizing her by the arm.

'How now, Rigaud,' suddenly broke in a fierce authoritative voice; 'what do you mean by arresting my *compagne de voyage*? Are you mad?'

The speaker was a handsome young man in the uniform of a dragoon officer, who, unperceived by Mrs Arlington, had followed her from her lodgings, and without whose aid, in reassuring the suspicious *bonnets rouges* and *tappe-durs*, but half satisfied by the explanations of the porter, she would scarcely have reached so far.

'Your travelling companion, Captain Duplessis?'

'Certainly! Madame,' continued the stranger, respectfully addressing Mrs Arlington, 'allow me to apologise for this man's rudeness, and at the same time to hand you to your seat.'

'Monsieur Henri!' ejaculated the bewildered lady.

'Not a word, madame,' he hurriedly whispered as he closed the door, 'as you value your own and your child's safety.'

'Well, but, capitaine!' persisted the somewhat mystified official.

'Ah ça, no impertinence, Rigaud: here are my papers; they are *en règle*, I believe. Or is it, perchance,' added the officer with simulated vehemence, perceiving that Rigaud still hesitated, 'that you, notoriously one of the

Danton faction, affect doubts you do not really feel, in order to annoy or delay the friend and messenger of Saint Just?'

'Not at all, not at all,' hurriedly replied the official, in his turn a little alarmed, for in those days no man's head felt quite firmly on his shoulders; 'but this person is evidently no Bordeaux bourgeoisie, as she is designated in these papers; and with all proper deference to you, she must remain here till further inquiry be made. Saint Just is not a man to screen plotters or aristocrats. Please to descend, madame,' he continued, at the same time reopening the door of the diligence, and seizing Mrs Arlington by the arm. 'Descend, if you please, and at once!'

'*Scélérat!*' shouted Duplessis, unable to restrain himself, and hurling Rigaud with stunning violence against the door of the bureau. Half-a-dozen fellows sprang forward to the assistance of their chief, and the affair would no doubt have terminated fatally, not only for the lady, but possibly at least for her chivalrous protector, had it not been for the opportune arrival of a youngish man, who, wrapt comfortably in a stout cloak, was stepping briskly along, and humming, as he went, a light joyous air, as if in defiance both of the times and the weather.

'Camille,' exclaimed Duplessis, struggling fiercely in the grasp of the guardians of the barrier, 'is that you?'

'Assuredly! And you? What, Cousin Henri! What is the meaning of this? Why, Rigaud, you must be crazed!'

'I think not, Citoyen Desmoulins,' replied that officer, addressing Danton's friend and intimate with great respect, and at the same time, by a sign, releasing Duplessis; 'but this gentleman persists in passing an *élégante* through the barrier in the disguise of a *paysanne*.'

'How is this, Henri?'

'A word in your ear, Camille,' said Duplessis, drawing his friend and relative out of the hearing of Mrs Arlington. 'This lady, Camille, is'—The rest of the sentence was whispered in his cousin's ear.

'What, *la belle Marguerite*? And a runaway match too! Why, I understood she was as cold as snow. Oh you sly fox!' and the gay-spirited editor of the '*Vieux Cordelier*' laughed prodigiously. 'Rigaud, you must permit the lady to pass. It is an affair of the heart—you understand? At all events I will be answerable for the consequences, and that, I suppose, will suffice.'

'As you please, citoyen,' muttered Rigaud. 'But'—

'Enough, enough. Let there be no further delay, for this weather is frightful. Adieu, Henri. My compliments to the lady. Call on us directly you return; Lucile will be delighted to see you both: I shall remember you to her. *Au revoir!*' The diligence rumbled through the barrier, and Camille Desmoulins, glad to have extricated his cousin from an unpleasant scrape, passed gaily on, humming

'Ou peut-on être mieux
Qu'au sein de sa famille.'

'Excellent!' murmured the dissatisfied official, as the coach pursued its way. 'A wedding trip no doubt; and the bridegroom, I see, prefers riding outside in this bitter weather to being seated within beside the bride! One would not lightly offend Camille; still, this affair must be sifted. Where is the man who brought the lady's luggage? Oh, there you are. Step this

way, friend, if you please; I must have a word or two with you.' The porter obeyed, and they passed together into the bureau de police.

The officer whose energetic interference thus saved Mrs Arlington from arrest and its too-surely fatal consequences was Henri Duplessis, captain in a dragoon regiment attached to the Army of the North. Saint Just, in his frequent hurried visits to that army, for the purpose of insuring the faithful and energetic execution of his own and Carnot's instructions, had more than once witnessed with admiration the young officer's conduct under fire; and a close friendship, quite irrespective of politics, had, in consequence, sprung up between them. Duplessis had been lately summoned to the capital to give evidence before the Committee of Public Safety on various military details, and whilst there, had happened to call upon his maternal uncle, M. de Liancourt, just as this eminent physician received a note from Madame Le Bon—Mrs Arlington—requesting his immediate attendance on her husband, with whom life seemed rapidly closing, in consequence of a renewed effusion of blood.

M. de Liancourt, or rather Citoyen Liancourt, was a physician in high practice; affecting ardent republicanism before the world, but to his intimates holding very different language.

'Henri,' said he, rising as soon as he had finished the perusal of Mrs Arlington's note, and seizing his hat and gloves, 'if you have a fancy to look upon a beautiful *aristocrate*—a rare sight now in France, thanks to the sharp practice of your friends—come with me. You are not in uniform, and I will introduce you as an assistant. *Allons!*'

'Le Bon is a very aristocratic name truly,' said Duplessis as they emerged into the street.

'Merely a disguise: her name is Arlington, and she is a native of "perfidious Albion."'

'An Englishwoman! What misfortune can have detained her here?'

'The sudden illness of her husband, who imprudently delayed his departure in order to effect the arrangement of a heavy pecuniary claim he had against D'Orleans, contracted, I believe, when that very estimable personage was in England.'

'Was he at all involved in Egalité's intrigues?'

'Nonsense! But what, in this second year of Fraternity and Liberty would, as interpreted by the excellent Tinville—a remarkable artist that, in his own very original line—prove quite as conclusive for all necessary purposes, Mr Arlington used sometimes to idle away an hour or two at Sainte Amaranthe's with Vergniaud, Buzot, and others of that set.'

'In that case he does well to conceal himself.'

'Yes; your guillotine is a sharp reasoner in such cases—brief and thoroughly conclusive in all matters of doubt and difficulty. By the way, Henri, your fiery enthusiasm for the Republic, one and indivisible, seems to have strangely cooled of late. The fall, a few days since, of the beautiful head of Madame Roland appears to have suggested doubts to a great number of the enthusiastic youths of this delightful city.'

'Not doubts, Monsieur de Liancourt, of the glory and excellence of freedom: say rather that it engendered abhorrence of the men who by such acts stain and dim its lustre. But let us talk of other things. This Englishwoman, is she so very beautiful?'

'Singularity so; even for that land of female loveliness. You know I resided there several years.'

'And an *aristocrate*?'

'By birth, feeling, education, manners—*yes*; though in a sense quite opposed to our use of the term. In active, political creed, these fair islanders are far behind our *dames de la Halle*. And in truth, Henri, if the divinities of social life *will* soil their white wings in the accursed caldron of politics, they cannot be surprised if—— But here we are.'

The apartment into which the physician and his nephew were stealthily ushered was a large, and apparently handsomely-furnished one, as far as could be discerned by the dull light of a cloudy November day, struggling through the heavy and partially-closed window-curtains. The glance of Duplessis became rivetted, the instant he entered, upon the pale, patrician features of a gentleman but little more than his own age, who was reclining upon a sofa, with his head supported by pillows. Death, he saw at once, had set his fatal signet there; and soldier as he was, and custom-hardened to such sights, an emotion of profound pity swept across his mind at the contemplation of the premature end of one so young, so eager for life, as a man loved by the beautiful being bending over him in tearful grief must necessarily be. Mrs Arlington, who had been reading to the patient, rose as De Liancourt softly advanced, and questioned with the mute eloquence of her radiant eyes—which sorrow seemed but to gem with a diviner lustre—the oracle from whose lips the words of fate were about to fall. Not so her husband. The agitation of a feverish hope no longer fluttered the spirit of the dying man. His glance continued fixed upon the countenance of his wife with an expression of anxious tenderness, as if the stroke which he felt could not be long averted must needs fall on her with greatest force; and that look deepened in its unselfish love when De Liancourt, in the low, calm accents of professional decision, said, 'My fears, often expressed, are verified. Life with you, my dear sir, is near, very near its close.'

A cry of uncontrollable grief burst from the young wife at this confirmation of her worst fears. She threw herself on her knees beside the couch of her dying husband, and kissed his pale thin hands with vehement emotion.

'Julia, beloved friend—companion—wife,' murmured Mr Arlington, 'you promised to bear this visitation with a Christian's patience, with the devotedness and hope of a mother whose child is still spared to her?' He was answered only by convulsive sobs, and presently continued—'Now that our excellent De Liancourt is with us, let us not, dearest, waste the brief moments remaining to me in unavailing lamentations. I shall soon be beyond the reach of man's violence and enmity, but you—our child'——

He paused, and his anxious look was turned towards the physician. De Liancourt's countenance fell.

'Have you made the inquiries we spoke of?' said Mr Arlington with an expression of dismay which the announcement of inevitable and almost immediate death had not been able to produce.

'I have, and fear that some delay must still be endured. The scrutiny to which all persons who attempt to pass the barriers are subjected becomes daily more stringent, so that'——

'God of Heaven!' interrupted the dying man, 'this is indeed to taste of the full bitterness of death!'

Mrs Arlington, panic-stricken by a new terror, started wildly to her feet, snatched a beautiful child, sleeping on an ottoman beside her, with passionate eagerness to her arms, and for the first time afforded Duplessis a full view of her person and countenance.

He felt his heart beat tumultuously, and his eyes fill with irrepressible emotion as he gazed upon that pale, yet queenly and brilliant vision, with its Madona attitude and grace, and subduing tenderness of sorrowful expression. To what painter, to what poet, had lettings down of Heaven revealed angelic beauty like to that? He essayed to speak, but the words died on his tongue.

'We must still trust,' continued De Liancourt soothingly, 'in the merciful Providence which has so long shielded'—

'I have influence, madame—sir,' broke in Duplessis, recovering his voice, and speaking with a confused and hurried earnestness; 'influence with my friends Saint Just, Carnot. I will insure the safety of the lady, of the child, at the hazard of my life—my life!' He paused in extreme disorder. A thousand lights seemed to dance before his eyes, and a multitude of sounds were ringing in his ears.

'Who is this gentleman, De Liancourt?' demanded Mr Arlington with something of the haughtiness of manner which distinguished him when the pulse of life beat high and full. Mrs Arlington, who had not before observed Duplessis, coloured with surprise as the agitated tones of the young man caught her ear.

'My nephew Henri,' replied the physician. 'He has, as he says, some influence at head-quarters, and will, I doubt not, willingly exert it.'

'His friends Saint Just and Carnot of the "Salut Public!" But that you, De Liancourt, vouch for him'—

The countenance of Duplessis flamed at the implied suspicion of his honour, and his uncle hastily interrupted the speaker.

'My nephew is not the friend, my dear sir, of those persons in the sense you apprehend; and I would pledge my life upon his faith.'

'Enough, De Liancourt—your word suffices; and you, sir, will, I trust, excuse the momentary doubt of a person anxious for the safety of a wife and child. If you can aid them to escape from this place of violence and crime, the prayers and blessings of a dying man will be yours.'

Duplessis reiterated his offers of service in a calmer and more coherent manner than before; and then, at the suggestion of De Liancourt, who feared that the excitement of such a conversation might hasten the fatal crisis, which, however, could not be long delayed, the conference terminated—the physician promising, as he left the apartment, to look in again early on the morrow.

'Henri,' said De Liancourt gravely, as he shook hands with Duplessis at his own door, after a silent walk from Mr Arlington's, 'the task you appear so anxious to undertake is full of peril, and, moreover, one that must not be entered upon from any motive unworthy of the son of my sainted sister. Forgive me, Henri,' he added, in a mild, deprecatory tone, in reply to his nephew's glance of fire, 'it is for you that I chiefly fear.'

Mr Arlington died the day after this visit. The beauty, the multiplied perils which environed the bereaved young wife, excited, as we have seen, a tumult of emotions in the chivalrous breast of Duplessis—soon to be resolved

into a fervent, devoted, but, as he instinctively felt, hopeless passion. He at once determined to save her, or to share her fate if unsuccessful. It was he who procured her passport, and certificate of civism, and by his influence with Saint Just, he obtained for himself leave of absence from Carnot to proceed to the Gironde on affairs, as he stated, of family importance.

As intimidated by the official guardian of the barrier, Duplessis rode on the outside of the diligence, protecting himself as he best might with his cloak from the inclemency of the weather. Throughout the entire journey he scrupulously abstained from intruding upon Mrs Arlington's presence, save when her safety required that he should do so. That lady no doubt divined the nature of the emotions which influenced the conduct of the young officer—for quickly comes such knowledge—but however impossible she might feel it to reciprocate his sentiments, she could not feel the less grateful for services so hazardous and so unselfish. The heroic feeling which prompted a lover to risk his life to facilitate the departure of the adored object from the country with which his own destinies were indissolubly bound up, could not but be gratefully appreciated by a generous, high-minded woman such as Mrs Arlington. More than that was not in her power.

II.

The journey was a long and anxious one. The shadow of the terrible régime enthroned in Paris enveloped the entire land of France. Suspicion, inquiet, terror, pervaded every town and village through which they passed. At Châteauroux, where the passengers were rudely questioned by a busy official, Mrs Arlington's defective accent and irrepressible air of hauteur would unquestionably have caused her arrest, but for the bold bearing and ready assurance of the dragoon officer. At Limoges a similar peril was encountered, and with still greater difficulty evaded. Indeed the nearer they approached the cities of the south, the thicker seemed to grow the air with exhalations of suspicion, hate, and fear. The names of Tallien, Isabeau, Madame de Fontenay, flew from mouth to mouth in every variety of emphasis and cadence. The guillotine, everybody agreed, was in full activity in Bordeaux, the cradle of the fated Girondists.

When the lumbering vehicle drew near that city, there were no other passengers inside than Mrs Arlington and her servant and child. 'Annette,' said she, after covering the lips, the forehead, the cheeks of her daughter with passionate kisses, 'remember not to lose a moment should any misfortune befall me in obtaining a passage to England.' The dreaded barrier was reached at last, and at the invitation of the officer in command, Mrs Arlington descended from the diligence; Duplessis' ready arm was instantly proffered: 'Courage, madame,' he whispered, as he led her gently, and with assumed confidence, towards the guard-room; 'this danger passed, you have nothing more to fear.'

Annette's papers were the first examined. There was no difficulty with her: she was personally known to several of the municipal soldiers, and after replying to one or two unimportant questions, she passed forth.

'Marie Le Bon,' said the officer, turning abruptly towards Mrs Arlington, 'your journey ends at Bordeaux. To-morrow, probably, you will appear

before the representatives of the sovereign people. This night you pass in prison.'

'What outrage is this?' exclaimed Duplessis, overwhelmed with consternation.

'Outrage, *mon capitaine!*' coolly replied the officer. 'Nothing of the kind. Rigaud was not quite so credulous as you would have wished. Thanks to his researches, and the speed with which the agents of the Republic travel, I have now the honour of arresting Madame Arlington, foreign *intrigante*, and spy in the service of the detestable Pitt.'

Expostulations, denials, intreaties, were alike useless, and the unfortunate lady, almost unconscious from excess of terror, was hurried off to prison. Duplessis accompanied her to the gate, and would have entered with her, but was thrust back by the guard. The officer who effected the arrest at the barrier for all reply to his frenzied supplications, sourly intimated that but for former services rendered to the Republic, and the friendship of Saint Just and others, he would no doubt have been permitted the felicity not only of occupying the same prison, but of ascending the same scaffold with the woman he had traitorously aided to escape.

On the fourth day from her arrest, Mrs Arlington was placed for judgment before Isabeau and other satellites of the victorious Montagne. Duplessis was by her side, and, reckless of his own safety, inveighed with passionate vehemence against the injustice and cruelty that would sacrifice an innocent and helpless stranger to the groundless suspicions of a vindictive faction. Loud and ominous murmurs from the crowd which composed the audience frequently interrupted his audacious denunciations. Silence having at length been enforced, the helpless lady was, with brief form, doomed to the scaffold. She was then reconveyed to prison, to await the next day's *fournée*, or batch of victims; and Duplessis rushed from the hall of death in wild distraction. There was but one resource left, and that he must without delay invoke.

At this period a young Spanish lady, Dona Theresa Cabarus, otherwise Madame de Fontenay, reigned, by the influence of her dazzling beauty, supreme over the heart of Tallien, the dictator governing Bordeaux in the name of the Republic. All testimonies agree that this remarkable woman chiefly used her power to mitigate the ferocity of the decrees which would otherwise have decimated the devoted city. She was an angel of mercy to the unfortunate citizens of Bordeaux. According to the historian of the Girondists, 'Tallien no longer desired power but that she might partake of it, grandeur but to raise her to it, glory but to cover her with it.' This was the lady—'beautiful, brown woman,' Carlyle calls her—whose letter, some months later, addressed to Tallien from the Paris dungeons, where she lay in hourly expectation of death, precipitated the fall of Robespierre, by determining Tallien to attack him in the Convention without delay.

With headlong haste Duplessis sought her residence. She was fortunately at home, having just returned from a drive; and with the help of a considerable bribe to the domestic in waiting, he obtained immediate access to her presence. She was seated on a sofa, attired fantastically, but not unbecomingly for her style of face and figure, in a light, classical Grecian costume. Duplessis threw himself at the feet of the all-powerful beauty, and with earnest eloquence besought her aid.

Dona Theresa seemed affected by his passionate appeal. She gently raised him, and motioned to a seat a few paces from her.

'This lady is very beautiful, I hear?'

'As the stars of heaven! As your own beauteous self!' added Duplessis with better tact after a moment's pause, 'though of a different type of loveliness.'

'And you, captain, are a favoured wooer?'

Duplessis' cheek flamed involuntarily to hear the lady, whose image was crowned in his imagination with a halo of purity and grace, so glibly alluded to by La Cabarus; and he coldly replied, 'A stranger, madame, and a widow but of yesterday, could be to me, or to any other honourable man, but as a sister.'

Madame de Fontenay coloured, and a slight frown contracted her lustrous forehead.

'After all, Captain Duplessis, if the lady be, as the tribunal has decided, an *intrigante*, an emissary of Pitt, it would ill become either of us, as sincere friends of our glorious Republic, to aid her escape from the doom she has so recklessly incurred.'

'Believe it not, madame,' exclaimed Duplessis with wrathful energy. 'She is as innocent as yourself of plotting against the Republic. She remained in Paris to smooth the pillow of her dying husband; and who will not admit that that is woman's highest, holiest duty?'

Awkward Duplessis! The ominous frown deepened, and a bright flush, certainly not arising from any pleasurable feeling, tinted the clear olive of Dona Theresa's complexion.

'I am afraid, Captain Duplessis,' said she, rising, as if to terminate the interview, 'that I cannot successfully interpose in favour of this person.'

'Not successfully interpose, madame!' cried the captain, painfully aware that he had committed some blunder, but, from his ignorance of the lady's history, not certain of what kind. 'Have I not heard that you are omnipotent with him whose will is fate in this unhappy city? Can it be that such transcendent beauty could plead *in vain* to any being of earth's mould? Impossible! And will you, whom the inhabitants of Bordeaux, of all ranks, degrees, and opinions, pronounce with one voice to be as heroically tender in heart and disposition as you are radiantly beautiful in person, hesitate to exercise that all-subduing power in behalf of a helpless being of your own sex exposed to the cruelties of ruthless men?'

'Well, Citoyen Duplessis,' replied Madame de Fontenay with a brilliant smile, 'if you are not a successful lover, you, I am sure, deserve to be one. I will not disparage in your eyes the opinion the good people of Bordeaux have, you say, formed of me. The lady is safe, take my word for it, as if her foot already touched her native soil. Wait for me here. Representative Tallien resides but two doors off: I shall return in a few minutes.'

Duplessis poured forth a torrent of incoherent thanks, amidst which the senora gracefully sailed out of the apartment.

She was some time absent, and when she returned, Duplessis, judging from the excited expression of her glowing countenance, feared that some difficulty had arisen which she had not been able to surmount.

'Alas, madame, all is, I fear, lost!'

'Reassure yourself, Monsieur Duplessis. There has been considerable difficulty, in consequence of the peremptory instructions from Paris regarding

this lady; but I am not accustomed to sue in vain. Here is the order for Madame Arlington's liberation. It were well she departed at once. You do not accompany her?'

'No, generous lady; I remain to share the fortunes of the Republic. May He, madame, whom so many of us are too apt in these times to disregard, bless and reward you for this holy deed!'

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Mrs Arlington was at liberty. As Duplessis, after leaving Madame de Fontenay's house, was hastening towards the prison, he was accosted by a man having the appearance of a tradesman, who informed him that Annette Vaudry had sailed a few hours previously for England. Important as was this intelligence, he was at the moment too much agitated to yield it the attention it deserved. Neither could he afterwards remember the man's name; nor, indeed, whether he had been told it. Mrs Arlington, as well as himself, concluded he was a relative of Annette, deputed to communicate the news of her departure; and the subject was with some effort dismissed from both their minds.

'Captain Duplessis,' said Mrs Arlington in a voice full of emotion, as she stood, late on the following evening, on the deck of a large fishing-vessel, hired at an enormous price—the produce of some jewels she had successfully concealed in her dress—'I have no words to express the deep gratitude I feel for your generous, your heroic kindness towards me; but if, when this unhappy war shall have terminated, you visit our shores'—The death-like paleness of the features of Duplessis flushed with a sudden hectic, and he gazed with burning eyes upon her face. 'If,' she continued, slightly averting her head—'if you should then visit England, be assured that nothing that I or my relatives could do to testify our esteem, our gratitude, our respect'—

A deep sigh arrested her words, and she paused in painful embarrassment. The sudden light had faded from the young officer's face, and he was again deadly pale. The coldness of the lady's manner, more than her words, had chilled and disenchanted him.

'A dream, madame,' he rejoined in a low, sad voice, 'in which it were mere folly to indulge. My best hope is to forget, if forgetfulness be yet possible, the brief, bright vision which has glanced across my path. Farewell! May all good angels guard and bless you!' He jumped into the boat which was in waiting alongside, and was swiftly rowed ashore. A few minutes afterwards, the fisher-vessel was gliding down the Garonne on its course to the Bay of Biscay, where it was hoped a British vessel might be met with which would take Mrs Arlington on board; but failing which, the master was bound, at all risks and hazards—so ran the bargain—to make for the nearest English port.

Duplessis watched the receding vessel as long as a speck of its white sails remained visible from the quiet, solitary shore. The scenery around, above him—the pale, silent town—the waving trees—the glancing river, gemmed with the diamond kisses of the glowing stars, reposed in the light, murmuring slumber of a bright southern winter night. Gradually it seemed that the calm beauty of the universe stole in upon and stilled the troubled beatings of his fevered heart and brain. But not from waving tree, nor glittering star-fire, nor glancing river, flowed that soothing calm. Its well-spring was in his own heart, and the holy peace of the exterior world but mingled with and heightened it. The poignant sense of pain and desolation which the lady's

coldness, sweeping across his wounded spirit, had occasioned, yielded insensibly to the tranquillising, elevating consciousness of having fulfilled a great and holy duty. The day would come, was indeed, he felt, already dawning, when, like a hurt received by a veteran in some great battle, the agony of the wound forgotten, the scar would alone remain to testify that he had participated in the strife and victory. 'Ay,' he mentally exclaimed, as, on re-entering the town, a showy carriage, containing Tallien and the brilliant Dona Theresa, flashed by, 'the time will come, triumphant lady, and that speedily—for this mad anarchy cannot long endure—when the false glare of a vain prosperity, by which you are now dazzled and misled, will vanish as suddenly as it has arisen, to be succeeded by black misfortune and disgrace. Then, oh lady, will the deeds of mercy which you have scattered over your wild, eccentric path, alone remain to shine upon and cheer the else thick darkness. Be prodigal of them, lady, in these your days of power and pride, scatter them with unstinting hand; and then, when all else is lost to you, they will return and illumine with perennial radiance any lot how dark soever which may await you in this changing world.'

III.

The man who accosted Duplessis, and announced Annette Vaudry's departure for England, was Pierre Duclos, a working jeweller by ordinary profession, but since the Revolution, had practically abolished those appendages to luxury and *cullotism*, a zealous public-safety-committee-man, at forty sous a day. His wife, Marie Duclos, was a distant relative of Annette; and it was consequently in his house that she sought shelter for herself and the child confided to her. Her fair-speaking relatives easily obtained the confidence of the simple-hearted woman; and Pierre readily undertook the very difficult, as well as perilous task, of negotiating her passage to England. The gold and jewels with which she had been intrusted, Annette, in the guileless pride of her heart, exhibited as an unmistakable proof of the trust reposed in her by the foreign lady whom she so loved and mourned. The glittering treasure elicited one irrepressible flash of hell-fire from Duclos' eyes; and then, as if afraid of betraying himself, he jumped up from his chair, and hastily quitted the room.

The only surviving child of Pierre and Marie Duclos was a pretty, interesting girl of about nine years of age, named Valérie. In her was centered all of kindness of heart, all of healthy moral life which long and impatiently-borne adversity, with other demoralising influences peculiar to the time, had left them. Valérie was the sole oasis which shone upon them from amidst the dreary sterility of the past, or relieved the bleak mistiness of the future—the only object which in this world or the next they contemplated with either joy, or hope, or fear. They had both—but the husband more especially, for in woman the divine instincts of faith and love are perhaps never wholly obliterated—accepted with sullen indifference the sad dogmas through which the fanatics of that period proffered to man a safe equality with brutes in lieu of a possibly-perilous immortality. These changes had been chiefly wrought in them since Annette had left Bordeaux. Had she been aware of her relatives' moral condition, she would in all probability have preferred taking up her abode with persons somewhat less untrammelled with old-

world prejudices than they. Pierre's look, when she displayed the money and precious stones, somewhat disquieted her, but the half-discovery came too late.

On the same night that Mrs Arlington quitted the shores of France, and at about the same hour, Pierre and Marie Duclos sat down to a supper of much greater profusion than they had for several years been accustomed to. The husband ate heartily, but the wife, after one or two efforts to follow his example, pushed the piled plate from before her with an expression of impatience and disgust. The mind of Madame Duclos seemed, judging from her restless demeanour and changing countenance, strangely ill at ease. Presently she started up, and paced hurriedly up and down the apartment, pausing occasionally to listen at the door which shut in the stair leading to the room where slept Annette Vaudry, Valérie, and little Julia Arlington. She was rather a well-looking woman, of about six-and-thirty years of age; but the unquiet expression of her large, dark southern eyes too plainly intimated that peace dwelt not with the spirit which gleamed through them. At last she stopped in her agitated walk, hastily swallowed a draught of wine, sat down, and resumed the conversation her rising had interrupted in the same low undertone as before.

'What have you done with the—*the médecine*, Pierre?'

'Here it is, Marie. Believe me, it is the only genuine elixir for the woes of life, and silent, but unerring guide to the regions of eternal repose.'

'Hush! Speak lower, Pierre. Annette is perhaps by this time awake. I will step and see.'

Madame Duclos was some time gone, and when she re-entered the room, her face was paler, her agitation even more violent than before. Her husband again handed her wine, which she eagerly swallowed. It appeared to somewhat calm her, and she sat down.

'*Must* this be done, Pierre? Is there no hope for us save in this dreadful deed?'

'None—none—none!' replied Duclos gloomily. 'Even this supper has been purchased with part of the money given me to secure her passage. And what is there in such an act that should startle us? The guillotine daily shears away, amid the applause of all good patriots, the lives of scores of persons, unoffending, harmless, and innocent as she'——

'You should see Valérie, Pierre,' said the wife, interrupting his scarcely-heeded reply; 'you should see Valérie asleep with that beautiful child embraced in her white arms. Their sweet lips touch each other, and they look in the bright moonlight like two angelic spirits sent down from heaven to teach all who look upon them the loveliness of innocence and truth. Oh, Pierre! you and I were children once, as pure, as innocent as they, and now—— Oh God, to think that Valérie, perhaps through our example, may become as wretched and as lost as we!'

'Is it not mainly for the sake of Valérie,' rejoined Duclos, 'that we have resolved upon the deed which you now so strangely boggle at? Would you see *her* houseless, a beggar, cast perhaps a few years hence upon the streets'——

'No—no—no! But oh, Pierre, if but a part of what used to be told us in the abolished churches should, after all, prove true, and this crime-purchased wealth become not a blessing, but a curse not only to us, but to her!'

'Mere superstitious folly, Marie. I hoped these dreams of a barbarous age had been banished from the minds of all reasonable beings. Do you think the enlightened patriots now occupied in regenerating France have not well weighed all such matters in their powerful minds? What said Tallien but yesterday at the banquet of Fraternity:—"The journey of life is over a vast plain teeming with flowers and fruits, for the delight and sustenance of the wayfarers, who, if they are wise, will gather and enjoy them as quickly as they may; for ever nearer and nearer to them gather the moving sands of fate and chance, which a little sooner or a little later will inevitably roll over them, and of their graves make new and smoother paths for succeeding generations—all destined, like their predecessors, to flutter for a while in the sunshine, and then sink into a dreamless slumber, from which no arch-angel's trump, as priests have fabled, shall ever waken them."'

'Wo! wo! if it indeed be so, to the wayfarers—for those especially who are mothers, doomed never to behold again their little ones, untimely snatched from their embraces into eternal night, never, never, never to behold them more!'

'Ay, Marie, it is even so. The inscription placed over our new cemetery—"DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP"—bids us enjoy'—

'The saddest, mournfullest sentence,' interrupted Madame Duclos with tremulous tones, 'ever written on the gate of death! It was not till the dread creed which it embodies had cankered itself into my heart and brain, that Marie and Edouard, though so long since laid in their quiet graves, really died to me'—

'Take another cup of wine, Marie,' said Duclos, in his turn breaking in upon his partner's discourse: 'you are not yourself to-night. There, that will do more to fortify you against imaginary terrors than all the preaching in the world. This philosophy, I say, this religion of men who refuse to be dupes, bids us enjoy, at every cost, the present life; commands us to seize, in the best way we can, all the means of happiness which chance may place within our reach. A golden opportunity now presents itself, and, thanks to our emancipation from childish prejudices, we shall seize it, and thus extricate ourselves, extricate Valérie, from the gulf of poverty into which we have fallen.'

He paused, but his wife not replying, he continued, still in the same low cautious tones in which the conversation had been throughout maintained:—
'The money intrusted to Annette, with the jewels, of the value of which you know I am a good judge, will amply suffice to establish us handsomely in business at Paris, as soon as order is restored, and then what but a life of comfort and luxury awaits us? Valérie, instead of being a miserable outcast, earning scanty bread by miserable, ill-requited toil, will have her fine talents cultivated, and will shine forth an ornament of the circles she must otherwise serve for coarse food and insufficient raiment.'

Madame Duclos' countenance gradually assumed, under the combined influence of the wine and her husband's sophistries, a less pallid and unquiet aspect. A silence of several minutes succeeded the last speech, broken at last by the wife—'She will not suffer much, Pierre?'

'Not at all: she will sleep, and not wake again—nothing more.'

'Hélas! Only for Valérie: truly, as you say, this grinding burthen of poverty—which the Revolution was to cure, but has not—becomes heavy and crushing in proportion to the number of loved ones who help to bear

it. Pierre, promise me once more that Valérie shall never be corrupted—enlightened as I have been'—

'I do promise, Marie. Hark! you are called.'

Madame Duclos rose and tottered towards the door. The summons was repeated, and she ascended the stairs. She soon reappeared.

'Annette is awake. The pain in her side is a little easier, but she wishes to take the medicine at once—in some wine.'

'Good—excellent! Pour some into this cup. Morbleu! you waste it half: give it me.'

'Pierre,' said the wife in a hoarse whisper, 'no harm must befall the child. We will rear it tenderly'—

'As you will; but be quick.'

Madame Duclos took the cup mixed by her husband, and made two or three steps towards the door, then stopped irresolutely, and replaced it on the table.

'I cannot give it her, Pierre: I should betray myself.'

'Then place it by her side; that will do. You do not need a light.'

The hellish errand was at last accomplished. The half-slumbering woman swallowed the potion, and then, murmuring thanks to the wretch, who watched her from the half-opened door, sank back upon the pillow. Was it fancy, or did Valérie's soft eyes uncloze, and for an instant rest upon her guilty, trembling mother? Duclos and his wife crept stealthily—as if they feared the very sound of their footsteps might betray them—to bed, to sleep, if sleep be possible.

The same silver glory of the night which diffused a healing calm over Duplessis' wounded spirit, and shed its holy, sanctifying light upon the chamber where Innocence and Death reposed, streamed into the room where Remorse and Crime crouched, shuddered, dreamed, only to light it up with a fiercer, brighter terror, in which shadows, woven of the murderers' labouring brain—indistinct, indeed, but terrible—waved their serpent-hair, and shook their fiery whips! Oh, most unhappy pair! What if the sleep ye fondly deem eternal be broken by such dreams as these!

But the terrors of the night are past. It is broad, bright day: and the all-seeing heavens blab not to mortal ears of the deeds they have looked upon. The widowed Mrs Arlington is fairly on her way to her distant, unchilded home: Duplessis is off to the northern frontier, and will soon be engaged in death-grapples with the foes of France: the deep waters of the Garonne float over the corpse of Annette Vaudry. Surely, then, thou enriched, triumphant Duclos, mayest safely laugh at the notion that there exists a Power capable of reuniting those wide-sundered strands, and weaving of them thy web of destiny!

IV.

Nine years of fratricidal strife had passed heavily away when the peace, or rather the truce of Amiens, afforded the wearied, trampled world a few months' breathing-time. Mrs Arlington had remarried, and was now Lady Ormsby. Duplessis had attained the rank of general. Time had swept over both of them with healing wings, assuaging the mother's grief for her child,

supposed to have perished with Annette Vaudry at sea, and filling the aching void in the soldier's heart with a new idol—glory! But what had the strong hours done for the Duclos family?—what had the seasons in their change brought them?

All, it should seem, that, in the dark days of adversity, they had pined and sinned for—competence, wealth, luxury; the consideration and esteem of the world; a respected position in society—all these they possessed. M. Duclos, the goldsmith and jeweller of the Rue Vivienne, was recognised by the *élite* of the Paris *bourgeoisie* as a thoroughly respectable citizen; his wife as a pattern of grave, conjugal propriety; and his only child, the pretty light-hearted Valérie—already contracted to Auguste le Blanc, eldest son of the Sieur le Blanc of the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the richest notaries of Paris—as the most charming and amiable of daughters. Happiness, then, if happiness consist in the things they so eagerly desired, is obtained, however foully played for. One would suppose so; and yet it can scarcely be content and peace that have so early changed the thick, black tresses of the wife to scanty gray, and stamped those heavy furrows on the husband's haggard face! Why, too, do they start with such quick terror if strangers suddenly accost them? Do they tremble lest the Garonne should give up its dead—for how else can accusation reach them? 'These fears,' they continually repeat to each other, 'are childish and absurd. No eye but ours looked upon the deed; and the body of the victim has been long since resolved into the elements. Thus impenetrably shielded from retribution, why should we permit ourselves to be haunted by such shadowy terrors?' Why, indeed? There appeared no logical reason that it should be so; and yet those shadowy terrors, illogical as they may be, all their fine reasoning could not dissipate nor scare away. They, on the contrary, daily, nightly grew and strengthened; sat at table with them, accompanied them even in their noontide walks, crept with them to bed, suggesting such fantasies! . . . Oh, Duclos, what were the inflictions of toil, hunger, cold, compared to the tortures of such nights as these!

The love of both father and mother for their graceful Valérie had also grown and strengthened, until it amounted almost to idolatry. The only happiness they knew—and that but fitful and evanescent—was in contemplating hers. Scrupulously had they concealed from her the creed of despair by which their own minds had been dwarfed and perverted—their own lives stained and debased. Valérie at least should have a future, if but an ideal one. Existence should not be with her an avowedly objectless journey ending in a tomb. So natively good and kind was the disposition of Valérie, that even the doting indulgence which anticipated and gratified every whim or wish she formed, failed of corrupting her unselfish nature. Gentle, pious, affectionate, gay-hearted, she shed a light of gladness around her which mitigated, if it could not subdue, the gloom which—Valérie's only grief—constantly enshrouded her parents.

The deep tenderness and love which Valérie had always manifested for the beautiful orphan, who had dwelt with them since the sad death of Annette Vaudry, was one of the most amiable traits of her character. Julia or Julie, as she was called—she passed with the world as Valérie's cousin—who was now more than twelve years of age, gave promise of a beauty as radiant and exquisite as that of her mother, and her talents for drawing, music, even dancing—that apparently intuitive faculty of Frenchwomen—were far supe-

rior to her own; but not one emotion of jealous inferiority ruffled the placid bosom of Valérie. On the contrary, one of her chief pleasures was to dilate upon the fresh graces and beauties which, according to her, were daily springing up and expanding in her beloved companion and protégée. Happy was it for Julie to be so loved by one so potent in the household as Valérie. Both husband and wife, but Pierre Duclos especially, instinctively dreaded and disliked her. 'How,' he would frequently mutter, 'how can we hope for peace whilst that living memorial of the past haunts us with her accusing presence? If Valérie were not so bound up in her'— And then evil thoughts would flit across his brain, analogous to the dark patches which hurry athwart a menacing sky, harbingers and portions of the thick blackness which will soon shut out the heavens. The suggestions of his clouded mind did not as yet fortunately harden into shape and action; and Julie, nestled and sheltered in the arms of Valérie, slept in peace and safety.

Julie had been told by Valérie that she was the daughter of English parents of high degree, one of whom—so Annette Vaudry had said—was buried at Père la Chaise; and the other had perished by the guillotine at Bordeaux. One of the favourite haunts of the two friends was to that picturesque burial-garden, to shed tears and scatter *immortelles* upon an unmarked grave, which, from certain evidence extracted from the good-natured guardians of the place—not perhaps of much value in a court of law, but more than sufficient for minds willing to be deceived—they believed to be the earth's restingplace of Julie's father, Mr A. More than the first letter of his name they knew not. If Annette had ever mentioned the name to Valérie, she had forgotten it. Monsieur and Madame Duclos of course affected equal ignorance. Indeed any allusion to the subject was rigorously, and, even to Valérie, menacingly interdicted. The initial letter was found on the fly-leaf of an English Book of Common Prayer taken out of Annette's box, at the foot of some tender lines evidently addressed to her infant daughter by Julie's mother, previous to setting out upon what they deemed had proved her fatal journey to Bordeaux. Those lines, now almost obliterated by frequent tears—of little consequence, as every letter was deep graven upon Julie's heart and memory—were subscribed 'Julia A.' The brilliant castles in the air that Valérie would build for her young friend on returning from these votive excursions! How some day, now that peace was proclaimed, and in some way not very distinctly mapped out, Julie's grand relations were to be discovered. Julie, of course, proving to be one of the very grandest of grand Miladis, possessed, like all Miladis, according to juvenile French notions, of millions upon millions of guineas—those all-powerful guineas with which the terrible Pitt so cruelly beat and sunk the French navies, and, worse than all, the gentle Valérie sighed to think, strove to blow up the First Consul—besides innumerable castles all now desolate, and waiting to fire off all their guns on their lost mistress' arrival. Then how, after Julie had taken possession, and been crowned a Miladi in Westminster Hall, or St Paul's church—Valérie did not pique herself upon precise historical accuracy—she would return to delightful France, and build a splendid château near Paris, so as to be able to reside near that city of delights at least six months out of every year; and ultimately—there could be no doubt upon this point—marry the handsome son of the brave French officer— Ah, if they only knew *his* name!—who, according to Annette, so gallantly, but, alas, so vainly, risked his life to save that of

her mother! Such were Valérie's innocent and unselfish day-dreams of Julie's future lot. On returning home one evening from this favourite walk, they found Monsieur and Madame Duclos in a state of great agitation; and the first address to them was a harsh command that, for the present at least, Julie should on no account leave the house without either Monsieur or Madame Duclos' especial permission, nor even enter the front shop. She must confine herself strictly to the back apartments and garden. This strange prohibition, dictated, they hinted, solely in Julie's interest, Valérie warmly but ineffectually remonstrated against, as an act of unjustifiable caprice and cruelty. For once her parents were deaf even to *her* pleadings; and, accompanied by Julie, she withdrew in sorrowful indignation to her chamber.

No wonder that Monsieur and Madame Duclos exhibited symptoms of unusual alarm and agitation. For some time past, the daily more and more striking resemblance of Julie to her mother—they had both seen her when before the revolutionary committee at Bordeaux—had given form and substance to the undefined terrors by which they were inexorably pursued; and an incident which occurred about half an hour previous to the return of Valérie and her companion from their evening walk had, like a flash of lightning suddenly revealing to a benighted traveller the abyss upon which he is advancing, placed in an instant before their eyes the extent and imminence of the peril by which they were menaced. General Duplessis was returned to Paris, and had twice, on horseback, paced slowly before their shop, gazing in as he passed with an expression which sent their blood in tumultuous eddies through their veins. This officer who, Duclos was aware, had been made prisoner by the English, but had strangely obtained his almost immediate release by exchange, had, several years before, made minute inquiries at Bordeaux, doubtless by the instigation of Madame Arlington, and had, in consequence, traced him to Paris, and there called upon him for explanations relative to the sailing of Annette Vaudry for England. The answers, long before prepared, had been apparently satisfactory; but what if the general—whom the peace had again brought to Paris, and who, being on the First Consul's staff, would doubtless remain there—chanced to see Julie? That, indeed, were ruin! Great numbers of English visitors were also crowding to France, and was it not probable, nay, almost certain, that Madame Arlington would come over and personally institute a more minute and searching investigation? And if Julie were seen and interrogated, what would become of the plausible story he had told of her embarkation with Annette in Jacques Bazire's vessel, fortunately lost with all hands on board in the very nick of time? The danger was palpable, imminent, and must, at all hazards and sacrifices, be provided against. In the meantime, one evident precaution suggested itself: Julie must be strictly confined within the house, at all events until a renewal of the war—not a very remote probability, according to generally-accredited rumour—should again chase the English from the soil of France, and recall Duplessis to the frontiers.

The conference of Duclos and his wife was that night long and gloomy, and bitter words of reproach and recrimination, now no unusual occurrence, passed between them. 'Safety alone in another crime does he say?' murmured Madame Duclos as she left the room. 'Alas! alas! a fresh serpent wreathed about the heart will yield peace as readily as a new crime will safety!'

'Oh, why do you weep, *chère mère*?' said Valérie, embracing her mother, who, thinking she slept, was bending over her in tearful agony. 'Why, always when Julie and I sleep together, do you come in, separate us gently, but with averted head, as if you could not bear to see us slumbering in each other's arms, and then silently weep, as if your very heart would break? Often, often, mother, have I watched you whilst pretending to sleep. Oh, mother, tell me, tell your own Valérie, what hidden grief it is that so disquiets you?'

'Am I not soon to lose you, Valérie?' replied the agitated woman: 'is not that a cause for tears?'

'Lose me, mother! Ah, now you are jesting. Is, then, the Boulevard des Italiens so far from the Rue Vivienne? And must not a long twelve-month elapse before even that slight separation can take place? You, too, kind and dear mother, who have permitted Auguste to solicit his father, because you think your health is failing, to abridge that delay one-half. Oh no, it is not that! Forgive me, dear mother, if I offend you, for you have often bidden me never to mention the subject, but I remember that when Annette Vandry came to our house in the Faubourg of Bordeaux, that'——

'What, what do you remember?' gasped Madame Duclos as her daughter paused, frightened at the wild expression of her mother's face.

'Only, dear mother—oh, do not look so strangely at me, I do not mean to offend you; but I remember how poor, how very poor we then were, and I have sometimes thought that father may not now be so rich as he is supposed to be.'

'Nonsense, my child: your father is even richer than he is believed to be. Now, love, go to sleep: good-night;' and kissing her daughter fervently, the mother left the room.

Valérie, as she sank back with a sigh upon her pillow, slightly disturbed by the motion the sleeping Julie, who turned murmuringly towards her. 'How beautiful she is,' thought Valérie; 'and as true and gentle as beautiful. But ah me! I fear neither father nor mother love her as she deserves to be loved; and when I am gone, perhaps—— At all events I shall be always near her; and Auguste says if she is unhappy, she shall come and live with us. Dear Auguste!'—and with the thoughts suggested by that name mantling about her heart, the gentle maiden sank to sleep.

V.

Time wore on; the truce of Amiens was rapidly drawing towards a close, and Duclos' long ill-humour was sensibly abating, when one day, just as he was leaving his counting-house to partake of dinner, an English lady and gentleman, evidently persons of condition, entered the shop, accompanied by General Duplessis. 'Is the master of this establishment within?' demanded that officer of one of the assistants. He was answered in the affirmative. 'Then have the goodness to inform him that General Duplessis wishes to see him.'

Lucky for Duclos was it that he had arisen from his seat and approached the window overlooking the shop just as the strangers entered. He thus obtained a few minutes' time to rally his startled energies. He recognised

Julie's mother in an instant. Time had not in the slightest degree dimmed that brilliant loveliness; and the shade of melancholy regret which rested changefully upon it, but increased its fascination. Duclos intuitively guessed the errand of his ominous visitors. 'They had doubtless been making renewed inquiries at Bordeaux. Yet what had he to fear? What evidence could be brought against him? The jewels had been all long since reset in a manner to defy recognition, and disposed of. Detection by that means was impossible. Why, then, need he disquiet himself? There was no cause for apprehension—none, positively none, if Julie could be kept out of sight. There lay the peril: he had long felt so; and but for Valérie, and his panic-stricken wife, would have long since'——

The entrance of the shopman to announce the general's message interrupted his hurried soliloquy. 'Tell him I will wait on him immediately,' replied Duclos, without turning his face to the man. He then went to a cupboard, poured out, with trembling hands, a large glass of spirits, and hastily swallowed it. Colour came gradually back to his pallid cheek, and he walked with tolerably steady steps into the shop.

'We wish to speak with you privately, Monsieur Duclos,' said the general.

Duclos immediately led the way to his counting-house. He placed three chairs for Lord and Lady Ormsby and the general, and remained standing himself, as if respectfully awaiting their commands.

'Monsieur Duclos,' said the general with brusque military curtness, 'you told me, when I called on you three years ago, that Annette Vaudry, with this lady's daughter, embarked at Bordeaux for England in Jacques Bazire's vessel, which, past question, you well knew foundered in the bay. Now we have every reason to believe that this story of yours is absolutely false.'

'False, General Duplessis!'

'False, Monsieur Duclos! You told me you paid the large sum agreed upon for the passage-money to Jacques Bazire the day before he sailed. Now his wife persists that she never heard of any negotiation by any person with her husband for such a purpose; that when he sailed, he had no intention whatever of going to England; and that, moreover, the stores on board were nothing like sufficient for such a voyage.'

'The negotiation, general, was necessarily, as you must be aware, strictly private and confidential. Besides, Jacques Bazire was, if possible, to put his passengers on board a cruiser in the bay, then covered with them.'

'Plausible, plausible, Monsieur Duclos,' returned the general with the same rude curtness, 'but not at all convincing to me, especially accompanied as it is by that nervous twitching at the corners of your mouth.'

'General, you insult me.'

'Perhaps so. Moreover, Bazire's family persist that if he had received such a sum of money as you say was paid to him, they must have known of it. He would not have taken it with him to sea; it is absurd to suppose so; and his family, at his death, were in a state of poverty almost amounting to destitution. You perceive, Monsieur Duclos, that a mystery hangs over the affair which you would do wisely to clear up; otherwise'——

At this moment the door conducting to the inner apartment opened, and Madame Duclos, utterly ignorant of *who* it was detaining her husband from his dinner, entered to remind him that it had been for some time waiting for him. 'Pierre,' she began with the handle of the half-opened door in her

hand, 'the sooner you can'—when her eyes fell upon Lady Ormsby and General Duplessis. The words died on her tongue, and she stood gazing upon them in terrified amazement.

'What is there in this lady to scare you so, good woman?' said the general after a minute's pause.

Madame Duclos did not answer, but her bosom heaved tumultuously, and she caught at the door-post with her disengaged left hand for support.

'Marie,' said Duclos, hurriedly approaching her, himself shaking with nervous terror, 'I will come to you almost immediately.'

'Yes—yes—yes,' gasped his wife, partially recovering herself. 'I know—I understand—I'—And with a great effort, she tottered back into the passage, closing the door after her.

'Very singular behaviour of your wife this, Monsieur Duclos,' said General Duplessis, eyeing him sternly.

Duclos, after a few moments, stammered something about his wife being subject to fits; unheeded, however, by the general, who was conversing with Lord and Lady Ormsby in low and earnest tones. Duclos stood leaning with his arms upon his desk in a tumult of conflicting terrors.

'Monsieur Duclos,' said General Duplessis, turning towards him, 'it is right I should inform you that it is this lady's impression, I should rather say her *hope*, that Annette Vaudry, aided by yourself, has concealed herself, with the child confided to her, in order to be able to retain the very large amount of property imprudently intrusted to her. If this be so, I am desirous to say that if the child be only restored, no harm shall happen to either of you; no question be asked respecting that property; and that a further large sum shall be paid *you*, if, by your means, the recovery of Mademoiselle Arlington should be effected.'

Duclos was about to reply with renewed assurance—perceiving, as he instantly did, by the nature of the proposition, that neither Lady Ormsby nor the general had fallen upon the right scent—when a voice was heard from the inner apartments calling for assistance to Madame Duclos. It was Julie's voice; and at the same moment a light step was heard swiftly approaching along the passage towards the counting-house. Should it be Julie! Duclos shook like an aspen, and his very hair seemed to lift itself with sympathetic terror. The door opened: it was Valérie! The reaction of his blood flushed his face purple. 'Well—well,' he gasped.

'Mamma has fallen down in a fit, and blood is gushing from her mouth. Oh come at once, papa.'

Lord and Lady Ormsby rose immediately. 'We shall see you again to-morrow, Monsieur Duclos,' said General Duplessis. The three terrible visitors then withdrew, and Duclos, leaning heavily on his daughter's arm, tottered to his wife's assistance.

The next fortnight was spent in vain attempts on the part of General Duplessis and Lord and Lady Ormsby to frighten or bribe Duclos into compliance with their wishes. The jeweller had recovered his momentarily-shaken assurance; and confident in their inability to bring any tangible accusation against him, defied alike menaces and prayers. He even threatened in his turn to prosecute them for defamation, should either presume to whisper anything against his fair fame. Duclos was the more emboldened in this course, from the certainty that now existed of the immediate rupture of the

truce of Amiens, which must necessarily relieve him at once of the presence not only of Lord and Lady Ormsby, but of the far more formidable Duplessis. Be not so jubilant, oh, Duclos; the shadow of death, in which you have so long walked, still points, be assured, with its unerring finger towards a felon's bloody grave!

'I quite agree with you, Henri,' said M. de Liancourt, to whom his nephew had been relating, during dinner, the substance of his fruitless interviews with the jeweller of the Rue Vivienne. 'Much graver suspicion than Lady Ormsby seems to entertain attaches to this Duclos, notwithstanding his affectedly-indignant protestations and plausibilities. I have seen the daughter of whom you speak at Le Blanc's, a patient of mine. His son, Auguste, is, I believe, contracted to her. She is a fair, graceful girl, of something more perhaps than eighteen years of age.'

'Yes.'

'She was no doubt living with them at Bordeaux; and if so, must have seen and probably conversed with Annette Vaudry.'

'If foul play has been, as I suspect, practised towards the woman, that girl is, I am certain, ignorant of it. Her brow is too candid, too open and unclouded'—

'That I do not at all dispute, Henri,' interrupted the uncle; 'but she might unconsciously, if adroitly questioned, make revelations that would perhaps put us on the right track. Depend upon it, if Annette Vaudry was destroyed for the sake of the property intrusted to her, this young woman, then a girl of about nine years of age, must have been hoodwinked by some story or other, differing in all probability from that which these people would palm off upon you and Lord and Lady Ormsby.'

'Possibly; but how to question her?'

'Leave that to me. I was at Le Blanc's yesterday, and I remember hearing that Valérie Duclos was to be there to-morrow, to witness the troops file past to the review in the Champ de Mars. I will drop in, *par hazard*, as it were, and seize a favourable opportunity of putting a few leading questions.'

'Do so: and yet it seems hardly fair to render a child instrumental in her parent's destruction.'

'Nonsense! Consult the jurisconsults upon the subject, and you will alter your opinion. But to change the topic: is it certain that war is about to recommence?'

'No question of it. The sword of Marengo will cut the knot which double-tongued diplomacy but the more entangles.'

'*Peut-être!* But the sword, you will please to remember, is also double-edged; not unfrequently smiting the smiter. Did you notice—but of course you did, for with all your philosophy you see, when she is present, nobody else—how the eyes of the proud English beauty flashed with indignation and defiance as the First Consul poured forth his fiery denunciations of England to Lord Whitworth? No chance for you there, Henri, even were she not married to Lord Ormsby.'

'Perfectly true, De Liancourt, and happily, for all you may fancy, I have long ceased even to wish that it were otherwise. The enthusiastic passion with which she inspired me, and but for which I doubt that the star of the Legion of Honour would now glitter on my breast'—

'It is true, then,' interrupted the physician, 'what Murat told Josephine the other day, that a lady's glove used to occupy the place now covered by that new bauble?'

'Perhaps so, though Murat was but a puppy to babble of it there. But what I would say is, that the delirious passion I once felt is sobered down to a sentiment of calm admiration and respect, illuminated and sanctified by the proud consciousness that I once rendered her, at some hazard to myself, an essential service; a service, however, which she more than repaid by her prompt and successful exertions, through her influential relatives, to extricate me from an English prison, and restore me to freedom and a brilliant career in life.'

'I am glad to hear you speak so, Henri, for I was afraid the wound cankered still. You reaped the reward of a generous action; and I firmly believe, though I don't go to church quite so often as I might, that there are few seeds cast upon this field of time which do not bring forth fruits, each after its kind, in due season. I greatly respect the lady myself; and we must endeavour, short as the time is, to discover and restore the lost child. *En attendant*, it is time for you to be off to Malmaison, and for me to attend to my *clientèle*.

VI.

The gay city of Paris awoke the next day in the clear splendour of a brilliant morning of spring, and the feelings of the excited people were in harmonious accord with the delightful season of flowers and sunshine. The streets, the boulevards, the squares, as the day wore on, flashed in the varied splendour of military pomp and pride. There was to be a grand review of troops in the Champ de Mars by the First Consul, followed by a ball in the evening at the Tuileries; and brilliant equipages, crowded with bevy of fair women; and mounted officers, fiery-hot with speed, as if bound upon a world's deliverance, dashed incessantly along in all the glory of lace, feathers, and stars. France was again about to cast her brilliant and victorious sword into the balance wherein trembled the destinies of nations; and who could doubt that a long career, thick strewn with wreaths and stars, and ending with a conqueror's diadem, awaited the as-yet-uncrowned chief of glorious France!

The British embassy had received their passports, and were hastily preparing for departure. Lord and Lady Ormsby intended to journey in Lord Whitworth's suite; especially as there were already whispers abroad of a design, afterwards carried into effect, of arresting the numerous English persons then in France, and detaining them as prisoners of war. General Duplessis had made his final adieu to Lord Ormsby and his disconsolate lady, fervently promising at the same time that no effort should be spared to effect the discovery of the lost child.

The sunshine and joyance of the day penetrated and lighted up with strange gaiety the sombre abode of the Ducloses. Both husband and wife appeared in unwonted spirits, almost cheerful indeed. The danger, long dreaded, had been met, and successfully evaded. Lady Ormsby had either already left Paris, or was immediately about to do so, her suspicions apparently removed, and convinced, it should seem, of the fruitlessness of any

further search for her daughter: Duplessis, attached to the Consul's staff, would leave the next day for the Grand Army: there would now be ample leisure to devise some mode of safely disposing of the sole source of future danger—Julie. Valérie would soon be happily married, and then all necessary precautions taken, they might hope to sleep again at nights, and really enjoy the wealth they had purchased at so dear a price.

'Quick, Marie,' exclaimed Duclos, addressing his wife; 'this is a great holiday for us as well as for the rest of the world. The carriage will be at the door in a few minutes. A few rides in such glorious weather will soon restore your strength. The evil day, Marie, is past. This Providence, whose mysterious fingers you began to fear were busy sharpening the axe for our destruction, has, you see, either bungled the business, *or*, which is more probable, has never heard of our little affair!'

Madame Duclos sighed, and changed the conversation to a more agreeable topic.

'Valérie wishes to take Julie with her to the Le Blancs. There is no danger, Pierre, now in complying with her wish. The lady is as good as gone, and Duplessis will be too busy to heed anything but the manoeuvres and the Consul.'

'*Peste!*' exclaimed Duclos in an irritated tone; 'I wish Valérie had not taken such a fancy to that girl.'

At this moment Valérie, charmingly dressed in white, and her hair as became a youthful *fiancée*, jewelled with pale spring flowers, entered the room with the elastic step and joyous aspect of youth and happy love. The parents looked with delighted eyes upon their graceful child. No wonder Auguste le Blanc should so eagerly petition for an earlier day than had been at first named for his union with that fair girl, so lustrous in her young joy and innocence!

'What do you say, *mon père*; that you wish I did not love so much our beautiful Julie? Ah, you cannot be serious!'

Pierre Duclos kissed the fair, clear brow of his daughter, and evading her question, told her she might take Julie to the Le Blancs with her.

'Thanks, thanks, dear papa! O jour trois fois heureux! Adieu, *maman*;' and embracing her mother, the light-hearted girl flew up stairs again, to hurry and assist Julie in her toilet.

The pomp and circumstance of the grand review had passed and repassed before M. Le Blanc's house, and the shadows of the trees which dotted the Boulevard had begun sensibly to lengthen, when M. de Liancourt, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, quietly glided into the apartment, and mingled with the gay party assembled there. Valérie and Auguste le Blanc were seated on an ottoman, somewhat apart from the rest of the company. There was a roseate blush on the maiden's cheek, and her lips were parted with a gratified smile; for her ear had been drinking in her lover's felicitations on having at last obtained his parents' consent to their more speedy union. Suddenly Julie, who was standing at the window, turned round and called Valérie to witness the passage of the First Consul, who, surrounded by a brilliant staff, was galloping towards the Tuileries. The action gave M. de Liancourt, who had been admiring the graceful elegance of her youthful figure, and the perfect Grecian outline of her head, a full view of her features; and he started with uncontrollable surprise, 'It is doubtless, then,

as we suspected,' he mentally exclaimed. 'Annette has been sacrificed, and the child by some caprice preserved!'

The company began to separate, and De Liancourt, feeling he had not a moment to lose, approached Valérie.

'Paris, mademoiselle, has exhibited a brilliant spectacle to-day.'

'*Magnifique!* No place in the world, Auguste says, could present scenes so imposing and so gorgeous!'

'Auguste is right. In only one feature is this glorious Paris, in my opinion, deficient: the river is scarcely worthy of the splendid quays and bridges which border and span it. If one of our southern rivers, the flashing Garonne, for instance, were substituted for the Seine, Paris would be perfect!'

'The Garonne! Oh yes—how well I remember that glorious river. I am, you know, a native of the Gironde—of the immediate neighbourhood of Bordeaux, in fact.'

'Of Bordeaux! Then perhaps, my dear young lady,' rejoined M. de Liancourt in a low, caressing voice, 'either you or your parents may be able to give me some information respecting a person I am in search of, and of whom that young lady,' pointing to Julie, 'forcibly reminds me. This way, if you please, mademoiselle. Don't be jealous, Auguste; I will not detain your charming mistress more than a minute or two.'

'If I am not greatly mistaken, my dear Mademoiselle Duclos,' continued M. de Liancourt in the same silvery, insinuating tone, as soon as they had reached a recess at the further end of the apartment, 'you can afford me information which will greatly increase the marriage-portion your worthy father means to bestow upon you. That young lady, Julie you call her, do you know anything of her parents?'

'Alas, yes, monsieur! Her mother, an English lady, an *employée* of the terrible Pitt, was guillotined at Bordeaux. Her father died in Paris, and was buried, Annette told me, at Père la Chaise.'

'Annette Vaudry?'

'The same: you knew her then?'

'Yes. What has become of her?'

Valérie hesitated. Her father and mother had solemnly enjoined her never to speak of Annette, or she would endanger not only their safety, but that of Julie, who might be seized, and perhaps sacrificed as the child of a foreigner convicted of crimes against the Republic. For the same reason she knew her father had privately interred the body of Annette. But the 'days of the Terror' had been long since past; and people now said that the Republic itself was about to be quietly got rid of. There could be no danger now; and if dear Julie could be benefited by any revelation she might make, restored to her relatives maybe, just, too, at the time when her own marriage would deprive the beautiful orphan of her best friend—

'Why do you hesitate, my dear young lady?' said De Liancourt soothingly, and as if he had divined her thoughts. 'Would you not, if you could, promote the interests of your young friend?'

'Oh yes indeed. Well, then, Annette Vaudry died at our house in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Mamma gave her some medicine, which she desired should be obtained, and poor Annette never woke again after taking it. I slept with Julie in the same room, and chanced to wake up just as mamma had placed it by her side. My father buried her privately, for fear of those terrible revolutionists.'

'Is this all you know, mademoiselle?' said the physician with averted head and in an agitated voice.

'Yes: except that in Julie's *livre de prières*—an English book—there are some lines addressed to her by her mother, signed Julia A.'

'Enough, mademoiselle,' said De Liancourt, turning again towards Valérie: 'I am satisfied. You will be rejoiced to hear that I have every reason to believe I know the family to which your friend belongs. It is a very distinguished one. But as, mademoiselle, I *may* be mistaken, it will be better, in order that no possibly false expectations may arise, not to mention the matter at present either to her or to Monsieur Duclos. Adieu, mademoiselle; I shall see you again perhaps this evening; at all events to-morrow.'

'The infamous wretches!' murmured De Liancourt as he reached the street. 'I pity this poor girl though sincerely; but it cannot be helped. Let me see: Miladi Ormsby and her husband are, I daresay, gone by this time; and where the deuce to seek Duplessis now? *Allons*, if I can find nobody else, a commissary of police is always to be had. But I doubt even now that we shall be able to convict the miscreants.'

Valérie was overjoyed that her dear Julie would be restored at last to her country and friends. Her own happiness rendered her doubly generous. The contrast between her own felicity and Julie's adverse lot would no longer chequer and rebuke her joy in her own prospects. And what glad-some tidings she had to communicate to her parents! The consent of the Le Blancs to her more speedy union with Auguste, which she knew they both, but her mother especially, so much desired; and the discovery—for Valérie would not entertain, for all Monsieur Liancourt's warning, any doubt on the subject—of Julie's relatives. Rich milords no doubt, else why had an addition to her marriage-portion been hinted at? What a day of joy!—what motives for thanksgiving! 'Auguste,' she added aloud, her sweet eyes humid with emotion, and placing her hand frankly in his, 'we will to church at early service to-morrow morning; it is quietest then, and my heart, *bien aimé*, is full.'

When Valérie and Julie arrived at home, neither Monsieur nor Madame Duclos, nor any of the household, had returned from the Champ de Mars. They were both tired, Julie especially, and Valérie proposed that they should rest themselves, before changing their dresses, on the *canapé* or large sofa in the alcove at the end of the *salon*. She wished her mother to see the rich white Brussels lace veil Madame le Blanc had presented her with, previous to taking it off. They lay down on the *canapé*, Julie encircled in the arms of Valérie, and her drooping head reclined upon her shoulder, Valérie having first drawn and carefully closed the thick curtains, which, as is frequently the case in French houses, divided the alcove—occasionally used as a bedroom—from the rest of the apartment. 'They will think we are not returned, *chère* Julie; and we shall afford them an agreeable surprise in more senses than one.' Julie soon fell asleep in her friend's embrace, and Valérie contemplated with tender admiration the sweet features of the beautiful girl, kindled into almost seraphic loveliness by the golden sunset, which streamed in through the open casement. 'If papa and mamma could see her now,' she murmured, 'surely they must love her, and treat her kindly when I am gone, should Monsieur de Liancourt's anticipation prove illusive. I will show her to them as she is.'

VII.

For about half an hour no sound was heard in the house but the soft lullaby sung by the gentle and happy Valérie over the angel sleeping in her arms. At length a key turned harshly in the lock of the front door: Valérie knew it was her parents, as the servants of the establishment would enter by the back-way, and she instantly ceased her song, the last she was ever destined to pour forth on earth! Monsieur and Madame Duclos having carefully refastened the door behind them, slowly ascended the stairs, and entered the salon.

'They are not returned,' said Duclos in a querulous voice, as he supported his wife's feeble steps towards a couch. 'Sit down, and let us talk over affairs quietly, now that we have a few minutes to ourselves. In the first place, what a dusty, scorching, altogether vexatious day it has been!'

'How Duplessis glared upon us, Pierre, as he rode by!'

'He did. There's mischief in that man; but I tell you, Marie—and some decision *must* be come to—the only instrument which he can wield to our injury is that wretched Julie. Would that she were in the same grave with Annette Vaudry!'

'Oh, Pierre, would that I, would that you, had never entered the path which has conducted us to this fearful strait! That we had died, if need be, of hunger and cold, rather than have purchased this living death by that inhuman deed!'

'The past, Marie, cannot be recalled.'

'Alas no! but it may perhaps be partially even yet atoned for. Let the lady have her child, and this miserable wealth, too, if she will, which neither cheers, nor warms, nor helps us.'

'Why do you persist, woman,' cried Pierre Duclos fiercely, 'in these eternal and unavailing lamentations? They weary me. After all, it was your hand that administered the poison to Annette, not mine.'

'And do *you* reproach me, Pierre, with the crime which you suggested, counselled, urged me to commit? Did you not mix the fatal cup, and spite'——

'Silence, woman! Hark! some one is knocking at the front-street door!'

They paused to listen, and as they did so, the curtain which shrouded the alcove suddenly opened in the centre, and Valérie, pale as despair, rigid as death, stood before them!

Had the earth suddenly yawned beneath their feet, and displayed the nethermost abyss, the horror of that moment could not have been surpassed. There stood glaring at each other those three unfortunates—stunned, overwhelmed, conscious only that a universe had crumbled at the feet of each, and that all for which they had lived, toiled, sinned, hoped and loved for, was lost! lost! lost! for ever lost!

'Valérie!' at length gasped Duclos faintly, recovering from the shock, and staggering towards her with outstretched arms. 'We did but jest, Valérie—but jest, dear Valérie—nought else'——

'Approach me not!' shrieked the wretched girl, shrinking with horror from him. 'Touch me not! Oh God! God! God!' she continued, tossing her arms wildly in the air, 'would that I had ne'er been born!'

The knocking at the outer door was repeated louder and more imperatively than before.

'Hark!' she exclaimed with frenzied eagerness; 'hark! the ministers of vengeance are already at your heels. Fly, fly, wretched man! Fly, oh wretched mother, from the doom about to burst upon you.'

'You rave, Valérie! We did but jest, I tell you; and even were it otherwise, what evidence can be adduced'—

'Listen, murderer!' cried the maddened girl, springing forward and grasping him by the wrist, and at the same time casting off Julie, who, terrified and bewildered, clung to her gown. 'Listen! *I, I*, your daughter, your Valérie, have betrayed you to the scaffold; have repeated the whole hideous lie which you palmed off upon me to De Liancourt; told him that *I* saw the fatal cup administered to Annette! Oh, now I comprehend it all, and a thousand things beside, so dark and bewildering before! And I tell you he is already at the door with the officers of justice!'—

Again the thundering summons echoed through the house, and a stern voice was heard to exclaim, 'Ouvrez! De par la loi!'

'Mother, you hear!' shrieked Valérie, frantically clasping her mother's knees; 'you hear they demand admittance in the name of the law! Fly, fly from the scaffold your own child has raised for you!'

The mother moved not, spoke not. The fascination of sudden terror held her rooted to the spot in dumb amazement.

Once more the stern summons was repeated, and then followed the rending and crashing of wood. They were breaking down the door.

A wild imprecation burst from Duclos as he glared bewilderedly around, as if in search of some means of defence or escape. His brain was in a whirl; and he could no longer calculate or reason upon how far Valérie *could* have committed him.

'Silence, Pierre!' exclaimed Madame Duclos, recovering her speech; 'and if you can, save yourself! Here, through this open casement! The next house is empty, and you can pass along as you did yesterday in chase of the bird. The opening between the houses is not wide. Hasten! *my* hour is come, but you may yet escape. Imbecile,' she continued with bitter emphasis, as her eye marked Duclos' progress along the sloping roof; 'he does not even yet recognise the hand that has crushed us beneath the very idol we had set up in his stead. Ah,' she exclaimed with a sudden shriek, 'he has missed the leap! Oh God forgive him!' She turned from the dread sight, sick to death, and as she fell into her daughter's outstretched arms, the life-blood jetted forth in a copious and rapid stream. At the same instant the door burst open, and the room was filled by the officers of justice, followed by De Liancourt, Duplessis, and Lord and Lady Ormsby.

An hour afterwards, Valérie was alone with her mother. A confession, drawn up by the commissary of police, more for the sake of establishing the identity of Julia Arlington than for aught else, had been signed by the dying woman; and Julia, obliged to be torn from her beloved friend's arms by force, was already on her road to England.

No sound was heard in the room save the ticking of the *pendule*, reminding the expiring sinner how rapidly the few remaining moments left to her were passing away. 'The foreign lady, Valérie,' she murmured, 'said, did she not, that she would provide for and shelter thee?'

'Yes; but oh, my mother! think not of me—I shall need no shelter—but of yourself think! oh think whilst it is yet time!' Valérie held a crucifix before the swiftly-glazing eyes of her dying parent: she did not appear to heed it; but at last a flash, as of parting intelligence, beamed forth from her upwardly-directed eyes; her hands were feebly joined together, and faintly murmuring, 'Pardon, Dieu juste et tout-puissant, pardon!' she sank back, and expired.

The fall of Duclos was partially broken by an instinctive clutch at a flag hung out in token of rejoicing from one of the windows of the house towards which he had leapt. It was rent away by his weight, but the violence of his descent was materially arrested; and he fell, stunned, maimed, bleeding, but still alive, upon the pavement. A number of passers-by instantly gathered round; and whilst they were debating what had best be done with the sufferer, officers of police hurried up, and Duclos, still unconscious, was carried to a fiacre, and driven off to prison. Arrived there, a surgeon examined his hurts, prescribed the necessary remedies for reducing the swellings of his broken limbs, and without pronouncing any opinion upon the probable ultimate result, withdrew till the morning; and Duclos, who had fully recovered his senses, was alone with the dark silence.

Alone, but for the thronging shapes which his disordered imagination conjured out of the thick blackness by which he was surrounded: mocking fiends that hissed in his shrinking ears all that he might have been—all that he now was—all that might in the future, in the great 'perhaps,' await him. 'Can it be,' murmured the despairing wretch, pressing his outspread hands upon his eyes and forehead, as if to shut out those torturing fantasies, and still the palpitation of his throbbing brain—'can it be that the old creed of a superintending Providence is, after all, true? The grave has not indeed given up its dead to confront and convict me; and yet how strangely has vengeance, perhaps death! dogged at my heels, and at last surprised and clutched me! No, no, no! it is impossible: it must be a mere dream of dotards! Life, life! this beloved life! to which one clings so eagerly even in the last extremity! Life, the crowning fact and achievement of a universe of atoms, have I not heard and read a thousand and a thousand times is but the necessary result of a particular organisation of senseless matter, which, destroyed, disorganised, life perishes necessarily and eternally! . . . The reasoning seems hardly so clear now as it once did. There should be priests of unbelief appointed; salaried professors of the creed of annihilation to sustain and console their votaries in these cold, dark moments.'

The entrance of two persons with the embrocations and other appliances ordered by the surgeon interrupted his troubled communings. Their task occupied a considerable time; at the end of which an opiate was administered to the patient, and he sank into uneasy slumber.

He was awoke in the cold gray light of the morning by the entrance of a young man, one of the surgeon's assistants, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. His mind was calmer now; the agonizing pain of his wounds had entirely left him, and renewed hopes of life, of escape from the meshes of the blind, if iron law, flushed his haggard cheeks with a faint hectic, and partially relit his sunken eyes.

'Courage, Monsieur Duclos!' exclaimed the young man; 'courage, mon ami. This little affair may not have so very bad a termination after all.

Monsieur Duval will be here in about an hour, and the operation will be over in a twinkling.'

'Operation!'

'Parbleu! it is your only chance! Ah ça,' continued the custom-hardened student, coolly lighting a cigar, and entirely heedless of his auditor's consternation, 'that was an awkward business to come to light so unexpectedly; but as you are rich, and can fee the lawyers well, I think you have still a chance if you survive the operation. There is no *corpus delicti*; and whether your daughter's evidence, supported by Madame Duclos' dying confession, will remedy that defect, is, I should say, though I am not much versed in such matters, a nice point—a very nice point indeed.'

'My wife!' gasped Duclos. 'Is Marie dead?'

'Parbleu, to be sure she is; and here,' added the young gentleman with a very discontented air, as he extinguished his cigar, and thrust what remained of it into his pocket, 'comes Monsieur Duval nearly an hour before his time.'

'Is amputation inevitable?' demanded Duclos in a faint voice, as he watched the surgeon examine and count the bright instruments which one of the young men that accompanied him was ranging on a table that had been brought into the cell.

'I will tell you directly,' replied the surgeon coldly, as, after ascertaining that nothing had been forgotten, he approached the pallet, and removed the bedclothes. The examination lasted but a few seconds. The covering was replaced, and M. Duval looked with stern meaning in the patient's face.

'There will be no operation required, Monsieur Duclos. Mortification, as I apprehended, has already supervened, and you have but a few hours to live.'

A cry of uttermost despair burst from the miserable man as he sprang up in the bed, and glared like a wild animal at bay at the unmoved surgeon.

'Edouard, put the instruments carefully up. Shall I send you a priest, Monsieur Duclos?' Duval added with a slight sneer. 'They are re-established, you know.'

The only answer was a yell of agony from the wretched being, as he fell back on his pillow, and buried his face in the bedclothes. A minute afterwards, Duclos was again alone with the dread silence, and within the now visible shadow of death. The shadow grew and deepened, and in a few hours the silence of mortality had become eternal.

'A terrible but not utterly hopeless parting of an immortal, but stained and defaced soul,' writes De Liancourt in his diary, from which much has been already quoted, 'for there mingled with his dark fancies wailing expressions of repentance and remorse, and trembling hope, awakened doubtless by the tones of a sweet angel voice which in those last moments, as throughout his life, alone had power to soothe and calm his gloomy and perturbed spirit.'

Auguste Le Blanc, ignorant of the calamity that had befallen him, repaired in the morning to the early service of the church of Saint Rocque. Valérie had been there, the old *quêeuse* told him, about an hour before, had said her prayers, and departed. With a beating heart the lover hastened to the Rue Vivienne. He did not see Valérie; but as he turned homewards with dizzy brain and reeling step, he no longer wondered that the flowers and blossoms, worn yesterday with so much modest pride, were now

scattered, faded, and scentless at the feet of the Christ. The world, he felt, had closed on Valérie.

Even so ! Within a month of the death of her parents, Valérie Duclos entered a convent of the strictest order, distant about twenty miles from Paris. The property her father died possessed of was transferred to one of the Paris hospitals.

'I have frequently attended,' remarks De Liancourt, 'the chapel of the Benedictine Convent when it was opened upon occasions of high church festival, attracted chiefly, if not solely, by the interest excited in me by the gentle, pure-minded daughter of Duclos. I seldom saw her, and but once, I think, spoke to her; but I could always recognise the tones of her sweet, patient voice in the beseeching choral harmonies which at intervals of the service arose from the veiled nuns; and I knew that the winged canticle, as it went up to heaven, ever bore with it the soul-supplication of that meek, guileless, trusting child for the guilty, but still loved, authors of her being. Long after the public worship had concluded, the silent prayer, ascending from the self-immolated votary, kneeling in unclouded faith, hope, charity, before the altar of the Saviour, whose loving, pierced hands are, as she believed, ever stretched forth to bind up the broken heart, to heal the bruised spirit. I was present on the day when Valérie, having concluded her novitiate, finally separated herself from the world. The irrevocable words were pronounced amidst the hush of a numerous congregation, attracted by the sad story of her trials and her virtues; and I, for one, felt that a purer, a holier sacrifice had never been offered on the altars of the religion of sorrow, of hope, and love.'

VIII.

About eleven years after these events, and only two days after peace had again unsealed the ports of France, an English travelling-carriage, containing Lord and Lady Ormsby and Miss Arlington, was driving with hot speed along one of the principal highways of that country. It drew up at the gate of a convent.

'Am I too late?' said the younger lady, addressing the superior of the convent, who had been apparently expecting her.

'I think not, mademoiselle; but you have not a moment to spare. Follow me.'

The superior or abbess of the convent led the way, and Miss Arlington, passionately weeping, followed. 'There,' said the guide, pointing to one of the dormitories—'there is your friend: she desired to see you alone.' An instant afterwards, the long-sundered companions were in each other's arms.

'Valérie, beloved friend and sister, do I arrive but to behold you thus?'

'Thou kind, beautiful Julie!' replied a sweet voice, most musical, though scarcely louder than a whisper, whilst a smile, reflected from the angel-faces bending in love over that holy death-scene, illuminated the pale, wasted features of the speaker—'how could I be found in a more blessed state than in sight of heaven, and encircled in those dear arms?' The smile did not pass away; and Julie, fearing to disturb her by a breath, continued to hold her in her mute embrace. The superior, who had followed with noiseless

steps, at length touched her arm: 'Your Valérie is in heaven! She waited but to bid you farewell.'

Valérie had frequently expressed a wish to be buried by the side of her unhappy parents, who, thanks to the energetic influence exercised by Duplessis and De Liancourt, had been interred in the consecrated ground of Père La Chaise. This religion of the tomb—felt and acknowledged by all, but chiefly by gentle and loving natures—which seeks to reunite within the circle of the grave the sundered kindred and friends of life, was of course readily complied with. She sleeps beneath a simple marble monument, erected to her memory by her beloved Julie, which bears 'only her baptismal name, and the expression of a prayer, which, during life, the superior said, was ever on her lips or in her thoughts:—

'AGNUS DEI QUI TOLLIS PECCATA MUNDI MISERERE NOBIS.'

The tall cross by which the tomb is surmounted flings in the calm evening sunlight its consecrating shadow over the plain slab by its side, and *immortelles* cast by the hand of affection or of reverence upon the daughter's grave fall, not unfrequently, upon the last restingplace of Pierre and Marie Duclos—an emblem and a hope!

Julie Arlington, for many brilliant years a peeress of the realm, and still the life and grace of the distinguished circle in which she moves, has never ceased to think with regretful tenderness, and with a chastened spirit, amid all the glare and grandeur of her position, upon the modest virtues, the grievous trials, and the final recompense of Valérie.

EDUCATION OF THE CITIZEN.

IN a country where supreme political power has, after many struggles, come into the hands of the citizen, he would show himself insensible to the importance and responsibility of such a possession if he did not take some pains to educate himself for its proper administration. If, as must always be the case, the scheming and propounding of measures lie with a few, their admission or rejection is in the power of the many—the wisdom of parliament is the wisdom of the sovereign people. For if a man be not a ten-pounder, a justice of the peace, a city magistrate, a member of corporations or trusts, an owner of land, mills, ships, or of cash in general, a member of parliament, or a cabinet minister, he is at least an individual of the mob, whose political influence is perhaps older than any of these, and, whether we like it or not, never becomes extinct. It is therefore a matter of some consequence that the notions of a citizen education, and of citizen colleges, should begin to be entertained. Mere outbursts of enthusiastic patriotism have in these days little to do with the security or the wellbeing of our fatherland.

It is a self-evident truth, although sometimes lost sight of, that the first thing requisite to make a good citizen is honesty and integrity of purpose, and a constant readiness to sacrifice self-interest to the common welfare. Every one knows that no society can prosper if each member looks solely to his own interests in the narrow sense that we mean by the term selfishness; and we have seen one of the most influential writers of our time throwing his powerful ridicule over the political theories which profess so to arrange a community of rogues, that by balancing and mutual checks, its collective actions shall be wise and honest. It would not be easy to say with how little virtue or disinterestedness a state might keep together; but without a certain portion, no public difficulty could be weathered through. No doubt it is desirable, considering human nature, that public services should have their sure reward, so that even the selfishness of men may contribute to the good of the community. Many such services are rewarded; and as social arrangements improve, the certainty of some sort of return to the authors of public benefits will increase. But as yet we cannot dispense with philanthropic impulses and self-devotion.

In considering, therefore, the kind of education proper to man as a citizen, we presuppose sound dispositions and moral culture, which are demanded alike for every position in life. But good intentions, and the

activity to render them into deeds, are very far from being sufficient to make a good member of society; indeed, without knowledge, skill, and judgment in addition, they may produce incalculable evil. A man deciding on a question he does not understand, handling a tool that he is not practised in, seeking an end without knowledge of the means, is an agent to inspire terror: he belongs to 'the dangerous classes' of society. In daily life, simpletons no less than knaves are the objects of our dread. Both in their immediate and ultimate effects blunders may be more disastrous than crimes. The question then arises—What branches of knowledge are requisite to confer political wisdom upon the many? In this, as in many other cases, we can discriminate between a general education and a special education—the last of the two being the most difficult to define.

Since good statesmanship and good citizenship must consist in deciding what are the ends to be pursued by general society, and in determining on the adequacy of the means for attaining those ends, there is evidently implied a clear intellect and a sound reasoning faculty, an appreciation of what constitutes evidence or proof, an aptness to be ruled by whatever is found to be true—in other words, everything that we include in such descriptive phrases as rationality, sound judgment, clear-headedness, foresight, appreciation of consequences, the distinguishing of semblances from realities. Whatever knowledge or discipline, therefore, gives a man a clear hold of the real events of life, and the true properties of things, together with the power of making correct inferences about them, is of importance to the citizen-ruler, just as it is essential to success in the smallest undertakings of private interest. Polished manners, poetic enthusiasm, or oratorical talent, are not the true qualifications for political ascendancy.

With regard to the acquirement of a clear judgment in affairs, it is to be remarked that the reasoning faculty may be *naturally* strong in a man, and may be rendered effective by no other express training than the unavoidable experience of actual life. Such highly-gifted native reason is not unfrequent in the world, particularly among the Teutonic races.

With respect to the artificial training of the reason, there are various means to be found in use. There may be a good home and school discipline in the processes of accurate observation and correct inference on whatever comes before the view. There may be a grammatical training in languages. There may be an early discipline in the exact sciences, constructed as these are according to the highest perfection of reason: such sciences as mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history, and physiology, the human mind, logic, &c. There may also be what is called a professional education, embracing medical, legal, or theological science. Independently of any of these means, a very considerable degree of training is conferred in the more enlarged business operations—in conducting farms, manufactures, trades, and traffic—in dealing with bodies of men, or with a great variety of characters under difficult circumstances. In cases like these, accuracy of premises and soundness of conclusions are enforced by a kind of experience where failure is a loss, a sophism—ruin. Lastly, a man, by being merely an interested spectator of important proceedings, and by keeping company with rational men, may become trustworthy and prudent in general character.

Of all these methods of artificially training men into rationality of con-

duct and of views, the most powerful is a course of discipline in the great fundamental sciences—in mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology, and the human mind. These sciences, in so far as they have progressed, express the rigorous course of nature's proceedings in the classes of appearances and events to which they respectively relate, and they accustom the mind to the aspect and peculiarities of what is really true and certain in the world. There is one science that is, as it were, the concentrated essence of rationality of these sciences—namely, the science of logic: and it might be supposed that by administering this, pure and unmixed, we would bring about, with the least possible delay, the perfection of the reasoning powers: in other words, Whately, Whewell, and John Stuart Mill, are to be the primary instructors of the sovereign people.

The scholastics did actually think so, and acted accordingly. But in our day, which can boast of a science of logic far superior to theirs, the best judges do *not* think so. Doctrines of such an abstract nature as the most general laws of reasoning and of evidence cannot obtain a footing in minds not furnished with a very considerable amount of other knowledge to serve as examples of their application; the exemplifying knowledge must be much more bulky than the exemplified rules. For one grain of logic, we should have at least twenty grains of the natural sciences, or of the actual experience of the realities of the world. The human mind cannot be instantaneously coerced into new intellectual habits by administering to it a subtle concentrated essence. Great is logic, and in the long-run it rules all things: everybody should be welcome to study it; nevertheless, it is not made for the million.

Even as to the reason-cultivating power of the leading natural sciences, there are certain cautions to be observed. We must not, for instance, as at Cambridge till lately, be restricted to the most abstract of them all—the branches involving the fewest possible of nature's laws and operations; nor be content with having gazed on a few flash experiments in chemistry or electricity; nor suppose that a profound grasp of the shapes of leaves and corollas, or the ability to distinguish quartz from limestone, must necessarily qualify us to disentangle the maze of history, predict the tendencies of foreign affairs, dictate the tenure of land, or judge of the education of a people. Those who have faculty and leisure for a large scientific education should certainly study mathematics like a Cambridge man, and follow it up with all the subsequent sciences of physics, chemistry, and life; and by these last they will acquire a set of habits as valuable in their kind as any that mathematics can give. Those of less leisure or aptitude might obtain a good reason-diet, as well as a rich store of interesting objects and pictures, from a course of physics, chemistry, and natural history, preceded by as much arithmetic and geometry as it is convenient to realise; supposing an adequate degree of application, with the assistance of tolerable masters.

But it will be asked by some—What is to be said for classics and the ancients in the present connection? This we would venture to answer briefly as follows:—*First*, the grammatical discipline imparted under the Greek and Latin tongues has undoubtedly a favourable action on the reason. *Secondly*, the classics, as a whole, enrich the imagination and imaginative feelings more than they cultivate the judgment, and are therefore a luxury

and an ornament rather than a necessary of life. *Thirdly*, some men have, in the study of Aristotle and Plato, acquired a considerable dialectic or logical culture—as, for example, Dr Arnold, according to his own account; but to assert that the reasoning operations of these great minds are as good models of sound intellectual procedure as the reasonings of equal minds living in the more mature age of the world, is to hazard an exceedingly reckless statement. *Fourthly*, some parts of the classics will be found useful in the *special* education of the citizen; but these are the parts which a knowledge of the original tongues is the least necessary for getting hold of. *Fifthly*, there is much in the writings of the ancients that has been systematically perverted, so as to create prejudices against changes and improvements loudly demanded by our modern circumstances. It is to be hoped, however, that such works as 'Grote's History of Greece' will in time serve to wipe away this reproach.

We trust that it has not been forgotten all the while we have been speaking of the means of preparing men for discussing public affairs, that it is by the very same matured and cultivated reason that they are qualified to carry on their private affairs with discretion, and to stand out of the way of their neighbours doing the same.

We now come to the more difficult inquiry—What is the special education of the citizen? That is to say, in addition to the cultivation of a sound reasoning faculty, and the acquisition of a general insight into the world—What is the particular species of knowledge or information that qualifies for deciding the questions now referred to the sovereign people?

It is evident, so far, that it must be a knowledge of human society, and must amount practically to a power of discriminating between the things that enable society to prosper, and the things that obstruct its prosperity. But on this head, 'Where is wisdom to be found?' What book embraces it, what teacher imparts it; in which of the classes in school or college is it to be acquired?

It can scarcely be said that there exists as yet a compact body of complete information as to the workings of human society. Many works of high repute have been produced on particular departments of social welfare, such as the writings on political economy, or on the means of favouring the production of wealth or material abundance. But what we prefer attempting at present is, not to make up a catalogue of books on social subjects, but to draw up such a sketch of the field that has to be explored as will give a place for whatever information is valuable, and assist in discriminating among the masses of rubbish the particles of genuine worth.

The information relating to human society, the experience of past and existing communities, and the infinity of distracting opinions on this experience, lie recorded in books, which are either *histories*, having reference to what is past, and to the succession of events, or *geographies*, statistics, surveys, and pictures, giving an account of the situation and manner of existence of congregated human beings over the surface of the peopled earth at the present time. Many thousands of volumes are taken up by one or other of these departments. It is evident, therefore, that to make the study of the human race and human society possible, not to say easy, we

must be enabled to select out of this vast wilderness such facts and opinions as may be of use to ourselves; we should require to possess a 'philosophy of history,' and of society, if by that is meant a collection of general ideas and general laws; that would furnish both a *principle of arrangement* and a *standard of value* to historical and statistical information; something to guide us both in organizing the materials we already possess, and in following out researches into the present and past condition of nations and peoples.

In order to simplify the complex subject of human society, it is of advantage, in the first place, to distinguish its interests and activities into two fundamental classes: into those relating to ORDER, and those relating to PROGRESS. By ORDER we understand the stability, security, and harmony of the collective arrangements and institutions of any society at any one time; the fulfilment of the great purposes for which men keep up society, so as to produce individual contentment and happiness, or at least a general acquiescence in, and compliance with, the regulations of the governing powers. By PROGRESS is meant the change from one set of arrangements to others which call into exercise and gratify a higher and nobler order of human feelings and capacities, or diffuse more widely among the community the standard of elevation achieved for the few. The methods of maintaining Order are totally different from the methods of promoting Progress; and although the two interests are, on the whole, not only compatible, but mutually indispensable, they often appear in temporary collision. All change unsettles for the time, and may produce a certain amount of disorder, which, in the opinion of the parties interested, may be sacrificing more than the proposed improvement is worth. Order is of course the first thing to be attended to, otherwise we should have general destruction and shipwreck both of the present and the future; but so long as the human mind is capable of suggesting improvements, there should always be openings for admitting them into our practice—that is, our system of Social Order will not be Order unless it admit of Progress. In an enterprising community, the progressive classes, the men of originality or genius and their adherents, arrayed against any existing system, are capable of effecting its overthrow. Let us therefore, first, spend a few words of illustration upon the Conditions of Order.

In any complex machine, the different parts must not only be good in themselves, but be well fitted to one another, and none must be wanting; the machine then goes on well, and may be said to be in *good order*. In like manner, the life of a man may be said to be orderly when everything contributing to health and happiness is regularly supplied, and when, at the same time, the wishes and desires extend no further. On the other hand, our life is in disorder if we can neither provide things suitable for us, nor keep off things deleterious. A person may require wine in a teetotal age; or animal food, and be a Brahmin, or be supplied exclusively with compositions of oatmeal. One man is liable to rheumatism, and he has to wear a kilt: the special gift of nature to another may be a delicate hand, and he is a barrowman: the greatest pleasure of a man's life may be music, and his wife may break his flute on his head.

There is no difficulty in extending the notion to society when we consider what are its characteristic operations. A captain, for instance, carries a

commission from his sovereign to take the command of a ship: the crew refuse him. A tax is imposed, and John Hampden and others resist the payment. A service-book is sent down to constitute the worship of the Scottish nation, and the country is up in arms against it. These are obviously instances of disorder; and, moreover, they plainly point out the exact definition of disorder—namely, disobedience to the supreme authorities. *The one thing essential to every society, great or small, is a government.* When that is set up by any association of persons, a society is constituted; when that is dissolved, the society is at an end. Resistance to the government is an attack upon the society; successful resistance is the downfall of both; and when the society means to exist again, it must re-constitute a government. If it wishes a permanent existence, it must make its government sufficiently powerful to put down every act of resistance to its determinations and decrees.

As the institution of government is repeated in many shapes throughout an extensive and complicated society, so is the possibility of disobedience and disorder. There is not only the supreme central unity of the civil government, or temporal sovereignty, and its numerous deputies and subordinate authorities, but also innumerable local and voluntary societies, carrying on important affairs, and demanding strict obedience. We have, moreover, the spiritual government, which dictates the more elevated duties of life, and administers consolation for its irremediable ills. The great Family system involves a government which cannot be violated without very disastrous effects. The organization of labour originates the relation of master and servant. The process of education in the school creates the relation of teacher and pupil, which must be a relation of rule and obedience. Whenever men meet together for any common object, they find it indispensable to erect a temporary head or ruler, and submit themselves to his authority. A society may be very wretched, and its business very badly conducted; but so long as authorities are everywhere duly constituted, and fully obeyed, it cannot be said as yet to be in disorder.

Such being the *appearances* that enable us to recognise Order or Disorder, it becomes necessary to inquire what are the conditions that produce the one or the other. Anything that throws light upon these must be very valuable to every one concerned in maintaining a society. The subject is one to be kept specially in the view when we read history, or the accounts of the state of nations or societies. We shall therefore now attempt to indicate a few general principles, by way of showing into what shape the doctrines of Social Order have been put by thinking men.

1. It is essential that the government, whether political, moral, or spiritual, should ground itself upon motives that are all-powerful with the people. It matters little what the motives are, or whether they owe their power to nature, to circumstances, or to express education. For example, the Chinese government rests upon the paternal principle, which in the people is educated into an unusual degree of strength. The emperor is the father of his subjects, and opposition to him or to any of his subordinates is filial impiety, and is regarded with horror. Having once established a system of education and a style of conduct by which the filial virtues are intensely cultivated, the Chinese government may be considered as very securely grounded upon its identity with parental sway; and disorder can

never arise until the people acquire sufficient intellectual insight to perceive that the identity is false and sophistical.

Many governments have reposed on a divine right, and have been secure so long as the people retained submission to the Divinity, and believed that the allegation of divine sanction was well-founded. But if, either on the one hand, the divinities themselves are renounced in a fit of impiety, or, on the other hand, the relation between existing powers and the divinities is denied, there is nothing to prevent revolution or disorder from happening. Not only the Catholic church, but the European monarchs, had their titles at one time made to rest upon divine authority, which support was actually pleaded for our own Stuart kings.*

In a people whose character tends strongly to clanship, like our Highlanders, the head of a clan possesses a very secure tenure of authority. Among men differently constituted—as, for instance, among the Teutonic nations—such a pretension could not sustain the arm of power.

In the rudest stages of society, among savage tribes whose public life is war, hunting, and plunder, the strongest, and bravest, and most knowing is made the leader; and neither divinity nor hereditary claim could of itself maintain a dynasty.

A government may often trust much to its having been long established. Custom or habit is very powerful in men: in certain mental constitutions that are not rare it is almost omnipotent; and rulers have in many cases presumed far upon this principle.

The surest of all foundations of government is the direct approbation of the community: obedience will then be spontaneous and certain. The government may be a very bad government—may do very unwise, unjust, or ruinous things—but if none of these displease the people, it will be supported. Unless violent differences arise within the community itself, or offence be given to powerful foreign nations, a people ruled by their own consent will enjoy internal stability. It by no means follows, however, that they shall enjoy the highest social prosperity.

The worst foundation of government is physical force, or a standing army, which, when used as the sole support of the supreme authority, requires to be made up of foreign mercenaries. Soldiers derived from the people themselves must share the popular feelings, and cannot, unless of a base and servile race, be turned against their own blood and kindred.

A government may do much for its own permanence by controlling the public education, and suppressing every kind of knowledge that might lead the people to form opinions against itself. The continental despotisms practised this policy. By a censorship of the press, and the maintenance of a check on imported literature, they kept away from the people the theories and examples of free governments. If communication were less abundant, if the free countries were remote and insignificant, and if the spontaneous thoughts of men did not suggest inferences hostile to despotism, this species of policy might have been more hopeful than it has actually proved to be.

Probably no government ever maintained itself yet upon the ground of

* The hereditary priesthoods of the Greeks and Romans maintained their position in consequence of divine descent.

its *merits* alone. It has almost always happened to pre-eminently good rulers not to be appreciated in their own time.

The French writers on politics are accustomed to distinguish between *Material* and *Moral Order*; meaning by the first the preservation of individual rights and privileges, and the full enforcement of the law against wrong-doers; and by the second, the *willing* submission of the people, and their full approbation of the constitution and doings of the government. Grumbling, discontent, and dissatisfaction, expressed or unexpressed, are opposed to *Moral Order*; actual outbreaks and open defiance threaten the maintenance of *Material Order*.

2. We may lay down as a second fundamental principle of *Social Order*—that the extent of freedom permitted to individuals should be in proportion to their fitness, natural or acquired, to do of their own accord what is required of them by society.

In the education of the young, we begin by controlling them in everything they do. As their intelligence and self-control are developed, they are allowed more and more latitude. They have leave to choose their own sports and consult their own tastes when it is seen that they can keep themselves out of harm's way. When they have grown somewhat older, and shown the possession of average discretion, they may wander from home for whole days, and carve out their own employments and recreations, and in a great measure regulate the routine of their existence. In short, they obtain more and more of liberty, according as it is presumed that the self-directing force within them has been tuned to the rectitudes and proprieties of human life.

It is now believed by many that the domestic slavery of the ancients was indispensable for breaking in savage humanity to habits of regular industrial occupation. In those rude times, if a man was allowed liberty of employment, he chose war, or hunting, or plunder, or something that was fiery, exciting, and brief. The promise of bed-and-board and pocket-money could not induce people to toil steadily from six to six at the dull drudgery of the plough, the loom, or the oar; hence compulsion had to be used. But the moment that self-interest became powerful enough to create propensities to labour, it was time that the compulsion should be withdrawn. Freedom is a nobler state than slavery, and human beings ought not to be prevented from the exercise of their most elevated capacities. The modern workman can choose his own master and possess his own home in opposition to slavery; he can choose his residence in opposition to serfhood; he can choose his trade in opposition to castes and corporate restrictions; he can rise to be a master in opposition to the exclusiveness of ranks; and we find that with all this freedom the work is done, and better done, and the workman's life rendered happier.

But it is unquestionably true, that in proportion as a free range of action is permitted to individuals, the risks of disorder are multiplied; hence an eye to security and stability generally suggests the keeping up of restraints. To preserve existing religious beliefs and observances, it has been common to punish and put down all dissent: to maintain the civil constitution, the liberty of free discussion on political questions has been generally denied, and public meetings and popular agitations put under restraint: to shut the doors against irregular and troublesome ambition,

high offices have been expressly restricted to some narrow, hereditary body: to prevent combinations and plottings against authority, the people's sports and out-of-door motions have at times been subject of authoritative regulation. The keenest and most sensitive parts of human nature have been violently crossed by regulations issued in the name of good order; and it would be perfectly absurd to suppose that all these restrictions have been superfluous stretches of arbitrary power—they were suggested by the necessities of Order, and became illegitimate only when Order could be preserved by milder methods.

Liberty of conscience (when people have consciences) is rightly considered the most indispensable of liberties; and yet there have been many periods when it could not be conceded without great hazard to public security. When the subjects of a state have that degree of education that they will not use their liberty of thought to take up with doctrines incompatible with the existence of society, the ruling powers can have no pretence for restraining this important attribute of humanity.

It is a very natural mistake to confound liberty with popular power. Liberty has often been the result of the popular acquisition of power, but the two are not identical. Liberty of conscience and religious observance, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of doing good to our fellows in our own way, liberty of education, liberty of choosing our occupation, liberty of using our gifts and talents to advantage, liberty of doing what we please with our own, liberty of trading, liberty of guiding our own movements—all these we may have without any vote in the appointing of the government, and we may fail in securing many of them under a popular constitution. So long as a large proportion of our fellow-citizens would abuse to a ruinous extent any one of these precious privileges, we must be for the time content to forego them.

The illustration now given of these two great principles may serve to point out one of the ways in which history and the experience of nations may be useful to our political education—namely, by showing us how the foundations of government and the extent of freedom are related to the security or insecurity of societies; and in general, by teaching us that one object of our study ought to relate to the means made use of in any community for the maintenance of its Social Order.

We must now pass to the consideration of Progress, which means the passage from one state of social existence to another, in which human nature has its desires and capacities elevated, and their gratification more perfectly secured. Amid the bustle of movement and change, it is desirable that we should be able to apply the scale or standard of real Progress, and clearly discern whether we are going forward or backward; for it would be easy to assign many periods of retrograde activity in the history of the world.

Civilisation is the sum-total of all the progress achieved by human society, and we may therefore conduct our exposition of Progress under the title of the *Elements* and *Tests* of Civilisation.

An exact definition of Civilisation has been recently supplied by our great political thinkers. That given by Guizot—namely, 'the improvement of the individual and of society'—is perhaps best known; but it is not the satisfactory one.

Let us first indicate a few things essential to human existence and happiness that are *not* Civilisation. In the first place, Civilisation is *not* natural advantages—such as land, sea, rivers, mountains, climate, fertility, mineral wealth, variety of vegetable and animal species: it is *not* the goodness of our bodily or mental constitution: it is *not* mere good fortune favouring our exertions: it is *not* individual dexterity or skill in the shape of an incommunicable gift: it is *not* temporary fits of heroic virtue, devotion, courage, or effort, even though a whole generation should be exalted in character thereby: it is *not* mere emotion: neither does it mean happiness, in the common sense of that vague word, any more than the greatness of an individual man means that he is happy. Happiness, if it be understood to signify satisfaction, serenity, contentment, arises from the proportioning of our desires to our means, and of our attempts to our abilities, and may be present or absent in every stage of human elevation and culture. The apostle Paul was miserable because his brethren the Jews would not partake of the benefits that he was sent to dispense; Alexander was miserable because he had only one world to conquer; the Irish ditcher, with seven squalid heirs, is miserable because his shilling a day is not two shillings; but no one would assert that the three situations are equal, or that it were irrational to prefer the one to the other. Lastly, Civilisation is *not* Social Order.

Civilisation is *the permanent improvement that man has effected on his condition by his own intelligence and exertions*. It is the artificial half of our existence. Nature has given us so much; whatever we have added, by the use of our contriving and creative capacities, is Civilisation. Genius (or intellectual originality) and Civilisation define one another: but the definition will be best supported by the detail.

We shall therefore now endeavour to enumerate, with a brief accompanying comment, the separate portions or streams of Civilisation, under the following eleven heads:—

1. The first head is the **INDUSTRIAL ARTS**: the methods of handling to advantage the material resources and agencies of the globe. Our readers are well aware of the three grand divisions of this department—the agricultural, the commercial, and the manufacturing; or native production, distribution, and transformation. It is comparatively easy both to understand the course of Progress in these arts, and to appreciate their degree of advancement at any one time.

The lowest state of humanity that we know of, or can well imagine, is the condition of the fruit-eaters, such as the Guanacas of the Orinoco, who derive their entire subsistence from the sago palm. They eat its fruit and bark, drink its sugary sap, and from the fibrous stalks derive cordage and weave hammocks, which they suspend from the branches of the trees like birds'-nests—these operations constituting their entire industrial life, a life which could hardly bear comparison with the existence of the ingenious and laborious beaver.

In advance of the fruit and root-eaters are the fishers and hunters, who must possess *tools*, and therefore be included in the career of industrial improvement. If there were not many other virtues in man besides the skilful handling of material objects, Franklin's definition of him as a tool-using animal would be unsurpassed in faithfulness; for his tools are what

show his industrial intelligence, and the history of machinery is a vital portion of human history.

Among the earliest benefactors of the race are the tool-devising, machine-inventing men—those who taught the formation of bows and arrows, of huts, cordage, and mats, of cutting instruments and hammers; who commenced working in wood, stone, and metal, in skins, teeth, bones, membranes, and fibrous manufactures; who found out the properties of fire, and extracted the juices of plants; who discovered combinations of savoury food; who brought into use the mechanic powers, and hit upon the first applications of wheel movement; who gave the earliest models of land and water-carriages; and revealed the astonishing innovations of chairs, tables, and bedsteads.

To pass from fishing and hunting wild animals to the keeping of permanent flocks in the Tartar fashion is accounted a great step, but to settle in a place and till the ground is a far greater. This involves not only the possession of additional tools (besides a considerable advancement in many of the other elements of civilisation), but great knowledge of the properties of vegetables, due to the long and patient studies of superior men, and to many abortive attempts to plant, and sow, and improve upon the spontaneous operations of nature. Subterranean production or mining seems to have been always in advance of super-terrestrial agriculture.

In comparing one state of *agriculture* with another in regard to comparative advancement, we must attend not only to the character of the tools or implements, and the soundness of the methods, but also to the acquisition of germs or seeds, and the increase of vegetable varieties. We find, for example, that many of the most important field and garden vegetables of our own country were introduced within the last three or four centuries. Some kind of corn, the vine, the fig, and the olive, seem almost to exhaust the agriculture of the Jewish patriarchs. Keeping this point in view, a work like that published by Charles Knight on 'Vegetables Used for Food' must be regarded as a valuable portion of the history of civilisation.

The Industrial Art of *Commerce* is perhaps, of all the elements of civilisation, that on which it would be most superfluous to say a word at present. How it follows up and gives perfect scope to agriculture—is improved by every improvement in the mechanism of carriage, in roads, vehicles, and draught power—calls into existence a vast multitude of business arrangements and devices, money, credit, weights and measures, arithmetical calculations—demands freedom and security against violence—creates a numerous and energetic class of men—and expands with geographical discovery—is well known to all readers of the newspapers. In a word, the steps by which commerce has improved, and the tests of its actual progress, are sufficiently understood by a British public.

It is, in like manner, difficult for us to avoid having a vivid conception of the nature of *manufacturing* improvement. We hear daily of the creation of new manufactures, and of devices by which the fabrication of articles already in use is quickened, and their cost reduced.

Improvements in the handling of capital, such as the institutions of banking and joint-stock, affect all the Industrial Arts equally. New

methods of book-keeping, and improved forms of transacting business, also work for the common good.

On the whole, it is evident that the law of the evolution or increase of Industrial Civilisation is the addition of device to device, and of one experimental suggestion to another, through the instrumentality of the superior intellects that have been engaged in the various operations. And of late the sciences have had such a degree of advancement, as to become applicable to the arts, and by their assistance the progress has been immensely accelerated. Chemistry is come into play in agriculture; mathematics, astronomy, and various other sciences have improved commercial conveyance; and mechanics, general physics, and chemistry, have been essentially concerned in creating large regions of manufacture.

The methods of fostering and furthering industrial improvement are therefore very obvious. Encourage individual ingenuity by good patent laws (a thing yet to be done), diffuse accurate scientific knowledge, and carry on the general exploration of the world and its resources.

The state of this branch of Civilisation in any place or time is likewise apparent by observing the character of the material necessities, conveniences, and enjoyments diffused among the people; how they are fed, clad, housed, and carried from place to place; and whether the commonest of the people have come to enjoy comforts and refinements as well as the more opulent. So that, in answer to such questions as, 'What to read?' 'What to write?' 'How to observe?' in regard to ages and nations, we should say, for one thing, their Industrial Civilisation.

2. We shall take next in order the HEALING ARTS, or the methods devised by human intelligence for restoring or maintaining the healthy action of our wonderful frame. Man's industry exerted on the rich and fertile earth brings forth a large array of material products, which he must learn to apply according to their various powers of acting on his living system; and considering the abstruseness of the action that goes on between the bodily organs and the things that feed, sustain, and rectify them, we are not to wonder that the adjustment of the one to the other has been one of the most difficult problems which humanity has had to grapple with. And yet how much of the sadness and pathos of human life has been connected with the hopeless irremediable disorders that have prematurely terminated the lives of the large majority of every generation since the very beginning of the race!

In forming a judgment as to the degree of advancement of any people, it is exceedingly pertinent to inquire to what degree they have progressed in the operations of healing. There are three departments of the art under which inquiries may be separately made. First, *Pharmacy*, or the knowledge of substances and influences that act medicinally or healthfully upon the human body. Of course the more that we search among natural products, and acquire trading connections with the wide earth, and work out manufacturing operations, the greater will be our acquisition of such substances. In other words, the Industrial Arts supply one class of the resources of health and healing. It is, however, requisite to ascertain by observation and experiment the precise actions and powers of each—a very complicated and laborious process, on which men have gone far astray, and indeed at this hour it may be said that we have attained

very little satisfaction on the subject. A second branch is *Physic*, or the power of judging of organic derangements, and of applying from the Pharmacy appropriate remedies. This demands an intimate knowledge of the human constitution, of its morbid changes and their symptoms. The third is *Surgery*, which treats of local derangements, such as wounds, sores, and injuries of particular parts of the system, for which the natural application is something external. Here there is a large assortment of tools demanded, and great skill of eye and hand to use them upon such a precarious material as the human framework.

The rude ages of the world were not only destitute of drugs, from the poverty of their resources, and very ignorant of the human system; but they lay under a heavy load of falsehood and perverse conceptions in regard to the cure of disease. For example, we find that charms, incantations, relics, pilgrimages, and magic, have been part of the *Materia Medica* of all nations up to a very advanced stage of their progress. It must have been very difficult to acquire any genuine knowledge of the course of disease, and of the real powers of remedial agencies, while these things were believed in. The progress of medicine behaved to be exclusively empirical until the physical sciences had made some progress. It is true that surgery could be very much assisted by an accurate dissection of the body; but medicine rested exclusively on experiment until very recently. It may be said that physics, chemistry, and physiology, are just commencing to throw light upon the Healing Art.

Compared with the past, the medical skill of the present day is very high; compared with the future, rather low. The highest gift of the physician is to economise to the uttermost the forces of the constitution, or to maintain the health under the uttermost possible amount of expenditure of its powers. The prevention of disease is now expected at his hands, and not the cure alone. The sanitary department of civilisation is likely to afford large scope for the labours of our legislators for a long time to come.

3. Following out as well as we can some sort of natural order, we shall name the **TRAINING ARTS** as the third branch of the stream of Progress. These of course have reference exclusively to living beings, which all pass from their germs to their mature state through slow successive stages. Unassisted nature sustains the course of a very large proportion both of vegetables and animals; but in the more complex classes the skilled interference of man is highly advantageous.

We have in this department a certain portion of the *Agricultural Art*; next *Gardening*, which, as distinguished from field-culture, is highly artificial, or in other words has been very much improved by the application of human intelligence. The rearing of the *Lower Animals* is still more subject to human control. We regulate the breeding, the food, the motions, and acquired habits of all our domesticated creatures, and can thus produce types of character quite different from what Nature left to itself can do. Lastly, we have acquired a vast range of methods for guiding the Education of Human Beings. We have first a system of *Physical Training*, or of securing a healthy, vigorous, and enduring bodily constitution. *Secondly*, the *Arts of Intellectual Training* in languages, sciences, habits of thinking, &c. *Thirdly*, *Moral and Religious Training*, to develop the affections, sentiments, habits of obedience, and the like. *Fourthly*,

Technical Training—the teaching of special arts, or capacities and endowments for performing particular functions in human society. *Fifthly*, Esthetic Training, or the Polished Arts and accomplishments.

The ancient world had made very high progress in every one of these departments. The rearing of vegetables and animals seems to have been well understood; and the *methods* of educating human beings were probably little inferior to those of modern times. The Greeks and Romans could make an athlete, a soldier, an orator, a dialectician, a statesman, a man of virtue and piety according to the notions of the time, as well as, if not better than, we can do. Both ancient and modern times have produced individual teachers of extraordinary merit; but a system of teaching that shall be uniformly successful in the hands of average men is yet far distant. Recent years have seen much progress in the art of conducting primary schools, and there is a certain amount of advancement creeping into the middle schools or academies. There is likewise considerable discussion on the subject of university improvement, but it can hardly be said that any great stride has been taken in this department: the curricula of study still point to a bygone age totally different from our own. As to the departments of moral training, instruction in the arts generally, and, above all, the formation of superior minds, we are not aware of any improvement of which the Christian era can boast as far as *method* goes: the things actually taught in these departments are undoubtedly progressive.

The Training Arts, like the others we have spoken of, owe their improvement for the first three or four thousand years of the world to empiricism, or experiments of trial and error. When the sciences have been carried forward to a certain pitch, a new and far more rapid career commences. But the sciences of living beings—Vegetable and Animal Physiology, and Psychology (science of mind)—are even in our day in a very youthful state, and only to a small degree capable of making effective suggestions to the training profession. We may, however, venture to say that it will not be long ere these sciences be fit to make a very decided interference in the arts we are now discussing. In the meantime, let all encouragement be given to the improvements actually on the wing; and even the universities should not be despaired of.

4. Our next head of Civilisation is a very extensive and complex department—the ARTS OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

Of these, the foremost is *Language*, whose origin and laws of progress are still obscure, although great progress has lately been made in the study of them. There is also much misconception as to what are the merits or demerits of any given language. The prime requisites of language for common purposes, are to have a name for every nameable thing, and not to use the same name for different things. But as the progress of observation and thought is constantly bringing forward new objects of consideration, it is essential, in order to satisfy these requisites, that a language should be flexible and fruitful; that it should readily yield, by a combining process, new terms to express the new things. Hence the praise bestowed on the Greek and German, and the unfavourable view sometimes taken of the English, which has increased on the spoil of other tongues. In addition to a stock of names, there must be a mechanism for joining them together when we express a group of related things or a series of actions

and events, or when we construct chains of connected thoughts. This demands inflections, conjugations, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, and so forth; to which the same criterion of merit can be applied as to the vocabulary—that there should be a distinct, unambiguous mode of expressing every relation that can exist among things. In this particular our own language is tolerably good, being free from the cumbrous system of inflections by which the ancient tongues accomplished this end. Another virtue of a language is to sound agreeably, and be easy of utterance, without being highly sonorous or prominently melodious. Music of speech is a great virtue in poetry, song, and eloquence, but may become an obstruction in the intellectual and business age of prose.

Next to oral is written Language, whose grand instrument is an alphabet, invented in the depths of unknown antiquity, and very little altered during the revolutions of three thousand years; and yet, as regards our own use of it, there is probably nothing in all our usages so much in need of improvement. We violate every principle of a sound alphabetical system more outrageously than any nation whatever. Our characters do not correspond to our articulations, and our spelling of words cannot be matched for irregularity and whimsical caprice.

The last department of Language is the right use and combination of natural and artificial speech, so as to communicate the thoughts and feelings of one man to another man with the greatest exactness and the smallest possible expenditure of the instrument itself—that is to say, the rhetorical art divested of artistic intentions, and merely looked upon as teaching the best methods of attaining faithfully the end of inducing some given state of mind upon the persons addressed. This marvellous power was carried to a very great height among the ancient nations; but fell away in the middle ages amidst the difficulties of new languages, and has been gradually rising for the last two or three centuries among European nations. In spite of much declamatory reference to the seventeenth century, the arts of expression (exposition, narration, description, oratory) have very much improved in our country during the last two hundred years, and are still susceptible of very great additional progress.

The second branch of the Arts of Social Intercourse includes *the material machinery of social operations*. Among these we place the immense instrument of the press, whose progress is visible to our daily sight, and the whole system of conveyance by land and water at present improving under the shape of steamboats, railways, and electric telegraph. We include also public buildings, and their perfect adaptation to all the purposes of congregated men—Churches, Public Halls, Theatres, Law Courts, Exchanges, Club-Houses, &c.; the perfect arrangement and organisation of Towns in regard to streets, squares, public walks, markets, shops, situation of public buildings, and so forth. Nor should we omit the diffusion of time-keepers. In all these matters, the history and course of improvement among ourselves are well known. But much has yet to be done, and in some things we are vastly inferior to the ancients. Our public halls are often badly constructed for hearing, they are never well ventilated, and the mode of arranging the interiors is frequently ill combined for effect. Club-houses and opportunities of reunion and intercourse have also to be very much extended. We purposely exclude from our present view ornament, decora-

tion, and the other artistic accompaniments of which all these things are so highly susceptible.

The third of the Arts of Intercourse includes *the methods or artifices by which we are directed to any place, person, or thing that we desire*; as, for example, almanacs, city directories, maps of towns or provinces, tourists' guides, geographical and other dictionaries, and the like; also the facilities afforded for finding out people of certain qualifications, such as register-offices for servants, public advertisements, and the transmission of testimonials, open competitions, &c. It is of prime importance to society that every office should be filled by the most qualified person, and that every person should get the office he can fill best. But very little can at present be done to satisfy this condition; even where no partiality exists, the ways and means are mostly wanting. Very large improvements remain to be effected in this department.

A fourth branch under the same head regards the *Forms and Methods of Social Co-operation*. When people meet together for a common object, they choose a chairman, regulate the speech-making, and decide by majorities. When a company is organized, the members contract obligations by the formality of signing their name. These things were devised early, and probably still admit of progress.

The last of the Arts of Social Intercourse is the very large department of *etiquette*—manners or modes of external behaviour. This, too, should present a history, a progress, and a succession of devising minds. The essence of agreeable manners is a constantly-maintained expression of sympathy, attention, deference, and respectful feelings in all the intercourse of life: the individual suppressing his own peculiar egotism, and acting with a view to the gratification of his fellows. To have the behaviour of men regulated according to this great idea, is a prodigious accession to the happiness of human existence; and the education for this end is carefully attended to among every refined people.

There are few things easier to discover or ascertain than the general methods of agreeable and respectful behaviour; since they are, or ought to be, accordant with nature's instinctive expression of sympathetic and deferential feelings. In short, the theory of good manners is not far to seek: if we want a book on it, the 'Chesterfield Letters' are at hand, and are as perfect a system of instruction as could be produced on the principle that the chief end of manners is to get on in the world.

It is very interesting to observe what progress a people has made in the courtesies of life; to see their style of behaviour, not merely in general intercourse, but in the habitual relations where egotism and familiarity take a larger swing—as in the family circle, in the intercourse of master and servant, among those engaged at a common employment, in the operations of buying and selling, with teacher and scholar, between officiality and commonalty, in deliberative assemblies and social amusements. We require also to note the style of treating offences, feuds, and animosities, whether by an appeal to brute force, by sinister cunning, by abusive language, pistol-duel, the cut direct, refined sarcasm, or ready forgiveness. Nor should we omit the manner of criticising and commenting upon individual character and conduct either in private society or by public organs.

The conventional ceremonies and modes of acting in the conduct of

social entertainments, invitations, visits, marriages, births, deaths, congratulations, condolences, celebrations of victory, triumph, good fortune, popular festivities and demonstrations, installation into high office, receptions of men of state, rank, or reputation, holidays—are a portion of the external physiognomy of nations, and we are thankful to the historian and traveller who record them.

Such being a summary of the wide province of etiquette, we have only further to remark in what its progress consists, or the criterion by which its degree of advancement must be judged. The line of genuine improvement is from the pompous, cumbrous, stiff, formal, and insincere, to ease, delicacy, clear expression, and, above all, truth and sincerity. We require to reconcile more and more the pleasing of others with freedom to ourselves, and the testifying of good-will to all with the expression of our own convictions, and the preservation of our self-respect. There may also be remarked the gradual perfection of the instrumentality of language and action for keeping out of view the disagreeable, and presenting the agreeable objects of thought and conception.

With regard to the Arts of Social Intercourse, on the whole, it should be borne in mind that their improvement brings into increased action all the other elements of Civilisation, and ought therefore to be specially prized and encouraged. Language and conveyance are the channels through which inventions and intelligence spread over communities, and reach to the ends of the earth.

5. The fifth element of general Civilisation is **POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS**. Of these, and of their merits and demerits, and the principles on which they should be judged, and the stages that they pass through, we must speak very shortly and inadequately. We are the less concerned at this, that our main object is to drag prominently forward ten distinct elements of progress and wellbeing that are too often kept out of view by the prominence given to this single element.

Of Political Institutions the foremost is *Government*, whose business it is to *manage all interests that are general or common to the whole society*, as contrasted with interests that are partial or individual. It ought to control the material resources of the country—its land, water, mines, harbours, &c. against individual abuse; to promote agriculture, mining, fishing, trading, manufacturing, by wise provisions: it should regulate the material arrangements in building towns, public works, roads, &c. so as to aim at the general health and comfort of the subject: it has to lay down rules for securing to every individual the fruits of his honest labour in the commerce of life, by instituting true weights and measures, by a money coinage, and by a uniform and just interpretation of bargains, obligations, and contracts: it is called upon to declare the succession of property abandoned by death: it ought to prescribe the relative duties of all situations in society—master and servant, buyer and seller, parent and child, &c.: it should superintend and promote public instruction: it is peculiarly responsible for the maintenance of Social Order, and the defence against foreign aggression: it should also be the patron of Civilisation in all its departments. Government has, moreover, to clear away the obstacles that may stand in the way of the execution of its regulations on all these points. The apparatus by which it does this receives the name of Law and Legal Ad-

ministration. The obstacles are of two sorts—misunderstanding, and wilful resistance. For the former, a *civil code* is constructed; for the latter, a *penal code*; and for both there must be a system of *procedure*.

It is not very difficult to appreciate the goodness of a government, or the progress made by a people in bringing about good government, if we try its acts in all these heads, and ascertain how well it effects each distinct object; considering at the same time at what expense it works, what money it requires, how many lives it has to sacrifice, what is the severity of its punishments, what its restrictions upon liberty.

The progress in government has been generally from the despotic towards the responsible and the popular; from restriction towards liberty; from incapacity towards skill. In its popular stage it can improve only as the people improve.

Next in importance to the government is the *Organization of Labour*, which consists in separating the parts of complex operations, and assigning distinct portions to individuals, in creating a system of superintendence of various ranks, and in putting the faculties of each individual to the best account. By labour we do not mean solely production or material industry, but every department of exertion—government, public defence and war, education, healing, art, literature, &c. The reader is aware how striking is the progress that has been made in this head; but very much remains to be done. It is to the practical and experimental genius of humanity chiefly that we owe this progress; but much furtherance has been derived from theoretical expositions, especially since the time of Adam Smith.

It would be convenient to include in our inquiries as to what has been done in this branch, an inspection of the state of the relations of the workman to the master.

The third great Political Institution is the *System of Ranks*. There are natural ranks and artificial ranks, and the coincidence of the two is perfection, and the proximity to it progress. Natural rank proceeds upon two ideas—extent of influence, and immediateness or pressingness of function. Thus, to take the descending order, we have the supreme governor, the heads of departments of state, members of legislature, supreme judges, rulers of provinces, magistrates of cities. Or ascending, we have artisans, foremen, masters, men of capital or property, bankers. So in the army rank is strictly extent of command. If a man has by his talents or services acquired great unofficial influence over many people, he has thereby a natural rank. Teachers also rank in proportion to the elevation and sweep of their subject. But the second idea, 'immediateness of function,' must limit the first. The scientific genius who controls and elevates the whole future of the race must nevertheless, in his own day, stand beneath the minister of state who is responsible for the security of the present; while Napoleon is swallowing up the nations, Wellington is the chief of men. So in point of worldly rank the clergy should be inferior to the civil dignities of analogous range of command. Artificial ranks are arbitrary creations of the government, such as our titled nobility, which may or may not accompany some of the circumstances that confer natural rank—namely, state employment, property, wide superintendence, public recognition. The settlement of ranks must depend ultimately on the temper and notions of the general public that has to respect them; and an

observation taken as to the actual foundations of rank, or the principles on which men are valued in any one case, will be a test of the elevation of the general character of a community.

But perhaps the most important of Political Institutions is the *Family System*. The rearing of children is the universal element and essential feature of the family. But in its high state of improvement this institution performs many other valuable functions. It brings about an economical co-operation in procuring and enjoying the means of subsistence; maintains the old, the weak, and the sick; develops the warm affections, and multiplies the feelings that enter into and enrich the current of life; and softens the blow of disaster or misfortune. On the other hand, it creates a new sphere of selfishness, occasioning quite as much of unfair play in the actual world as individual ambition.

The most instructive feature in the revolutions and progress of the family institution is the position of the woman. At first bought as a slave to be a drudge, then used as a pleasant but silly companion; for a long time intensely courted for her fascination, yet ruled with absolute power, and deprived of independent rights, woman has come in these latter times to be more nearly the equal of man in the domestic circle, and to have more of an independent existence. It is not to be supposed that a movement so persistent as this has been has reached its term in our own particular generation; and we may require to be prepared for still further alterations in the position occupied by women in the world. The necessity of allowing them greater freedom of occupation is beginning to be generally admitted, and we cannot too soon reduce this idea to practice.

We request attention next to the *Spiritual Power*, whose mode of organization in any state is a feature never to be omitted in a survey of its civilisation. The definition of the spiritual power that will apply to all history is, a body of men to dictate and enforce the duties of life, administer unworldly consolations to its ills, sustain the nobleness of human conduct, expound the nature of the supreme powers, and assist in serving and propitiating them. Much as the *doctrines* taught by the priestly order have changed, its own political organization has not presented many varieties of structure. In Greece and Rome the temple services were conducted by privileged families of distinguished origin, or by the leading men of the state; the other spiritual functions were not properly organized at all. Among the old Jewish patriarchs, as well as in Egypt and in China, we find civil and spiritual power administered by the same persons. Again, among the Jews, in India, Persia, and Assyria, in the Druidical times, and in modern Europe, the spiritual power was a separate order of men having a hierarchical subordination, and in most of these instances the offices were hereditary. The real progress has been from identity of civil and spiritual power to distinctness, not to say independence; from the hereditary to the elective system; and from impassable distinctions of rank to a free opening for talent. In Greece and Rome the spiritual functions were degraded into subservience to the base uses of the civil despots, who could also prop up spiritual tyranny by physical force. While this state of things lasted, individual freedom was liable to very cruel disturbances—a thing more felt by our ancestors a few ages back than by ourselves.

The sixth and last of the leading Political Institutions is the *Organization for Public Instruction*. This includes the primary schools for elementary education, the higher or grammar schools and academies for middle education, the universities and schools for the learned professions, schools for the fine arts, and institutions for the promotion of learning and science by original discovery. The scheme of such an organization belongs to the middle and modern ages, and the leading European nations are at present at work to realise it. France and Prussia have done much; our own islands, especially if we except Scotland, very little. It is not the character of this country to set up local institutions except by the participation of the localities themselves; a circumstance that makes our operations slower but more acceptable than the arbitrary ordinances of a central authority.

6. Such are the main elements of Political Civilisation; and from them we pass to our next branch, which is MORALITY, or the theory and practice of the Moral Duties and Virtues. This feature is so liable to fluctuate from age to age, that it is difficult to recognise the particular thing in it that is permanent and progressive, and entitled to be called Civilisation. The largest half of morality has, in fact, more to do with Order than with Progress. To see the changes that have come over nations in this important element, we must advert to the specific heads or divisions into which it resolves itself.

In the first place, there is *Personal Morality*, or the line of conduct by which each individual life is rendered, on the whole, most successful, happy, and great. This, like every other branch of morality, involves knowledge, intelligence, or sound judgment, on the one hand, and the power of self-control on the other; an intellectual element and a motive element. The particulars of prudence are obviously such as—attention to health, diligence in business, living according to one's means, acting upon clear foresight in all operations and enterprises, laying up store for the time of need, availing one's-self of all the circumstances of one's situation in attaining the highest possible cultivation of mind and character. This personal morality is vastly stronger in some peoples than in others, as is well known. The intellectual element of it increases steadily; the moral and active element has a tendency to grow from age to age, but all violent concussions of public affairs may subvert it for the time. The elevation of the individual or national character is clearly shown by what is the height to which the aim of personal prudence reaches, or what things are desired as the full and entire satisfaction of life and wellbeing.

Social Morality, the second branch, is much wider, and demands more generous impulses. Its foremost or predominating requisite is the subservience of private to public wellbeing; just as prudence requires the desires of every hour to be regulated by the interests of the whole life. In the single point of acting to the highest perfection the parts assigned us in *co-operative* society, a great many particular duties are involved—as, for example, being ever ready to restrain all personal inclinations, desires, regards, partialities, and interests; taking pains to acquire the skill needed in our occupations; rigorous truthfulness, or conformity of deed to word, and word to deed, without which all social operations would crumble to

dust; justice and fair-play towards our fellows; regularity and consistency of procedure, so as not to disappoint reasonable expectation; not obstructing other men in their functions while performing our own; humility of deportment, and attention to the formal regulations of society. Besides the steady performance of our own proper part, we have to look around us for a little way, and assist those who are suffering from accident, misfortune, or the operations of inexorable general rules—that is, to good service we must add compassion. We have also in the intercourse of life to treat men according to their true worth, without at the same time refusing outward honour to whom honour attaches by the gift of society. We are to give active assistance in preventing social miseries, such as quarrels, and breaches of social order; to promote schemes of public good, and labour according to our means for progress and posterity; preserving all the while the harmony and due subordination of the different duties. It must be obvious, from a survey like this, that good intentions without common sense or cultivated intelligence are worthless. In the department of *sympathetic* society we have another range of duties, referring more to the sentiments, affections, and sympathies of others, than to their material interests, which last are the prime object of co-operative society. Domestic morality, the duties of friendship, and kindness of manner and conduct in general, are included in this great department.

In addition to personal and social duties, we recognise a class termed *Moral Duties*. The meaning of moral, when distinguished from social duty, is acting for conscience' sake. Some men have a strong feeling of duty as such, or on its own account; while others—as, for example, Jeremy Bentham—recognise no end of duty but the good of mankind.

The *foundations* on which moral obligations are made to repose are very characteristic of an age, a nation, or an individual. They may be such as—terror of punishment, temporal, spiritual, or eternal; the mere force of habit and education; reverential submission to established authority; a prudence so elevated as to make the personal and social coincide; the promptings of a conscience within; the sentiment of social good; the perception of beauty; or the will of God. The revolutions of opinion that have shifted the foundations of duty have necessarily produced for the time a moral anarchy; and in the present variegated state of the world, it is satisfactory to know that the greater laws of morals may be made to rest on almost every foundation that men can respect or regard.

It is interesting, in connection with the moral development of a people, to observe what is their ideal of true, noble, highest manhood; who is the perfect gentleman, and who is the admired hero of the time. This is a thing preserved us in the literature of all literate ages.

The career of progressive morality has been from the narrow to the wide view of, 'Who is my neighbour?' from personal selfishness to tribe devotion, Greek and Roman patriotism (with the outer world as prey), and Christian universal brotherhood. In this last stage we are now theoretically placed; but we have much to do in the way of effectively desiring the good of the world, and of determining the means whereby it is to be promoted. There has also been a progress in the duties springing up in the interior of societies—in humanity, toleration, regard to human life, attention to human feelings and the desire of elevating the character and

circumstances of the least fortunate and most numerous classes of the community. There is, moreover, a gradual improvement in the extrication of morals from casuistry and sinister evasions.

7. RELIGION is our seventh elementary stream of Civilisation. This involves, *first*, a system of doctrines relating to the nature of the supreme powers, the manner of Divine interference in the world, the principles of the Divine government, the religious duties and destination of men; and *secondly*, a system of sacred rites—the temple, the offering, the sacrifice, the adoration, the prayer, the periodic observances, the personal rites. The great revolutions of religious belief are well known; and it is easy to lay down the criteria or tests for judging of the social merit of any one religious system apart altogether from the question of its origin. These are—the dignity of the attributes ascribed to the Supreme Being or beings; the consistency of their alleged operations with the scheme of nature and the fact of things; the elevation of the moral system, and the degree to which the ceremonial is made subservient to the moral and spiritual; the transition from the bondage of cumbrous and artificial ceremonies to lightness and freedom.

8. The element of SCIENCE holds a very prominent position in Civilisation; and is at all times a most expressive feature. Science comprehends first the group of the fundamental sciences, or those which expound systematically the distinct classes of phenomena that make up the world. These are mathematics, or the doctrines of magnitude and number; the group of mechanics, astronomy, and general physics; chemistry, or the science of atomic affinities; vegetable and animal physiology and anatomy, or the doctrines of life; psychology, or the doctrines of mind; and the science of society. These are so strongly related by a mutual dependence, that the human intellect cannot construct any one definitively till after the construction of all that naturally precede it. Next to these great systematised keys to nature comes logic, or the science of method; after which we have many mixed sciences which can be prosecuted apart, but which can include no other phenomena but those that have their laws more or less systematised in the primary sciences; such as natural history, geography, morals, education, jurisprudence, criticism, &c.

The primary abstract sciences above enumerated are the concentration and essence of what has been established as true in the operations of nature. They are the pride of human reason; an assemblage of doctrines snatched from the world chaos, and made consistent with one another; so much of certainty acquired in the midst of uncertainty. When sufficiently advanced to be directly applicable to the industrial and other arts, they convert the crawl of improvement into a race. They are always the greatest instrument of rational culture. In their maturity they convey to the human spirit in a short space an incredible range of insight and acquaintance with nature; the ready appropriation of them can invert the ancient superiorities of age and experience. Giving to man the exact knowledge of his domain, they abolish the debilitating terrors of ignorance, and confer a power of foresight and control of almost boundless extent.

In our own day, the scientific advancement must be ranked very high. The first three sciences (mathematics, mechanical and physical science, and chemistry) possess clearly-ascertained first principles, whose appli-

cation has stood every test; and they have been the source of a very large portion of our industrial greatness. The other three (life, mind, and society) are less certain, but still so far advanced as to be at least in the way of explaining their respective phenomena by general laws, and of suggesting much practical improvement in medicine, education, and politics respectively. The science of society has been so far organised by M. Comte, and placed in relation with those that go before it, that it may be safely said the key of politics, and the deepest understanding of social arrangements and changes, are henceforth to be the prerogative of scientific men. Not only has science itself improved vastly during the last three centuries, but the instrumentality of further progress is constantly improving. The science of method, or of sound procedure, is in a high state of advancement, and boasts of such great living authorities as Comte, Mill, Herschel, and Whewell. The instruments of scientific research—telescopes, microscopes, balances, thermometers, &c.—have reached a high pitch of perfection, and the art of manipulation has become delicate and refined to a surprising degree. The communication between scientific inquirers has been facilitated by societies, books, periodicals, and encyclopaedical digests.

This is almost the only element of civilisation that ought never to be controlled or resisted; which has only one course, and will inevitably pursue it. It is the thing of all others to be encouraged, since its burthen is truth and certainty, the final dissipation of all delusion, deception, and hopes leading to disappointment. What we may actually and confidently expect from the tread of time and the operations of nature, this science informs us of: it is the one word faithful and true to the sublunary scheme of things.

9. The FINE ARTS constitute a distinct stream of Civilisation; and from its being their nature to put a face of *appearance* upon all things, to construct an exterior framework of life that shall cause a constant flow of lively and pleasant emotion, *their* ascendancy is prominently associated with the idea of Civilisation.

The artistic or æsthetic character of things is an accident discovered in them, while we are merely in search of utility; but from the pleasure it gives, it comes afterwards to be sought for its own sake. Men raise a tower to be safe from the overflowing flood, or scoop out a rock, or search out a natural cavern for a shelter and restingplace; and they discover that even when the utility has departed, these objects stir the feelings of every beholder; that strangers come from far to see them, and recite their description with excited countenance. The gigantic in nature or in human fabrication gives a feeling akin to Divine power, and men make use of the identity to inaugurate their divinity in a residence suitable to him: structures are built, not for any special convenience, but for this mystic power of physiognomy that thrills the human heart. So the action and features of man or woman operating in the discharge of very humble duties, in some rare instances strike some onlooker with feelings so intense, delightful, and enduring, that he disregards altogether the actual purpose of their activity, and stands gazing at their expression: he wishes the work or speech which is the occasion of the effect to be renewed incessantly, or anything done that would sustain an action so impressive. All methods are thenceforth taken of multiplying and prolonging this appearance

according to the resources of the time, a line of activity is selected for the actors which gives the best effect, incessant occasion is given for these, others are brought to imitate and diffuse the manner, its best attitudes are expressed by the cunning imitator of form, and a new element of the agreeable passes into life.

In the same way the sounds of the human voice, of the animal creation, of the winds and waters amid their primary service of indicating the things that are going on around, are felt sometimes, and by some persons, to have an accidental power of exciting strange and fascinating emotions. The more susceptible minds are led forth to search for the circumstances of this super-added effect, to dwell upon it, and with their own vocal powers to imitate it, repeat it, and teach it as a new pleasure given to man; and as there are occasions in human life that seem to call forth like emotions, or to mingle sweetly with them, the two are associated by the artist, who has thus found out strains of melody suitable to joy or wo, to victory or desolation. The accidental discovery of the moving and exciting influence is one step in art, the association of it with a harmonising circumstance of life is a subsequent process.

Whenever, therefore, the appearances and operations of nature, or works and ways of living beings, possess this power over the feelings, whether because of, or apart from their primary purpose, the genius of man tries all methods of prolonging the enjoyment of the effect; he imitates it whenever he can, either by literally constructing elsewhere copies of the original, or by the ingenious arts of sculpture and painting producing an analogous appearance to suggest the original, or by the still higher effort of educing the picture in the minds of men far away by the use of language. And once set on this vein, the superior minds of the race work up in their own fancy the elements of this super-sensuous effect, and strike out combinations and harmonies of such a complex order, that original nature is so outstripped as to be denied even the poor merit of furnishing the alphabet of the artist's composition.

The Fine Arts may be reckoned up in the following order:—architecture, sculpture, painting, decoration and design, dancing and bodily demeanour, dramatic representations, music, song, eloquence, poetry, refined speech and demeanour. They may produce the different effects of sublimity, beauty, the picturesque, and the ludicrous; and there is associated with these admiration of skill, and the pleasure resulting from the imitation of an original by a totally different medium. Beauty must, however, be the prevailing character of art, even when it is not the primary intention: fine harmonies of combination being essential in constituting any great production, and harmony and like-unlikeness, wherever occurring, are beautiful.

We have said that science has only one line of real progress. Art, on the other hand, can progress in many different lines, so as to be open to discussion and control by criticism. *Laissez-faire* does not apply to it. It has not unfrequently disturbed the moral order of society, and run many an individual career to wreck. For example, poetry, whether in the ancient epic and drama, or in the modern romance, or in the thousand ways that it has beautified and bodied forth nature and life, has always taken the start of experience and sober reason in forming men's ideas of

the world; and being so often untrue, it has been the means of causing many bitter disappointments and unavailing regrets. Among the different ways, therefore, in which poetry ought to improve, is that of being truer to fact—discarding such fictions as the happiness of childhood, rural innocence, virtue its own reward, as well as purging out the super-sentimental, the horrible, the obscene, the vulgar, and the obsolete.

The arts are sometimes at a stand, as when the life of a people has little æsthetic physiognomy, and when subjects can only be got from the past. Our own age wants romantic and enthusiastic fervours, but has nevertheless much that the artist can use. The absence of community of powerful sentiment is the death of song, but the life of the prose poem or novel. Perhaps the most barren region at the present time is the drama.

Our mechanical improvements have done a vast deal for art, especially for the diffusion of pictures and designs, as well as in the fabrication of musical instruments. It is pleasant to reflect how humanity has advanced in the practice of removing out of habitual sight and contact the directly offensive, and substituting everywhere, along with the convenient and the useful, the beautiful and impressive in art; and to how great an extent we can now enrich the stream of life with emotions of every variety without sacrificing its pressing objects.

10. We shall now follow up our detail of the constituents of Civilisation with LITERATURE, which, when curtailed of all we have included in other heads, reduces itself to the two great functions of *Narrative* and *Criticism*; that is, it includes, *first*, the relation and description by language of the scenery and ongoings of the world, general and particular; and *secondly*, every sort of opinion, judgment, commentary, approbation or disapprobation, in regard to all that is related—the application of the feelings, instincts, beliefs, and first principles of individuals to appreciate whatever comes before their view. Hence, on the one hand, it contains histories, biographies, annals, records, descriptions, anecdote, gossip, stories, co-extensive with the domain of facts, magnified and multiplied in the minds of all onlookers; and on the other hand, the criticism of events, persons, systems, manners, daily politics, as we see in the greater part of our periodical literature, and more transient compositions. In its first department it has something in common with poetry, and in the second it brings in more or less of scientific exposition, in so far as it gives reasons for approving or disapproving of men and manners.

Of all the intellectual efforts of man, the literary effort is the most easy to sustain. It is the only operation of thought that all men can usually improvise. To make scientific researches, or to compose highly-wrought pictures, is slow and laborious; but to describe what we have seen or heard, to give our opinions about it, to maintain a stream of talk on matters of fact, are universal accomplishments. Hence the subjects of literature are the common materials of the sympathetic un-business intercourse of men. Every person has a certain region of affairs that interests himself: he delights to hear and speak about their ongoings, about the people involved in them, and the merits and demerits that may attach to them. Written speech, by extending the sphere of communication with the world, greatly enriches the intercourse of life, as well as the current of

solitary thought. The sources of a nation's talk, during all the hours of social reunion, are an important constituent of its wellbeing.

Literature progresses in many obvious ways. The mere course of time, with its new operations, and characters, and aspects, adds to its stock. In like manner the more careful investigation of the past produces enlargement and novelty. New arts, new dynasties, new institutions, new men, new fashions, new advances in everything, new incidents, have all to be related and commented on. In the next place, it advances with the progress of the general principles of the sciences on which judgments are founded. If our doctrines of morality, or politics, or character, or art, or education, or logic, are changed, all our judgments have to be renewed. Thus we have freshness in our literature, not merely by fresh events, but by new views of the past. A Voltaire comes and alters the whole face of universal history. Johnson moralises on human life for the millionth time, and people see novelty in his remarks. Whether these changes constitute true progress or not, depends on the character of the new principles, which may possibly be false in science, though believed for a time. The third point in which literature advances is in the art of expression and illustration—this of course is the offspring of the genius of the individual *littérateurs*. Addison becomes an exclusive model in one age, and Johnson in another; but, on the whole, the choice of language and forms of expression, the copiousness of metaphor and aptly-associated phrases, are progressively extended. Variety is also provided for the varied tastes of men. Apart from poetry, philosophy, oratory, and serious history, the ancients had not a literature. It is only through the copious narrative and gossip of later ages that social parties can be pleasantly conducted by talk alone, the cheapest of entertainments.

11. The concluding division of the great complex stream of Progress is the ART OF LIVING. There is a wide difference between the various arts above described and the one now mentioned, or between man's powers in farming, building, manufacturing, and trading, and his ability to apply the results of all these to his own life and wellbeing, which is the final intention of such manifold labours. Because we have very much improved the Arts of Life, it does not follow that we have equally improved in the Art of Living. We may increase our abundance of the things that are useful and good without acquiring the skill to apply them in proper measure, and in well-timed arrangement to the highly-complex structure and constitution of our living framework. There is even not a little ground for the insinuation that the multiplying of good things, or really beneficial agencies, is dangerous to our life, instead of helpful; such is the difficulty of rightly applying them to their proper uses.

It is, beyond all question, desirable that each one of us should contrive his arrangements and daily ongoings so as to make the very most of life; to render existence as rich and effective, and great and brilliant, as it can be made; to combine the choicest enjoyments with the most wide-ranging and beneficial activity. Our own nature prompts us to do all we can to prevent pains, distractions, irritations, and terrors from oppressing our daily career. Moreover, we have to make sure never to compromise the future by the present; that the strength and vigour of the morrow shall not be exhausted by the business or pleasure of the day. We need

to learn to avoid all *avoidable* evil, and to support ourselves under the *inevitable* burthens of life. Now it is only by knowledge and skill going along with adequate force of resolution, that we can so use the resources of the world on the one hand, and so control the impulses of our own nature on the other, as to maintain the highest possible pitch of vitality, and cause a constant current of our finest emotions and activities. In possessing the command of our own existence we have a lordship or a kingdom, if we would so consider it; for it may well employ the highest gifts of a ruler to govern it well; and if we run it to wreck and perdition, great is the fall thereof. If our life go constantly halting and stumbling, if something about us is incessantly going wrong, if our Present is constantly uneasy, and our Future frequently broken up, if we have neither enjoyment nor hope, if we are disappointed by all events—it is plain that our existence is constructed in some fatal mistake, and that we are altogether out of harmony with the eternal law of things. It would be rash to say that any man might be happy and useful if he knew how to set about it, and were possessed of an ordinary degree of determination; but there is no rashness in declaring that a vast mass of human ills could be avoided by a more intelligent arrangement of the scheme of life. It is a great misfortune to come home at night, weary and worn, and in our ignorance to resort to what makes us worse rather than better; to unstring our nerves in the hour when courage and hope are required of us; or to distract our energies when they behove to be combined for a mighty effort.

The Art of Living, therefore, is the method of stretching out the resources of the world to the measure of human wants, desires, and capabilities. Each person has to consider his own peculiar situation and framework, and to select from among his possessions and opportunities what will do most to yield him a grand and beautiful existence. We have all a certain command of what supports and gratifies body and mind: we have our homes, our city, our companions, our books, our means of accomplishment and instruction, our walks and excursions, the face of nature, the inspiration of art, the ongoings of the world, and many other things capable of influencing us to our very inmost being; on the other side, we are liable to burthens and toils, to violent shocks and slow miseries, to weariness and depression, to temptations and failures; and it becomes our task to dispose all these things to the making our lives joyous rather than grievous, powerful and benignant rather than empty or hurtful. We require to adjust ourselves to our situations, and, if possible, to get rid of contradictions and incompatibilities; to avoid attempting what is above our powers, to strike the balance between desire and gratification, and to observe the limit that our strength has placed to enjoyments and pleasures. And if such a reconciliation be difficult, there is the more need that we should know of all the help that lies within our reach, and learn how far the good ordering of our daily and yearly life may be made to go towards rendering it harmonious and happy. Considering the boundless variety of human conditions and human characters, it looks at first sight a very hopeless business to construct an Art of Living, or a set of comprehensive maxims of life-guidance, that shall be useful to every one, and injurious to no one. What common prescriptions can be given to a man of pleasure and a man of ambition, to giddy youth and sedate old age, to a man struggling and a

man victorious, to opposite temperaments and constitutions, to the recluse and the lover of social fellowship?

Now it is perfectly true, that the method of regulating each individual life cannot be exact without taking into account the character on the one hand, and the worldly situation on the other. And hence if ever our literature shall possess a perfect system of life-guidance, it must specifically allude to all the great varieties of human character and human conditions. But there is such a very great similarity in man's nature in spite of all distinctions, and the outer world presents so much that is the same to every one, that we have room, in the first place, for a set of rules fitting to all places and times, and to every member of our common race. There is an anatomical and physiological identity in our frames; the earth, air and water, light and heat, seasons and vegetation, are common to us all to an extent greater than the whole range of difference that separates man from man. And so far as this similarity holds, we may have a set of universal doctrines—imperfectly understood, it is true, and still less diffused and made known—for regulating our lives to the best advantage.

To see how much there is common to all men in the necessities and requirements of life, apart from the obvious wants of food, and shelter, and sleep, let us reflect how extensive and ramified is the need of *support*, strength, or vigour in every human condition whatsoever. There is hardly anything that any human being does—whether it be to work or play, to think or enjoy pleasure, to give or receive, to love or hate, to serve or command—that does not tend to exhaust something about the human system, to bring on some weakness or weariness. Although the varieties of exertion are innumerable, the fatigue falls upon nearly the same organs, and the modes of refreshment and sustenance, and the cautions to be observed, are almost alike for all. The same nerves, the same flesh, the same stomach, suffer from over-excitement, whether in business or in pleasure. Men may be laden in many ways, but the counteractions and props, if we knew them, are very similar for all cases. Here, therefore, is one foundation for a general Art of Living. How valuable it would be to ascertain precisely all the things that can minister to the support of the human frame under fatigue, so that each one might apply to his own case whichever of them he could command! It is well known that a small increase of bodily vigour will often suffice to disperse a whole crowd of irritations and annoyances, and to renovate the entire tone and colour of the thoughts.

In like manner, if the Art of Living were rested on a scientific and systematic basis, it would have to enumerate the various causes of depression and exhaustion, not merely the obvious influences known to every one, but many that are utterly unsuspected by most people. We should thus know to avoid all of them that are not involved in our indispensable duties. So a full and detailed exposure of the whole class of false stimulants, opiates, and undermining excitements, would be a treasure of wisdom to the whole human family.

We have already said that the Art of Living is quite distinct from the various Arts of Production, although these must in general be determined by what is useful to man. But it is distinct also from the Arts of education, social and moral duty, and religious observance. It no doubt links closely with these. It must, for example, often prescribe things to be learned or

acquired, and thus interfere to control education. It is necessarily subservient to our duties, and should aid us in the fulfilment of them. But still it has a field exclusively its own: its purpose is peculiar to itself, and the knowledge on which it proceeds is a distinct branch of inquiry. It is prudence enlarged, so as to include the uttermost compass of our being. Bodily preservation is the primary department of it: the highest possible range of mental elevation and power, rendered consistent with tranquillity and enjoyment, is its highest end. It is, in fact, Wisdom, in the sense most universally understood in all countries and times. The lower animals have this art for the most part included among their instincts. We, too, have instincts, some of an inferior, and others of an elevated order, to guide us a certain way. But our chief monitor is experience, or repeated trials, conducted under the guidance of our rational judgments, which lead us to adopt or reject according to the issue of each various scheme. In this way a great store of useful facts and maxims have been accumulated and handed down through the successive generations of man. We are duly told to labour diligently at our callings, to control our passions, to acquire useful accomplishments, to be regular in our mode of life, to lay up store for the future, to be content with what is allotted us; and we are introduced into the games, pastimes, and recreations that exhilarate human existence. We find institutions and manners set up in the world, with a view to gratify and improve our lives, and we are taught to take our part in working under them. There is no lack of devices for sweetening the flow of man's earthly career; and these have actually accomplished their end with a degree of success that would astonish any poor creature launched naked into a primeval forest to act out his drama of life there.

But that the Art of Living has not yet come to great perfection, is testified by the deplorable experience of the human race. The perplexity, and discord, and difficulties of life have been the theme of complaints that ring through all ages; yielding Cynic and Stoic philosophies, self-inflicted tortures and immolations, voluntary banishment from the world, gloomy speculations, suicides and crimes. It is surely worth while trying whether a better knowledge of the actual course of things, and of the beneficial agencies wrapt up in the womb of nature, may not help, among other causes, to stem such a torrent of despair, and prove the possibility of a great and harmonious existence for man.

Like the Industrial and other Arts, the Art of Living has owed much of its recent improvement, and in a great measure rests its future prospects, upon the advancement of the Exact Sciences:—

The *Arithmetical* and *Mathematical* Sciences have now reached an amazing perfection, and they carry their usefulness into all the arts and ongoing of life. They have also been valuable to the specific Art of Living. Even the small range of arithmetic requisite for enabling each person to balance his means with his expenditure, fulfils an important function. But the most notable application of mathematics to our present case is its serving as the foundation of perhaps the greatest device for improving the tenure of human existence that modern ages has produced—namely, the system of insurances as now practised. This wonderful instrument for alleviating the load of human cares, and quieting feverish terrors and sleepless nights, could not have been set up until the Greek had perfected his

geometry, till algebra had come from the Arabs, and Napier of Merchiston constructed his logarithms.

Physical Science (which comprehends the laws of the aggregation of bodies into solids, liquids, and gases; the laws of movement, rest, and resistance to movement, commonly called mechanics; and the doctrines of the four natural powers—gravity, heat, electricity, and light) has attained a very high degree of perfection, and its various branches have been applied, more or less, to improve the Industrial Arts. Several of these branches have also been highly useful to the art we are now discussing. For example, *Mechanics*, in the hands of scientific men, has furnished our modern timekeepers, and made their construction so simple, that they have come to be distributed over the whole face of civilised life. Now, besides facilitating the business of society, these timekeepers are a very great help to our individual existence. They mark out the divisions of our day, and the alternations of our employments, with rigid accuracy; rendering us independent of the illusions of our own feelings in knowing when to work and when to rest—when to eat and when to sleep. They are the handmaids of reason in controlling our life; and we ought to feel grateful for a power, out of ourselves, and infallible in its indications, serving to keep our actions right. But we have other physical machinery, with a like function, although only beginning to be introduced for such a purpose. Thus there are thermometers, for determining the warmth of our rooms, and to put down for ever the petty contradictions that are constantly arising within doors, from the uncertainty of the naked sensations on such a point. To these we may add hydrometers, for ascertaining and enabling us to adjust the moisture contained in the air, which is, next to warmth, the most important property of the atmosphere. The barometer also, with its aid in predicting the weather, will often save us from the mishaps that would mar many a day's expected enjoyment.

Especial mention deserves to be made, in the present connection, of the Science of *Chemistry*, so new, and yet so comprehensive and so certain. Besides creating entire new fields of industry, and multiplying the diffusion of useful commodities, this science first explained to us exactly our dependence on a pure atmosphere, and specified the change that comes over the air in passing through our lungs. The settled indifference of the human race to such a prime element of existence as fresh air, proves how long it would take to perfect even our bodily condition by the experience of the general multitude. The immortal discoveries of Priestley, Lavoisier, and others, on the different kinds of air, took the lead in the movement that is now beginning to operate for improving the dwellings of the present generation. Chemistry is also commencing to explain the laws of digestion; from which it will gradually proceed to render an exact account of all the changes connected with the absorption and expulsion of material substances from the human system. The arts of eating, drinking, and cookery, universally associated with living well, will one day owe their perfection to this beautiful region of scientific truth.

The science of *Animal Physiology* ought naturally to be the most fertile in applications to the art of maintaining high bodily vigour and enjoyment, seeing that it is the principal foundation of the art of healing; and this will certainly be the case when it is further advanced. But even as it

stands, it has made some very valuable contributions to our art. It has pointed out the relation of the different organs of the human body to one another; as, for example, the connection of the muscular system with the nerves, of the stomach with the skin, of the heart and the head. We are thus taught how we can act upon one organ through the medium of another. We may affect the stomach by purifying the skin; and by regulating our motions and activity, maintain the vigour of the circulation and the clearness of the brain. This allows us a choice of resources in supporting the weaker parts of our frame: he that cannot eat and drink as he ought, may bathe or walk, and by such means save his constitution from impending wreck. Physiology also explains the doctrine of the alternation of exercise and rest, which is perhaps the most comprehensive of all the conditions of health and wellbeing.

Mental Philosophy, professing, as it does, to expound the peculiarities and proceedings of the human mind, ought to abound in useful applications to the art of existence. As Physics, Chemistry, and Physiology have to teach us all the sources of strength and support of a material kind, the science of mind ought to point out clearly all the supporting sensations, associations, and emotions, as well as all that are annoying and hurtful. This has not yet been done in a way to be practically useful. But there are many important maxims which owe what clearness or distinctness they have to the labours of the few scientific men who have as yet applied themselves to the study of the mind; for example, it is ascertained that the happiness and satisfaction of a human being may be directly secured by gratifying his strongest sensibilities and tastes on the one hand, and on the other by giving full scope to the exercise of his greatest powers and capacities; that is to say, *passively*, or by what he feels most, and *actively*, or by what he can do best. This is a general doctrine, which would, if carried out, very much simplify a great many of the questions and proceedings of daily life. The general experience of men has made them always in some degree aware of facts falling under this principle. We are accustomed to speak of a person being in his *element*, when he has his finest and favourite susceptibilities gratified, or when engaged in the pursuits that bring out his highest capabilities; but the comprehensive statement of the principle, simple and almost obvious as it may seem, could not have been arrived at without careful and exact inquiry.

The doctrines relating to congregated human beings, or masses of men living together in societies, including the principles of government, law, social duties, political economy, and civil history, have been proposed to be consolidated into one great branch, to be termed the *Science of Society*, or social science, to follow up the science of the human mind, which very much restricts its attention to the individual. Much good would arise if such a science were to attain any degree of certainty or precision. The society that we live in influences our life as much as the light of heaven or the air we breathe; and an exact appreciation of the effects of all our varied contacts with the world of human beings, is as desirable as to know the virtues of what we eat and drink. We are liable to be very much mistaken in our judgments of the good and evil we derive from companions and societies, from being masters or servants, teachers or scholars, the givers or receivers of benefits, from mixing with the multitude, or retiring

to solitude. The action of society upon the individual is mixed and complicated beyond the power of ordinary sagacity to unravel. And yet if it were explicitly defined, there is nothing in the whole range of the sciences that would be more useful to them that are desirous of sound guidance to their lives. Our sympathies, affections, admirations, and general enthusiasm, in the presence of our fellow-men, are of unbounded effect in elevating and widening the current of existence; but besides that, in this mixed world, the opposite emotions of hatred and antipathy occur to depress and irritate the spirit, these very enlivening influences have their evils and their drawbacks, and it would take more knowledge than we have yet acquired of human nature to control them to our greatest advantage. It is even a disputed point on many occasions how far the assistance that we receive from others in getting through the labours of life is for our good—as in the matter of education; and in taking care of ourselves generally. There is therefore much need for introducing the accuracy of scientific determinations into this important region of human knowledge.

Such are the things whereby we may test the advance of a people, and from whose characteristics we would deduce the methods of encouraging in our separate spheres the progress of humanity. In regard to many of the acquisitions now sketched, much has to be done in merely extending to the many what is as yet enjoyed only by the few.

At the end of this review of Progress, we can lay it down as the most comprehensive principle of Order, that the elements of Civilisation should harmonise with one another. This would admit of a wide illustration, which would tend to show that Progress may be so conducted as to menace Order. A nation may be given up to art, like the Italians of the middle age, and disregard social morality; or pride themselves on the perfection of their etiquette, as the French formerly; or set the industrial torrent above everything, as many say of the English; or be, like the Greeks, unrivalled in genius in every department, but destitute of the power of combination for self-defence. It will often be necessary for far-seeing men to devote themselves to the supply of some great counterpoise overlooked in the general movement, and to bring up the arrears of the neglected ingredients of a healthy existence.

If, then, history, statistics, or information about the past or present is to be used for the purposes of political wisdom, or real insight into the stream of affairs, it must exemplify or illustrate in some way or other either the conditions of Social Order, or the operations of the elements of Civilisation or Social Progress.

THE MYTH.

NOT a few of our readers must have observed the frequency with which the noun *myth*, *mythe*, or *mythus*, and the corresponding adjective *mythic*, or *mythical*, have of late been used in our current literature. These words, we believe, are of very recent existence amongst us: the noun, at least, has not belonged to our language for more than a few years. It has not been from a mere freak, however, that our writers, discontented with such previously-known words as *legend*, *fable*, &c. have had recourse to this new name *mythus*, which, after all, is but the Greek word *fable*, or *saying*, written in English letters. The innovation was rendered necessary by the occasion; which was nothing less than the introduction among us of a new and important mode of thinking with reference to the so-called legendary portions of history. This mode of thinking—this ‘Doctrine of the Mythus,’ as it is termed—is of German origin. In Germany it is generally regarded as having grown out of the researches of the celebrated Niebuhr, some thirty years ago, in the field of early Roman history; and now, after having led to wonderful results among the German historians and thinkers, it has just reached this country, imported, we believe, in such books as Mr Leitch’s ‘Translation of Müller’s Mythology,’ and Mr Grote’s ‘History of Greece.’ To persons thoroughly possessed with this new and beautiful doctrine, the words *myth* and *mythical* have a precise and peculiar significance that could not be so well conveyed by the words *legend* and *legendary*, or *fable* and *fabulous*. And though in common use these several words are now often confounded, the preference generally shown for the first-mentioned pair marks a certain popular sense not only of their quaintness, but also of their scientific character. To exhibit this scientific character, to explain exactly what is meant by the words *mythus* and *mythical*—in short, to expound and illustrate the ‘Doctrine of the Mythus’—is the object of the present paper.

The doctrine of the mythus may be stated in its most general form thus:—*There is in the human mind a tendency, when excited by any particular feeling, to body forth that feeling in some imaginary fact, scene, or circumstance, in the contemplation of which it may find relief; and the strength of this tendency is on the whole proportional to the strength of the exciting feeling, and to the deficiency of already known facts or circumstances that will answer the purpose.* This proposition, it will be perceived, is one of extremely extensive character. It asserts that never is the mind of any human being excited by joy, by anger, by grief, by love, by pity, or by any other feeling whatever, but instantly, and for the most part unconsciously, it begins to invent some

imaginary incident, or train of incidents, of a kind corresponding to the feeling; and in the very act of inventing which, the feeling spends itself, and sinks. To express the same thing in language more vague and familiar: all excitement, all emotion, all enthusiasm, is naturally and necessarily poetic. Or again, borrowing a figure from the physiology of the human body, the proposition may be expressed in this other form:—It is a law of the human mind, that on every occasion of powerful emotion there shall be a secretion from the intellect of a certain quantity of purely fictitious matter, the due supply of which is a sign of mental health.

To illustrate and prove this law—which, when stated abstractly, has certainly a somewhat questionable look—one has only to reflect closely on what takes place every hour in one's own mind. Suppose that a person has received an affront, or has been otherwise discomposed and vexed, during an evening spent in the society of friends and strangers, what does that person do as he walks home alone in the starlight? He walks moodily and slowly: if he is a person of very excitable temperament, he walks fast, mutters to himself, and clenches his hands; he recalls the offending circumstance, rehearses the bitter phrase, and dwells on all the particulars till he has extracted their full poignancy; and in one way or other, according to his peculiar frame and disposition, he exhibits his agitation to the apathetic footpath. But whatever may be his other modes of showing his perturbation, one mode is almost sure to be in active exercise—the mental supposition, namely, and wholly imaginative creation, of possible scenes, positions, or circumstances, in which, if they did happen, there would be a thorough retrieval of all that may have been lost by the unlucky occurrence of the evening, and a thorough indemnification for all the unpleasantness it may have occasioned. As the angry pedestrian strides along, for example, there rise up before his indignant imagination pictures of himself and the person that has offended him, placed in such a position that in the issue the tables would be completely turned; pictures of keen verbal altercation, in which self wins the victory; or, in extreme cases, of physical encounter, or exchanged pistol-shots, with a similar result. Cherishing such images, the angry man branches out into others and others, till at length, lost in a thicket of his own gratuitous fancies, the probability is, that ere he reaches home, he is tolerably composed and consoled, the secreted fiction, so to speak, having carried off the angry humour. Nor is it only under the influence of the emotion of anger that this tendency of the mind to regale itself with pure matter of fiction would be exhibited. It would be the same with a mind under the influence of any other feeling. What crowds of tender images come in the train of Pity: images of comfortless homes, of weeping women, of families made happy by an easy benevolence! Or again, in the poetic power of Love, in the well-known regardlessness of this sentiment for whatever is real and perceptible to third parties, and its exclusive respect for its own self-woven phantasies, have we not an illustration of the same law? In different minds, of course, the disposition thus to indulge in fiction will operate with very different degrees of force—in some very weakly, and in others so as almost to amount to an intellectual disease: on the whole, however, it may be assumed that the strength with which the imaginative tendency works in any particular mind, is a measure of the emotional force of that mind; and that the strength with which it works in that mind at any particular moment, is a measure of the force of the particular feeling under

which that mind is then labouring. And as regards the remaining clause of our general proposition—namely, that the strength of the mythical tendency is proportionate to the deficiency of already known facts or circumstances of a nature suitable for the occasion—this assertion, though hardly susceptible of complete proof, seems to be borne out by the well-known fact, that the mind, when labouring under some strong feeling, will, instead of creating fiction for itself, often seize and appropriate fiction that is already current. The lover, for instance, will select out of a store of songs those that please him most; or reading a sentimental tale, will find a pleasure in placing himself in the midst of the circumstances it describes.

Considering, now, that the entire waking existence of every human being is but a succession of more or less intense emotional states, we obtain an idea of the enormous amount of purely fictitious matter that must be generated daily in the collective mind of any large society or assemblage of human beings, such as a city or a nation. Several hundreds of thousands, or several millions of individuals, all busily inventing and imagining from morning to night—what a mass of mythical substance would be the result could the whole be collected! But no such thing takes place as this daily accumulation in a community of the mythical matter produced in the numberless individual minds that compose it. The vast proportion of the fictions formed every day within the limits of any city or community perish without seeing the light, merely falling down and decaying, as it were, in the minds where they grew. Every individual is quite capable of distinguishing between the arbitrary conceptions, or images that are perpetually welling up within his own mind under the influence of the successive emotions that sway it, and those other conceptions or images that are conveyed inward to his mind from the solid external world. The former class of images or conceptions he merely entertains and sports with, the latter he believes and assumes to be true. He therefore keeps the former to himself, letting them rise and fall, and come and go, and flit across the canvas of his fancy, but not offering them to others as representations of real occurrences; but the latter he treats very differently, announcing them with confidence, and proceeding upon them boldly and unhesitatingly in his intercourse with the world. Occasionally, indeed, a person tries to palm off a fiction of his own for a fact, but this is a conscious deceit, easily recognised upon examination. Sometimes, again, a person weaves together designedly a number of the arbitrary images and conceptions that have arisen in his own mind, and presents them to the world, not as real circumstances, but only as a romance or story that may please all without deceiving any one. This is the business of the poet, or the writer of fiction. But different from all the three kinds of fictions that have been mentioned; different from those fictions that die and decay daily in the minds of individuals; different, also, from the deliberate falsehoods that are promulgated for a purpose; and different, finally, from the conscious and elaborated creations of the poets and romance-writers—are Myths or Mythi, properly so called; namely, those arbitrary conceptions or imaginations which, disengaging themselves somehow from the minds that produced them, are projected outwards upon society in perfect good faith, and are received by society as true statements and narratives.

In this definition of the Mythos, properly so called, it is involved that in every society where new myths arise and are circulated, there must exist these two conditions: *first*, the presence of some myth-originating person or persons

—that is, some person or persons so peculiarly constituted as to be unable always clearly to distinguish between the arbitrary ideas or conceptions that arise spontaneously within the mind, and those determinate impressions that are derived from experience—confounding, on the contrary, the one with the other, and accepting both as of equal credibility and value; and *secondly*, a widely-diffused myth-believing tendency—that is, a widely-diffused disposition to receive without inquiry stories of the particular class to which the current myths belong.

The first of these conditions is the more difficult and unlikely of the two, according to our modern notions; and yet one might safely assert that there does not at this moment exist any community of considerable extent in which it is not fulfilled. In every community, even the most civilised and rational, there are exceptional individuals, possessing the abnormal structure of mind that we have described; incapable, that is, of always discriminating between what is real or objective, and what is merely ideal or subjective; confounding the conceivable with the true, and disposed often to believe a thing, simply because they *think* it, as firmly as if they saw it happen. This tendency sometimes manifests itself as a disease or an accident—as during delirium tremens, or under the influence of opium. Sometimes, however, it is chronic and permanent, in which case we are accustomed to call the subject of it a mystic, an idealist, a dreamer, a person of strange fancies, a seer, a monomaniac, and such like. Persons of this peculiar character are by no means necessarily of inferior intellect or culture: on the contrary, there have been instances of such mystics or idealists among men of the highest powers, and even of the most sagacious and practical understandings. Robert Blake, the painter, used to see apparitions so distinctly as to paint from them. Fourier, the celebrated founder of the Phalansterian school of French Socialists, was a man of the same stamp. With great and accurate powers of observation and logic, he conjoined an implicit reliance on certain extraordinary intuitions that were peculiar to his own mind, and of which he could give no account—as, for example, that the world would last precisely 80,000 years, and that God had originally peopled the globe with sixteen races of men. In short, in every society there exist men of all degrees of ability and worth in other respects, who are so constituted that they will, with the most perfect good faith, declare things to be real that are not real in the common sense of that word—that is, not perceptible to universal experience, or even in contradiction with it. Nay, the great majority even of ordinarily-constituted persons are liable to the same hallucination, if only they are inordinately roused and excited by any feeling. Such persons, of whatever intellectual *calibre*, are myth-originating persons; and the unreal stories which they propagate, believing them to be true, are myths. Sometimes the myths that they propagate may have a nucleus of fact—that is, may consist of a real occurrence of the outer world bedded in the fantastic or ideal matter which arose in the mind of the mythist at the instant that the occurrence was contemplated—as, for example, if a person, seeing a man tumble from a precipice, but seeing also, as he imagined, a supernatural agent in the transaction, were to spread the report that a fiend had thrown the man over. Frequently, however, myths have no nucleus of fact whatever, and are from beginning to end pure phantasms.

Turning now to the other condition of the social propagation of a mythus—namely, the existence of a credulous or myth-believing tendency in the

community at large—let us consider what would be the fate of any particular mythus projected into modern society out of the interior consciousness of any myth-originating person. This would evidently depend on the nature of the mythus itself, and on its relation to the whole mental condition of the community it was offered to. If the mythus was altogether of an odd and silly character, it would be received with laughter; if it was generally offensive, it would be denounced as a lie, even though its author were in earnest; if it involved the element of the wonderful and impossible, it would be rejected by the cultivated and sceptical part of the community, but would probably find acceptance with the many, especially if promulgated by a man of power and energy; and, finally, if perfectly plausible in itself, and at the same time extremely accordant with some prevailing feeling or opinion, it would in all likelihood be adopted by the whole community, with the exception of the few who were accustomed systematically to set aside every statement not supported by positive testamentary evidence. Thus, therefore, while a considerable proportion even of published mythi—as, for example, those odd fancies of Fourier—would, in virtue of their peculiar and unpopular nature, be either nipped in the bud or confined within a very narrow circle of believers, others might, in virtue of their blinding grandeur, or of their exquisite adaptation to the existing state of the public mind, pass at once into universal beliefs. In such cases, not at all uncommon where society at large, agitated by some powerful special feeling, seizes with avidity on a mythus or story thrown out by some one person, adopting that mythus and making it its own, society itself may be regarded as the creator of the mythus. As the individual mind, when labouring under any strong emotion, relieves itself by inventing imaginary scenes and incidents embodying, and, as it were, dramatising that emotion; so it would appear the mind of a community, when charged with any aggregate mass of sentiment, relieves itself in like manner by secreting exactly similar matter of fiction. That some one member of the community, more forward and myth-inventive than the rest, should speak first, and lead the way, is a mere accident; the minds of all the others were straining in the same direction; and no sooner is the word spoken than it becomes a kind of corporate suggestion, to which no one possesses more claim than another. It might even happen that the original suggestion of the story by the individual might be a trick, a deliberate falsehood, or, as it is called, a hoax; or, again, the first assertion of the truth of the story might involve no deceit whatever, but might proceed on a mistake, a misreport, a defect of language, or such like, as in the schoolbook tale, where the sick man, who has vomited ‘something as black as a crow,’ is at length reported to have vomited ‘three black crows;’ still, even in these cases, by adopting the story in good faith, and thereby assuming the authorship of it, society may give it the character of a myth. On the whole, however, it is best to conceive the mythus as from first to last an expression of assured belief, and therefore to define it thus:—A *mythus* is a fictitious story, either supernatural in its character, or perfectly rational and probable, arising, first, by a natural process in the mind of some individual overcharged with some opinion, theory, or feeling; accepted by that person in perfect good faith, and confounded with the positive results of his own experience; and finally blazoned abroad, and adopted by society at large, and especially by those who are already under the influence of the opinion, theory, or feeling it em-

bodies, as a true and genuine narrative of facts. In contradistinction to the mythus, thus understood, it has been proposed to define a *legend* to be (what we have already described as a mythus with a nucleus of fact—namely) a story in which some real occurrence is bedded and wrapped up in a mass of purely fictitious matter, added out of the mind itself at the time that the real occurrence was first contemplated. In other words, a *mythus* is a fact wholly created by an idea, or made, so to speak, to its order; a *legend* is a fact viewed through the medium of an idea, and narrated under its transmuting and distorting influence. The distinction, however, though in some respects serviceable, ought not to be too rigorously insisted on; as, in practice, much error would arise if it were always required to separate between what is mythus and what is legend, according to the foregoing definitions. Finally, it is to be observed that both mythus and legend are in their nature accumulative and prolific. A mythus or legend already flung forth from one mind may become the nucleus round which other minds may deposit new mythical layers with the same good faith, and thus myth and legend may go on, mingling and growing, till at length the result is a perfect medley, in which, amid whole heaps of pure matter of fiction, there may be but a few grains of genuine and literal fact.

All this, which it is necessary thus to state abstractly first, will be rendered more clear and credible if we take an example. Perhaps the most beautiful illustration yet offered by any writer on the subject, of the way in which a mythus may form itself, and become current even in modern society, is that given by Mr Grote in a paper on Grecian mythology, originally published, we believe, in the 'Westminster Review,' and subsequently quoted by a reviewer of Mr Grote's 'History of Greece' in the 'Edinburgh.' The example is from the life of Lord Byron. Among the numerous fictions relating to Lord Byron that have been palmed upon the world—'romantic tours and wonderful adventures in places he never saw and with persons that never existed'—his biographer, Mr Moore, specially alludes to one, believed and propagated by no less a person than Goethe. In a review of Byron's poem of 'Manfred,' Goethe thus comments on the gloom and despair that appears in all the poet's writings:—

'He (Byron) has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms for ever haunt him, and in this piece also ("Manfred") perform principal parts—one under the name of Astarte; the other without form or presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence that took place with the former, the following is related:—When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the fact, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one to whom suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after. This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems.'

Here Goethe, and with him the whole German literary public, from whose gossip he doubtless derived the story, evidently mean to explain the peculiar character of Byron's poetry, by attributing it to the poet's own remorse for a secret deed of blood, perpetrated in very romantic circumstances. Respecting this mythus (for it is hardly necessary to say it is nothing more) Mr Grote remarks:—

'The story which Goethe relates of the intrigue and double murder at Florence is not a misreported fact: it is pure and absolute fiction. It is not a story of which one part is true, and another part false, nor in which you can hope, by removing ever so much of superficial exaggeration, to reach at last a subsoil of reality. All is alike untrue—the basis as well as the details. In the mind of the original inventor the legend derived its birth, not from any erroneous description which had reached his ears respecting adventures of the real Lord Byron, but from the profound and vehement impression which Lord Byron's poetry had made both upon him and upon all others around him. The poet appeared to be breathing out his own soul and sufferings in the character of his heroes; he seemed like one struck down, as well as inspired, by some strange visitation of destiny. In what manner, and from what cause, had the Eumenides been induced thus to single him out as their victim? A large circle of deeply-moved readers, and amongst them the greatest of all German authors, cannot rest until this problem be solved: either a fact must be discovered, or a fiction invented for the solution. The minds of all being perplexed by the same mystery, and athirst for the same explanation, nothing is wanted except a *prima eox* (first word). Some one, more forward and more felicitous than the rest, imagines and proclaims the tragical narrative of the Florentine married couple. So happily does the story fit in, that the inventor seems only to have given clear utterance to that which others were dimly shadowing out in their minds: the lacerated feelings of the poet are no longer an enigma; the die which has stamped upon his verses their peculiar impress has been discovered and exhibited to view.'*

In the history of the propagation of this mythus, so beautifully commented on by Mr Grote, we see clearly the coexistence of the two conditions that we have described as necessary in the propagation of all mythi—the presence in society of some myth-producing person or persons, and the prevalence of some largely-diffused popular feeling to which the myth will be welcome. As regards this second condition, Mr Grote has sufficiently explained the matter when he speaks of the profound and vehement impression that had been made by Byron's poetry upon the German reading-public, of the 'large circle of deeply-moved readers' unable to rest until the problem of the poet's gloomy character has been solved, of the 'painful vacancy in their minds' waiting to be filled. Regarding the manner in which the particular myth in question happened to be produced, Mr Grote has perhaps expressed himself too briefly and lightly. That Goethe himself should have been the man to originate the myth is not at all likely, considering his character; and, besides, he quotes the myth as having been related by others. It must have been, as Mr Grote says, 'some one more forward and felicitous than the rest' that imagined and proclaimed the tragical narrative; some one, that is, of the hundred thousand deeply-moved German readers of Byron. But when we come to fix our eyes on this 'some one,' and to catch him, as it were, in the act of originating the myth, we are perplexed by the difficulty of the thing, and find ourselves puzzled by various ways of conceiving it. We may either, in the first place, imagine the existence somewhere in the German literary world of some abnormal individual such as we have described, some obscure Blake or Fourier, not always capable of distinguishing the phantasmagories

* Extract from Mr Grote's paper quoted in 'Edinburgh Review.'

that arose spontaneously in his own mind from the information he received from without, and therefore quite likely to promulgate the story of Byron and the Florentine lady, in perfect belief, if only he had anyhow been led to conceive such a thing in his own forgetive brain; or, again, we may suppose some perfectly sober and normal person so roused and excited at some particular moment by the Byronic frenzy, as to become for that moment a phantasmagorist; or, not less probably, we may fancy some deliberate liar, or some practical joker, concocting the story and spreading it, in which case it would only properly become a mythus when it reached some mind that thoroughly and implicitly believed it, and gave it forth again as true; or, finally, we might regard the whole story as a superstructure gradually raised on a mistaken speech or phrase, as if some one had at first said, 'I should not wonder if Byron had had some terrible love-catastrophe in his own life of the kind he is so fond of describing,' some one else had then added the suggestion that 'Byron was once at Florence,' and so on, till at length the story, converted out of the hypothetical into the real, had reached Goethe's ears, and assumed its final shape under his pen.

Having thus, we trust, with sufficient clearness and fulness expounded the doctrine of the mythus in its general form, and as it is rooted in the very structure of human nature, it remains for us now to carry the doctrine forth into history, and to exhibit its wonderful efficacy in disintegrating the traditions of the past, and separating the false in them from the true.

In entering on the subject of the critical application of the doctrine of the mythus to history, we have to add a new proposition to those already offered regarding the mythus. It is this:—*That the facility with which myths arise and propagate themselves, and consequently their abundance, increase, both as regards the world in general, and as regards individual nations and communities in particular, as we ascend from the present into the past.*

That the mythical productiveness of the early ages of the world must have been greater than that of the later, and that, on the whole, there must have been a regular decrease in this respect from the primeval ages to the present time, is theoretically evident on three grounds—*first*, because the myth-originating tendency must have been stronger, and the myth-originating class of persons more numerous in the early than in the modern world; *secondly*, because the myth-believing tendency must have been stronger, and the myth-believing portion of the species larger; and, *thirdly*, because the myth-detecting instrumentalities must have been fewer and less efficient.

To receive a full impression of the reality and importance of the first two of these statements, one must endeavour to shake off modern habits of thought and feeling, and to transport one's-self back into that state of mental childhood in which our race was when it started on its long career. 'That human nature is the same in all ages' is a profound truth; but another truth which must be rigorously taken along with it is, that no two ages have been precisely alike in their methods of intellectual procedure, in their ways of looking at things, or in their general conceptions of the universe; and that it would be the height of absurdity to interpret any portion of the past according to modern views and modes of thinking.

Fixing, then, our attention upon the primeval ages of the world's history, what do we find? Men essentially, so far at least as appears, of equal mind and faculty with ourselves, with equal and equally varied cerebral powers,

with the same innate moral and æsthetic feelings, the same profound and all-comprehending sense of a mysterious Infinite lying beyond physical appearance; yet, in their intellectual procedure, altogether unlike us. And wherein does the peculiarity lie? Chiefly in this, that they are as yet totally inexperienced and uninstructed; that they have accumulated out of the vast theatre of things no stock of scientific information; that they have but one way of accounting for everything—the extension, namely, of their own personality to all that they see. As the child will beat the table against which it has struck itself, attributing to the piece of furniture its own sense of life (by no means a proof of bad temper, as parents suppose, but the result of a provisional mode of viewing things which every infant must go through), so did these early children of the earth transfer into all nature their own feelings, passions, vitality. Everything was to them alive and wonderful: the trees, the winds, the rocks, the rivers, were all invested with consciousness and will. They knew of but one way in which anything could take place—by the agency, namely, of personal volition. It was by conscious energy that *they* walked, spoke, lifted stones; it must therefore be by conscious energy that the stream flowed, or the sun rolled through the heavens. Fancy the table-striking child full-grown, with physical, moral, and cerebral faculties all perfectly developed, able to talk, and to walk over miles of country, seeing not the limited phenomena of the nursery, but a vast panorama of sky, wood, hills, and sea; and yet fancy him retaining and extending to everything that infantine manner of viewing things that showed itself when he struck the table, and you have a picture of the mental state of a primeval man. He is essentially a Fetichist. Nature is not to him a vast solid aggregation of brute matter, much less a mass of different chemical compounds held together by electric and other forces; it is a swarming and teeming world of living things, amid which he himself walks, also a living thing, giving and exchanging blows with them. Such a phrase, for example, as this, 'Heat causes an unpleasant sensation,' would not be at all according to his mode of expressing himself; he would rather use some such phrase as this, 'Pain is the daughter of Fire;' and that not with any consciousness of allegory, but with complete and literal understanding of the fact in question, in that way, and in no other. Such a word as *cause* is totally modern: it is a meaning into which the human mind has been trained and educated by a long process; and it was quite alien from the primeval human intellect. *To beget* was the equivalent conception. And so, in everything whatever, human attributes were transferred to external and material things, such as appeared small, ordinary, or mean being invested with an inferior allowance of life and energy; and such as appeared great, terrible, or majestic, with an allowance that made them divine and worthy of propitiation. There was no difference, either, among the ancestors of our race between poetic language, religious language, and speculative language; religion, poetry, and philosophy were all blended in one fiery and pregnant mode of speech, used by all alike, though more beautifully and forcibly by the superior than by the inferior minds. What we call a moral maxim was a thing unknown to them in that shape: had such a meaning, for example, as 'Honesty is the best policy,' entered into their heads, and struggled for expression, it would have presented itself in some concrete form, as of gods fighting or of heroes wrestling on the sea-sand.

But how, out of this strange, boisterous, primeval way of thinking, has

the present intellectual condition of the human race evolved itself? The answer is simple: by the incessant activity, from that time to this, of one part or principle of human nature furrowing the way, as it were, in advance of the rest—namely, the scientific or purely knowing faculty. This faculty, the essential business of which it is to bind together or classify things or phenomena that are similar, began to act at the very outset of human existence, and has been acting with regularly-increasing effect ever since. No sooner had it begun to act than it cleared a space for itself out of the universal mass of human conceptions, and implanted itself, as it were, like a leaven into the midst of them. Becoming familiar, for example, with the more common objects of their landscape—the stones they trod on, the withered leaves, and so on—men gradually withdrew from all such common things the human attributes they had at first so lavishly wasted on them; reserving (as under the Polytheistic system of the ancient Greeks and Romans) the dignity of personality only for the large objects and conceptions—the streams, the rocks, the heavenly bodies, and so on. And still as the resemblances between diverse phenomena and the recurrence of the same events, under stated circumstances, continued to be marked, the circle of scientific conceptions became larger, and the domain of reputed life and volition less. At length the scientific method of viewing things came, on the whole, to predominate; the systematic course of nature began in all departments to be recognised; and, one after another, the positive sciences struggled into existence—astronomy, general physics, physiology, psychology, and history. Disintegrated by the growing mass of scientific thought, the ancient uniform faith slowly gave way; and out of the primeval homogeneous language there arose several distinct styles of expression, any one of which might be assumed upon occasion—the religious as one, the poetical as a second, and the speculative as a third.

Applying now these observations to the matter immediately on hand, one sees at a glance how much more favourable to the production and propagation of myths the earlier ages of the world must have been than the later; for the very peculiarity of that primeval mental condition of the human species that we have been describing may be expressed by the single word *mythical*. The mythical way of thinking was supreme among the progenitors of our race. Let a man of the primeval time have conceived what we call a meaning, or have been moved by any feeling, and how would he express it? Mythically, and no otherwise: that is, the imaginary fact, scene, or circumstance, that rose in his mind at the moment, he would seize and fling forth as his statement of what he wanted to say. Thus all speech consisted of myths given and exchanged. Whatever thought arose in a man's mind, whatever sensation varied his consciousness, could be expressed by him only in one way—namely, *by dragging forth the concrete images, fictions, or inventions, that he felt arise contemporaneously with it*. His neighbour or comrade adopting these fictions or inventions, understood what he meant by similarity of constitution, and was able to reply; and the speech of all, of rich as well as of poor, and of men of powerful as well as of men of weak intellects, was necessarily homogeneous. As soon, however, as positive science had made a beginning, a change took place: a numerous body of abstract propositions, the result of the observation and generalisation of natural appearances, was established in the heart, as it were, of the vague language of temporary sensation; instructed men, recurring again and again to this mass of accumu-

lated truth, learnt to distinguish between those arbitrary conceptions that they had formerly treated as real knowledge, and those genuine inductions of which they had now so many examples. And although the great proportion of mankind were excluded from the direct benefits of such systematic training, yet, influenced by the example, and catching the tone of the instructed, even they assumed a new mode of thinking, and ceased to be purely or principally mythists.

To the foregoing considerations, showing the superior ease with which myths must have been both produced and accepted in the earlier stages of human society, we have still to add another, specified above—the consideration, namely, of the comparative deficiency in early times of instrumentalities for the detection of myths. In the first ages of all, when the mythical way of thinking was universal, there were of course no such instrumentalities; the very idea of them implying the previous existence of a certain amount of scepticism in society, the prevalence among some, at least, of an unmythical way of thinking. The moment, however, that a scientific class arose, instrumentalities were called into exercise for protecting that class from the mythical fictions that were current in society around them. In the first place, the scientific spirit itself was in so far a protection, every man that possessed it being instinctively able to reject all such myths as were contradictory to the established principles that formed his scientific stock. Thus, in the present day, every scientific man has set up a standard of impossibility that would enable him instantly to dismiss as absurd any such story as that still believed (the newspapers tell us) in some parts of England—namely, that a loaf of bread, with a certain quantity of quicksilver put into the heart of it, will, if floated on a river, attract from the bottom any dead body that may chance to be there. But this native safeguard afforded by scientific knowledge itself could not be in all cases efficacious; there being thousands of myths perfectly rational and probable in their nature, and yet as baseless as the most extravagant nursery fable. Very few men, for example, possessed an adequate amount of positive knowledge, or had that knowledge sufficiently at command, to enable them to reject as an impossibility the prodigious story that came across the Atlantic some years ago, that the Niagara cataract had ceased to exist. Hundreds of fully-educated men, had they had their knowledge of the scientific possibilities of the case alone to trust to, must have believed that story. What other safeguard, then, have men to depend on in such cases? This—the habit of permanently avoiding the belief of any statement of fact, however probable, that cannot produce its evidence. By this means it was that the Niagara story was so summarily rejected by many, even at the moment of its promulgation. This habit of always demanding and estimating evidence, is itself the product of the scientific spirit; and, upon the whole, it has regularly attained strength as science has advanced.

The practice of recording events may be regarded as coincident in its origin with the appearance of an unmythical spirit among a certain portion of mankind. No sooner had the practice been begun in any community, than the mythopoeic (myth-making) age of that community may be said to have ceased; for although myths were produced in abundance afterwards among the unlettered portions of the population, yet being unsanctioned by the acceptance of minds venerated for their culture, these myths were arrested at the outset, and instead of entering into the body of national myths be-

lieved in by all, were driven back into an obscure existence among the peasantry and the poor. And the higher the perfection to which the art of recording events was carried, the more difficult of course did it become to add a new myth to the ancient national stock. The protection, for example, afforded against myths by the rude stone-carvings of early nations, must have been small in comparison with that afforded by the literary activity of so many able men in the later ages of Greece and Rome; and the efficacy of either must have been insignificant compared with the power exercised by the art of printing. The invention of this art ought to be noted as forming, in this very matter of mythical productiveness, an immense wall of separation between the ancient and the modern world. If even at the present day, as we have seen, myths may be formed and propagated, how much more easily, and in how much greater numbers, must they have been put in circulation in times when there were no printed books and no newspapers, and when the power of consulting records at all was confined to a small minority in every society. The gradual improvement of our locomotive processes has operated in a similar way. The ancients knowing, in the first place, but a small portion of the whole surface of the globe, all round which seemed mere darkness peopled with horrors; and having, in the second place, but scanty means of connecting even such countries as were known with each other, were much more exposed to all kinds of myths relating to distant places than we, to whom the world represents itself as a ponderable mass of land and water, sailed round by thousands of ships, and scored almost everywhere by roads and railways.

To sum up all these general remarks relative to the agency of the mythical spirit in history, it may be said, that in the life of every nation or community left to its own natural career, there is necessarily a primitive mythic or mythopœic age, during which all men express themselves by means of concrete fictions, created according to their momentary impulses; that these fictions, aggregating themselves, are formed by degrees into a mass of mythical substance, incorporating all the common opinions and sentiments of the nation, and serving at once as a poetic element for the imagination, an encyclopædia of knowledge for the intellect, and a code of laws for the conduct; that, gradually invaded by the scientific spirit, which aims at positive conclusions, society moves forward out of this state into a new one, a portion of the community leading the way, and the rest following in their train and adopting their thoughts and language; that society, though thus moving forward, still retains adhering to it the mass of traditional matter that was secreted, so to speak, from its mind in its earlier stage; that thus there arises a certain struggle in every community between its ancient and its modern way of thinking—the former as embodied in the mass of ancestral myths, and the latter as practised on daily affairs; and that to reconcile the two, all sorts of shifts are tried, till at last the theory of the myth itself is worked out, and the scientific spirit triumphs by becoming sufficiently profound and just to explain and canonise its own opposite.

Fully to make clear all that is here signified, it would be necessary to take the leading races and nations of the world—Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Indians, Chinese, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Scandinavians, Turks, &c.—into consideration, one by one, and to expound in each case a separate mythology; showing how in each nation the same process has been gone through more or less completely, each having begun with a mythic

age, and subsequently advanced out of it. Such an exposition, however, could be attempted only in a work on universal mythology; and all that is possible here, is to illustrate a few of the more important aspects and uses of the doctrine of the mythus in the case of one nation. The nation we shall select for the purpose is that of the Greeks; both because, of all mythologies, the Grecian is the most abundant and beautiful, and because in no other is the abstract nature and process of the myth so amply exhibited.

To the mind of an ancient Greek not yet emancipated from the Polytheistic faith of his forefathers, the history of the world, and of his own race and country, presented itself nearly as follows:—

First in order of time was Chaos, huge and formless; out of whom came Gaia (the Earth) and Tartarus (Hell). Then, at the very primal moment of creation, came Eros (Love), the subduer of gods and men. Chaos produced Erebus (Darkness) and Nyx (Night); and Gaia gave birth to Ouranos (Heaven), overarching herself, and to Pontus, the briny sea. Gaia then married Ouranos, and the offspring of the marriage were:—the six Titans—Oceanus, Koios, Krios, Hyperion, Iapetos, and Kronos (Saturn); the six Titanesses—Theia, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Phœbé, and Tethys; the three Cyclopes—Brontes, Steropes, and Arges; and the three Hekatoncheires, or Hundred-handed monsters—Kottos, Briareus, and Gyges. Alarmed at the increase of his progeny, Ouranos stuffed them into the cavities of the earth, and kept them there, till Kronos, urged by his mother Gaia, attacked and dismembered his father, from whose blood, as it fell upon the earth, were produced the Erinnyes (Furies), the Gigantes (Giants), and the Melian nymphs, while from part of it that was thrown into the sea sprang the Love-goddess Aphrodité (Venus). Kronos and the Titans were now supreme: and each of them marrying, became the father of a numerous offspring. To Oceanus and his wife and sister Tethys were born 3000 sons and 3000 daughters; to Hyperion and his wife and sister Theia were born Helios (the Sun), Selene (the Moon), and Eos (Morning); to Koios and his wife and sister Phoebe were born Leto (Latona) and Asteria; Krios was the father of Astræas, Pallas, and Perses, the first of whom marrying Eos, begat the winds, Zephyrus, Boreas, and Notus; and the second marrying Styx, one of the daughters of Oceanus, begat Zelos (Imperiousness), Niké (Victory), Kratos (Strength), and Bia (Force); and Iapetos, marrying Clymene, another of the daughters of Oceanus, became the father of Prometheus, Epimetheus, Menæti-us, and Atlas. The children of these unions likewise intermarried, thus giving birth to an enormous host of gods and goddesses. Nor had old Gaia herself ceased to procreate. Taking Pontus for her husband, after the ruin of Ouranos, she bore to him Nereus, Thaumás, Phorkys, and Keto; who again, in their turn, became the progenitors of divine personages—Nereus of the Nereids or Sea-Nymphs, Thaumás of Iris and the two Harpies, Phorkys and Keto of the Gorgons, the Graiæ, and the Dragon of the Hesperides, themselves the parents of still other broods. Meanwhile from Nyx alone, without a husband, had been produced a numerous race—Thanatos (Death), Hypnos (Sleep), and Oneiros (Dream); Momus (Laughter), and Oizys (Grief); the three Fates—Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; the avenging Nemesis; Apate (Deceit) and Philotes (Amorousness); Geras (Old Age) and Eris (Strife), which last was the parent of Ponos (Suffering), Lethé (Oblivion), Limos (Famine), Phonos (Slaughter), Maché

(Battle), *Dynómia* (Lawlessness), *Até* (Reckless Impulse), and *Horkos* (the Sanctioner of Oaths). Important members of this primeval Pantheon were also *Chrysaor* and the horse *Pegasus*, the offspring of the blood of *Medusa*, one of the *Gorgons*; *Geryon* and the half-nymph half-serpent *Echidna*, the offspring of *Chrysaor* by one of the ocean-nymphs; the two-headed dog *Orthros*, the fifty-headed dog *Cerberus*, and the *Lernæan Hydra*—all the offspring of *Echidna*; and, finally, the *Chimæra*, the *Theban Sphinx*, and the *Nemæan Lion*, all the children of the *Hydra*.

Over this population of gods, goddesses, giants, nymphs, and monsters of strange breed, reigned *Kronos*, the King of Heaven. He had married his sister *Rhea*, and the offspring of the marriage was a family of gods and goddesses that naturally took precedence of the others. The three daughters of the family were *Hestia* (*Vesta*), *Demeter* (*Ceres*), and *Hêrê* (*Juno*); the three sons were *Hades* (*Pluto*), *Poseidon* (*Neptune*), and *Zeus* (*Jupiter*); the youngest of all being *Zeus*, who was at the same time the wisest and strongest. It was not without difficulty, however, that these gods and goddesses saw the light. *Kronos*, forewarned that one of his children would dethrone him, as he had himself dethroned his father *Ouranos*, had swallowed every one of them immediately after their birth, except only *Zeus*, whose safety was insured by the precautions taken by his mother *Rhea*, in conjunction with her parents *Ouranos* and *Gaia*. A stone wrapped up in swaddling-clothes was given to *Kronos* to eat; and the real child was taken away to *Mount Ida* in *Crete*, there to be brought up among the woods. Valiant and great grew up the young god in his retreat; and at last, appearing before his father, he induced him by stratagem to vomit up first the stone that had been last given him (which stone was placed near the Temple of *Delphi*, where it was to be seen by pious Greeks to the latest ages), and then the five children that he had previously swallowed. His brothers and sisters thus restored to him, *Zeus* resolved to subvert the existing dynasty of gods, and to establish a new one, with himself at its head. Then began a fearful struggle: the multitude of divinities, all of whom were relatives to each other, divided themselves into two great factions—the one consisting of *Kronos*, with the majority of his brothers and sisters, the *Titans* and *Titanesses*; the other of *Zeus*, with his brothers and sisters, and certain of the other older deities who were discontented with the rule of *Kronos*. Chief among the allies of *Zeus* were—*Styx* and her four sons; the three *Cyclopes*, who forged thunderbolts for him; and the three *Hekatoncheires*, who exerted their prodigious strength in his behalf. 'Ten full years did the combat continue; *Zeus* and the *Kronids* occupying *Olympus* (a mountain-chain in the north of Greece), and the *Titans* being established on the more southerly mountain-chain of *Othrys*. All nature was convulsed, and the distant *Oceanus*, though he took no part in the struggle, felt the boiling, the noise, and the shock not less than *Gaia* and *Pontus*. The thunder of *Zeus*, combined with the crags and mountains torn up and hurled by the *Centimanes* (*Hekatoncheires*) at length prevailed, and the *Titans* were defeated, and thrust down into *Tartarus*. *Iapetos*, *Kronos*, and the remaining *Titans* (*Oceanus* excepted), were imprisoned perpetually and irrevocably in that subterranean dungeon, a wall of brass being built round them by *Poseidon*, and the three *Centimanes* being planted as guards. Of the sons of *Iapetos*, *Menæti*us was made to share his prison, while *Atlas* was condemned to stand for ever at the extreme west, and to bear upon his shoulders the solid vault

of heaven.* One other effort, however, had to be made ere the authority of Zeus was complete. Gaia, never tired of bearing children, had married Tartarus, as she had already married Ouranos and Pontus, and the result of this union was a tremendous being called Typhœus, who, had he been allowed to grow up, would have proved a formidable enemy to the new dynasty. Zeus, however, scorched him with a thunderbolt and shut him up in Tartarus.

Now began the reign of the Olympic gods. The three brothers—Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades—shared among them the sovereignty of the universe:—Zeus assuming the æther and the atmosphere, together with the titular supremacy; Poseidon taking the sea and its caverns; and Hades the underworld of departed souls. From the marriages of these gods sprang many others. The progeny of Zeus alone was very numerous. First he married Metis, the wisest of all the goddesses; but forewarned that her descendants would prove stronger than himself, he devoured her as she was about to give birth to a child. The pregnant goddess being thus incorporated with the body of Zeus, he was himself seized with the pangs of labour; and his head having been split open, the goddess Athene (Minerva) issued full-armed from his brain. Other wives of Zeus besides Metis were Themis, Eurynome, Mnemosyne, and Leto. By the first he begat the Horæ or Seasons, by the second the three Graces, by the third the nine Muses, and by the fourth Apollo and Artemis (Diana). The father of gods and men likewise married two of his own sisters—Ceres and Juno. By the former he had a daughter Persephone (Proserpine); by the latter, who was his principal wife, and the queen of all the deities, he had four children—Hebe, Ares (Mars), Eileithyia, and Hephaistos (Vulcan); although, according to some, Hephaistos was begotten by Here, of her own unassisted force. Another son of Zeus, born of Maia, the daughter of Atlas, was the god Hermes (Mercury).

When by these marriages of Zeus, as well as by those of his brothers, &c. the Pantheon was complete, it consisted, according to the classification of Mr Grote, of the following component parts:—‘1. The twelve great gods and goddesses of Olympus—Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares, Hephaistos, Hermes, Here, Athene, Artemis, Aphrodite, Hestia, Demeter. 2. An indefinite number of other deities, not included among the Olympic, but some of them not inferior in power and dignity to many of the twelve—Hades, Helios, Hecate, Dionysos (Bacchus, a son of Zeus by the nymph Semele), Leto, Diome, Persephone, Selene, Themis, Eos, Harmonia, the Charites (Graces), the Muses, the Eileithyia, the Moeræ (Fates), the Oceanids and the Nereids, Proteus, Eidothea, the Nymphs, Leucothea, Phorkys, Icolus, Nemesis, &c. 3. Deities who perform special services to the greater gods—Iris, Hebe, the Horæ, &c. 4. Deities whose allegorical origin is more distinctly indicated—Ate, the Litsæ, Eris, Thanatos, Hypnos, Kratos, Bia, Ossa, &c. 5. Monsters, offspring of the gods—the Harpies, the Gorgons, the Graiæ, Pegasus, Chrysaor, Echidna, Chimæra, the Dragon of the Hesperides, Cerberus, Orthros, Geryon, the Lernaean Hydra, the Nemæan Lion, Scylla and Charybdis, the Centaurs, the Sphinx, Xanthos and Balios the immortal horses, &c.’

Such, in the belief of an orthodox Greek, was the primeval population of the universe—that is, of that portion of the universe of which he was able to

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. i. pp. 11–12. Throughout this sketch of the Grecian mythology we follow the order laid down in Mr Grote's admirable work.

form an idea—namely, Greece, and the adjacent lands and islands, with the seas that washed or encircled them, and the overhanging firmament with its stars. As regards the transition from the divine to the human, there was no very coherent legend. The primitive and most ancient form of belief seems not to have implied any such immense gulf between men and the gods as we moderns understand when we speak of creatures in contrast with the Creator, but to have conceived men as the direct progeny of the gods, removed from them only by a certain number of generations, and proportionately weaker. First, gods tenanted the universe, and loving and warring among themselves like mere colossal men; then heroes or demi-gods footing the earth, and, above all, the soil of the Greeks, and performing stupendous acts of valour worthy of their nearness to the gods; and lastly, men of ordinary mould—some good, some bad, some wise, and some foolish, but all degenerate: such was the scheme by which an ancient Greek connected the present with the infinite past—a scheme which, though to a modern mind it would be quite unsatisfactory, was to him all that he desired.*

How, then, did an ancient Greek picture the primitive condition of Greece and of the other parts of the earth which were familiar or known to him? He pictured them physically the same as he saw them, or nearly so, with the same outlines of sea and land, the same mountains, rocks, and rivers, the same soil and climate; inhabited, however, not by a uniform population of ordinary men, like those contemporary with himself, but by a population consisting of two parts—1. A vast multitude of inferior men, sometimes represented as autochthonous or earth-born, performing all the common and less honourable functions of life; and, 2. Scattered through them as chiefs and rulers, numerous families of heroes, the direct offspring of the gods; while, lastly, supreme amidst both, moved the celestial gods and goddesses themselves, often leaving Olympus to serve their heroic children, and sometimes even seeking for adventures and new loves on earth to beguile their grand leisure in a too monotonous heaven. This picture of the primitive world and its connection with the gods existing as an established and fundamental conception in the mind of a Greek, there were various legends that came in exactly at this point, embodying certain notions relative to the condition of the human race at the time when it still subsisted as an undivided whole. Of these the most important was the legend of Prometheus. Two of the four sons of the Titan Iapetos—namely, Menætiæus and Atlas—having been punished by Zeus, as already related, there remained the other two, Prometheus (the Forethinker) and Epimetheus (the Afterthinker), to act as representatives of the ancient dynasty of gods, and as champions of mankind, against Zeus and his associates. One great service that Prometheus rendered to mankind was in the matter of sacrifice. The gods and men being

* This notion, so characteristic of ancient Greek faith, of a regular chain of connection between gods, heroes, and men, is well illustrated in a passage in the 'Iliad' (book ii. verses 100–108), where Homer gives the history of the sceptre of Agamemnon—'Then uprose royal Agamemnon, holding the sceptre which Hephaistos had toiled at making: Hephaistos had given it to King Zeus, the son of Kronos; Zeus hereupon gave it to his messenger, the slayer of Argus (that is, to Hermes); King Hermes next gave it to Pelops; Pelops afterwards gave it to Atreus, the shepherd of nations; Atreus, dying, left it to Thyestes, rich in flocks; and Thyestes finally left it to Agamemnon.' Here is a series of personages the first of whom are gods, and the others only heroic men, and yet a sceptre passes along them from hand to hand.

engaged in arranging their mutual claims and duties, Prometheus divided an ox into two parts, folding up the flesh and entrails in the skin, and making a distinct parcel of the bones and the fat. Zeus, having his option of either, eagerly and stupidly took the fat, which looked the more inviting, but was in reality of small value; and hence ever afterwards the gods were entitled only to the bones and the fat of any animal sacrificed to them. Angry at being thus outwitted, Zeus withheld from mankind the blessing of fire. Prometheus, however, stole fire from heaven, and brought it to earth in the hollow of a ferule. Doubly enraged, Zeus sent down among men a newly-formed woman, made expressly by Hephaistos, and a paragon of beauty, but fraught with all evil and mischief. This woman, whose name was Pandora, was foolishly received by Epimetheus during his brother's absence, and immediately the human race was ruined; for till that moment all the evils, woes, and diseases that now afflict mankind had existed closely shut up in a cask on the earth. The wanton Pandora, however, opened the lid of the cask, and the imprisoned evils, making their escape, took up a permanent lodging in human society. Only Hope remained in the cask, the lid having been put down before this virtue, which might have somewhat relieved the sufferings caused by its companions, could escape. Prometheus was then bound by Zeus to a pillar by heavy chains; and thus he remained for several generations, exposed to the inclemency of the elements, an eagle daily devouring his liver, which again grew during the night.

While, by such legends as the foregoing, the imagination of a Greek was enabled to link, with perfect satisfaction to itself, the primitive world as a whole and its inhabitants collectively regarded with the splendid foretime of the immortal gods, there were hundreds of other legends by which, with equal satisfaction, it could connect the several geographical portions of that world, and their respective populations, with the same illustrious beginning of things. The more remarkable of these legends necessarily concerned the Grecian countries themselves. Mr Grote, in the first and second volumes of his 'History of Greece,' has arranged what may be called the leading Grecian or Hellenic legends into some thirteen or fourteen distinct groups, the union of which forms the entire legendary history of the Greek race. It is possible here to do little more than enumerate these groups, mentioning the more celebrated of the names they include:—

1. *The Legend of Deucalion, or the General Genealogy of the Greek Race.*—(Deucalion, a prince of Loeris, and the son of Prometheus and Pandora, is saved, with his wife Pyrrha, in an ark or ship during a great flood that drowned all Greece except the highest mountain tops. He left three children—two sons, Hellen and Amphyction; and a daughter, Protogeneia, who had by Zeus a son named Æthlius. Hellen, Amphyction, and Æthlius were the founders of everything Greek. Amphyction founded the Amphyctionic Council; Æthlius founded the great Grecian games; and Hellen, through his three sons, Dorus, Xuthus, and Æolus, was the progenitor of the three divisions or branches of the general Hellenic or Greek family—the Dorians coming from Dorus; the Achæans and Ionians from Achæus and Ion, the two sons of Xuthus; and the Æolians from Æolus.)
2. *The Genealogy of Argos, or the Medley of Primitive Peloponnesian Legend.*—(Phoroneus, a son of Inachos, who was a son of the Titan Oceanus and his wife Tethys, was the first important Peloponnesian man. Among his descendants the most celebrated in Grecian story were—Argos, from whom the Pelopon-

ness derived this its primitive name; his great-grandson, Argos Panoptes, who had eyes all over his body; the priestess Io, whom Here changed into a white cow; her son Epaphos; Danaos and his fifty daughters, and Ægyptos and his fifty sons; Acrisios and Prætos; Danae, on whom Zeus descended in a shower of gold; her son, the renowned Perseus; and his more renowned great-grandson, the god or divine man, Herakles or Hercules, whose offspring, the Herakleids, were obliged by persecution to quit the Peloponnesus.) 3. *The Legend of the Æolids, or Sons and Daughters of Æolus, the Son of Hellen.*—(The sons were Kretheus, Sisyphus, Athamas, Salmoneus, Deion, Magnes, and Perieres; the daughters, Canace, Alcyone, Calyce, and Perimede. These eleven individuals became the progenitors of various important Hellenic families. Among their descendants were Tyro and her sons Pelias and Neleus, one of the sons of Neleus being the famous Nestor; Admetus, whose wife was Alceste; Bellerophon, the conqueror of the Chimæra and the rider of the winged Pegasus; Phryxus and Helle, the two children of Athamas, who were carried away by the ram with the golden fleece; the giants Otos and Ephialtes; Endymion, the lover of Selene; Angeas, whose stables Herakles cleaned; Ætolus, the founder of the Ætolian state; Meleager, Leda, Atalanta, and many other distinguished legendary personages, traditions of whom remained in one part of Greece or in another.) 4. *The Legend of the Pelopids, a Lydian Family that settled in the Peloponnesus, and gave it its Name.*—(Tantalus, a rich Lydian, with whom the gods often conversed, gave them his own son Pelops to eat at a feast. The gods discover his wickedness, slay him, and restore Pelops to life. Niobe, the sister of Pelops, is married to Amphion, and has seven sons and seven daughters. Triumphant over the goddess Leto on account of the superior number of her children, she sees them all die, and, weeping their loss, is changed into a rock. Pelops comes to Greece, marries Hippodameia, the daughter of Ænomaus, the son of Ares, and Prince of Pisa, and has by her a numerous family of children—Pittheus, Træzen, Epidaurus, Atreus, Thyestes, and Nikippe, besides a natural son, Chrysippus. Of these, Atreus and Thyestes are the most important; the sons of Atreus were Agamemnon king of Mycenæ, and Menelaus king of Sparta; the son of Thyestes was Ægistheus. After the war of Troy, Agamemnon is murdered by his own wife Clytemnestra, who, during his absence, has intrigued with his cousin Ægistheus; and the two paramours remain on the throne of Mycenæ till Orestes the son of Agamemnon slays them. Sisters of Orestes are Electra and Iphigeneia; and his cousin, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, is Hermione, names immortal in poetry and the last of the legendary Pelopids.) 5. *The Laconian and Messenian Genealogies.*—(Lelex, an autochthonous Peloponnesian man, and a nymph Kleocharia, produce a son Eurotas, whose daughter is Sparta, who is married to Lacedæmon, a son of Zeus by a daughter of Atlas. Descendants of Lacedæmon are Amyclas, Kynatas, and Hyacinthus—the latter of whom was the favourite of Apollo—Perieres, Tyndareus, Ikarios, Aphareus, Leucippus, and Hippokoon. Tyndareus marrying Leda, the daughter of the king of Calydon, becomes the father of Castor and of Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon; while the same Leda bears to the god Zeus two other children—Pollux and the memorable Helen. Ikarius is the father of Penelope, the wife of Odysseus. Sons of Aphareus are Idas and Lynceus. While thus celebrated is the branch of the posterity of Lelex that descends from Eurotas, the less celebrated or Messenian branch descends from his younger son

Polykaon, who marries the Argive Messenê, and whose children occupy the Messenian throne till it is merged in that of Lacedæmon.) 6. *The Arcadian Genealogy*.—(Pelægus, an indigenous Arcadian man, is the father of Lycaon, whose fifty sons, the most impious of mankind, are killed by Zeus, all except Nycternus, the youngest. The nymph Kallisto, by some called a daughter of Lycaon, is violated by Zeus, and bears a son named Arcas, who becomes king of Arcadia, and leaves it divided among his three sons, Azan, Apheidas, and Elatus. Descendants of Apheidas were Aleus, Lyncus, Cepheus, Augé, Telephus, Anceus, Echernus, &c.; but the most celebrated member of this legendary family was Asklepius or Æsculapius, the medicine god or hero, who was worshipped in so many parts of Greece. He was the reputed son of Ischys, the son of Elatus by Crotonis, a nymph who was already beloved by the god Apollo. Machaon and Podaleirius, the sons of Asklepius, were the leeches of the Grecian army at Troy, and from them were descended the numerous Asklepiads so widely diffused throughout Greece.) 7. *The Legend of Æacus and his Descendants; or the Genealogy of Ægina, Salamis, and Phthia*.—(Æacus, a son of Zeus by the nymph Ægina, daughter of Asopus, becomes king of Ægina, Zeus providing a population by changing all the ants of the island into human beings, whence their name Myrmidones. Sons of Æacus—who was the most pious man of his time, and during whose reign was founded the celebrated Æginetan temple of Zeus Panhellenius—were Peleus and Telamon, who, killing their bastard brother Phocus, were banished by their father. Telamon, retiring to Salamis, marries Peribœa, one of the Pelopids, acquires the sovereignty of the island, and has for his son the heroic Ajax; by Hesione, another wife who was given to him by his friend Herakles, he has another son, Teukros, the most celebrated of the Grecian archers at Troy, and the founder of Salamis in Cyprus. Peleus going to Phthia, becomes sovereign there. After many adventures, he is married by the gods to the sea-goddess Thetis, and begets by her the great Achilles, whose son is Pyrrhus or Neoptolemus.) 8. *Attic Legends and Genealogies*.—(Erectheus, an autochthonous Attic man, is adopted and nurtured by the goddess Athenê, and conjointly with Athene and Poseidon, becomes a tutelary deity of the Athenian soil; while other autochthonous heroes, such as Marathon, Colonus, &c. hold but a local sway in their respective parts of Attica. Even older than Erectheus, however, was Cecrops, half man half serpent, who reigned in the district of Attica called Cecropia. He founded the Athenian state and constitution; but his line ultimately gave way to that of Erectheus, whose son Pandion left four children—two daughters, Procnê and Philomela, the story of whose transformation respectively into a swallow and a nightingale, was a favourite theme of the poets, and two sons, Erectheus and Bates. Among the descendants of these primitive Attic personages were Ægeus, and his son the hero Theseus, the subject of so many legends, the chief of which was that of the war of the Amazons, the offspring of Ares and Harmonia.) 9. *Cretan Legends*.—(Minos and Rhadamanthus, sons of Zeus by the Phœnician nymph Europê, rule in Crete, which till their time had been governed by the posterity of Cres, an ancient native king. The children of Minos by his wife Pasiphae, a daughter of Helios, are Katreus, Deucalion, Glaucus, Androgeos, Ariadnê, and Phædra. Pasiphae independently gives birth to the monstrous Minotaur, half man half bull, which Minos confines in a labyrinth constructed by Dædalus an Athenian fugitive. Minos conquering the Athenians in war, demands as a tribute

seven Athenian youths and seven Athenian maidens, as a sacrifice once in every nine years to the Minotaur. Theseus going to Crete, and gaining the love of Ariadne, is able to vanquish the Minotaur, and to relieve his countrymen from the terrible bond, an event afterwards commemorated in many Attic ceremonies. Other legends connect Crete with still other parts of the general Grecian territory, as, for example, with Sicily.) 10. *The Story of the Argonautic Expedition*.—(Jason, an Æolid, the nephew of Pelias, king of Iolkos, is ordered by Pelias to go to Colchis and bring back the golden fleece of the ram that had carried away Phryxus and Helle. He sets out in the ship Argo, accompanied by all the bravest youths in Greece—Herakles, Theseus, Peleus, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, &c. After numberless adventures, they succeed, and Jason returns to Iolkos, bringing with him as his wife Medea, the daughter of the king of Colchis, a woman skilled in magic. The subsequent history of Jason and Medea is a string of fine legends.) 11. *Boeian or Theban Legends*.—(Cadmus, a hero of Phœnician origin, descended according to some from Agenor, the grandson of Io, is the founder of Thebes: it is his sister Europê that becomes the mother of Minos. Marrying Harmonia, the daughter of Ares and Aphrodite, he gives birth to a son, Polydorus, and four daughters, Autonoe, Ino, Semele, and Agave. The god Dionysos or Bacchus was a son of Semele by Zeus; Autonoe was the mother of Actæon. The Bacchic mysteries were instituted at Thebes while Cadmus still reigned in honour of his divine grandson. The grandson of Polydorus, and his successor on the Theban throne, was Laius, whose son (Edipus is the chief figure in a medley of well-known tragic legends.) 12. *The Legend of Troy*.—(Dardanus, the son of Zeus, founds the Dardanian state; his descendants in one line are Ilus, Laomedon, and Priam, kings of Troy; in another, Assaracus, Capys, and Anchises, Dardanian chiefs. Paris, the son of Priam, having carried off Helen, the wife of Menelaus king of Sparta, there ensues that terrible war which, lasting for ten years, engages the whole of Greece on the one side, and nearly all Asia Minor on the other. The mere list of the names included in this great legend would fill many pages.) 13. *The Legend of the Return of the Herakleids*.—(The great-grandsons of Herakles, Temeneus, Kresphontes, and the infant sons of their brother Aristodemus, returning into Peloponnesus at the head of vast Dorian forces, extinguish the Pelopid line of sovereigns, and divide the whole country among them.) 14. *Legends relating to the later Migrations of the Greek race*.—(These include, *first*, legends relating to various migrations within Greece Proper; and *secondly*, legends relating to the settlement of the Æolic, Ionic, and Doric colonies in Asia Minor.)

Such, indicated with all possible brevity, is the general tenor of Grecian legendary history. Whoever would form an idea of the extent of the whole mass of such legendary matter, or would study the individual legends in detail, or would observe how they are at hundreds of points intertwined and interfused, must have recourse to some special account of Grecian mythology—as, for example, that given by Mr Grote. Even in the fullest account of Grecian mythology, however, thousands of minor legends must be omitted that were once the food of the Greek mind—legends relating to special families, special spots, special ceremonies, &c. Only the larger and more national legends have come down to us; and even of these we have given but a very incomplete catalogue, taking no notice, for example, of the numberless legends constituting the private histories, so to speak, of the

individual gods of the Pantheon—Zeus, Apollo, Aphrodite, Dionysus, &c. It will suffice, however, if by the foregoing sketch we have conveyed into the minds of our readers a conception of the foretime of the world, as it was imagined by a Greek—commencing with a Pantheon of gods and monsters, living as it were in a compressed space, and terminating in a vast area of Mediterranean lands, covered (and especially the Greek parts of this area) with a swarming multitude of heroes and chiefs, all named, all invested with distinct feelings and characteristics, and all holding fixed places in the general genealogy of existing things. Looking backward, therefore, into the past, a Greek of the age of Herodotus (B.C. 450) would see clearly a certain vista of recorded events, such as wars between different Greek states, and political movements within them, extending (not without legendary additions) probably as far as the first Olympiad, or B.C. 776. Beyond that his eye would rest on a dark gulf; but beyond that again, he would see the splendid foreworld of heroes and warriors, from the later Herakleids up to Deucalion, Phoroneus, Cadmus, &c. the whole coming to a point in Zeus, Kronos, Ouranos, and the inconceivable Chaos, the mother of all things.

Examining this elaborate scheme of Grecian history, what are we to make of it?—How, above all, are we to deal with that immense mass of traditional or legendary matter that occupies the beginning of it—the time antecedent to written or monumental records? There are but three methods open to us in this case: the *Literal or Orthodox Method*, which accepts the whole as positive and veritable matter of fact; the *Rationalistic or Pragmatic Method*, which pretends, by considerations of probability, &c. to discriminate what is credible from what is incredible, and which aims at extracting from every legend the nucleus of fact which it is supposed to contain; and the *Mythical or Philosophic Method*, which treats the whole as mythus—that is, as purely fictitious matter, secreted from the Greek mind itself under the influence of its peculiar opinions, tendencies, and emotions, with or without external stimulus. A word or two on each of these methods.

I. *The Literal or Orthodox Method*.—According to this method, which was the method of the early Greeks themselves, and of the less-cultured Greeks even in later ages, the whole series of legends, from the first to the last, is to be accepted as positive and literal history; no difference being made between miraculous and non-miraculous, but all being alike venerable and indispensable. The story of Zeus and Danae, for example, or that of Theseus and the Minotaur, was fully and absolutely believed by an ancient pious Greek in all its details, no less than the more plausible and commonplace legend of the return of the Herakleids. Nay, of two legends, the one miraculous and the other common in its nature, the miraculous would be believed by him more firmly, as touching his feelings more deeply. Let the student of history strive, however impossible the thing may seem, to realise this fact in all its breadth and in all its bearings.

II. *The Rationalistic or Pragmatic Method*.—The literal method of understanding the Grecian legends could not last long in a community of any intelligence. As men became conversant with the actual world, as they began to express themselves in abstract propositions, as the theatre of their observations became wider, a destructive influence would begin to work upon the mass of accumulated legend, disintegrating it piece by piece. That old notion that Gaia was a goddess, and the actual mother of children—

could such a notion last in the mind of a man who was accustomed daily to plough the earth, to hurt himself by falling upon it, to treat it as a big, black, brute mass of bruised stones? As the moral maxims of truth, chastity, and temperance began to unfold themselves in distinct dogmatic shape, could men continue to reverence an amorous Zeus, a pilfering Hermes, a drunken Dionysos? As the idea of fixed physical sequences gained strength, could men still credit stories of giants tossing mountains, of women changed into cows and nightingales, of kings' sons restored to life after having been boiled in pots and served up in tureens? It is evident that, even among the earliest Greeks, there must have existed at least a certain quantity of opinion capable of acting like a reducing leaven upon the mass of traditionary faiths. Accordingly, even in the works of the poet Hesiod, whose date is fixed as early as B.C. 700, and who was himself a devout collector and systematiser of Grecian legends, a certain deviation from the orthodox point of view is discernible, a certain practicalness and homeliness that distinguish him from his predecessor, the grand old Homer. In the lyric poets that succeeded Hesiod—Archilochus, Simonides, Alceus, Sappho, Theognis, &c.—the same tendency towards the present and the familiar was still more strongly visible. But it was by the early philosophers, Thales, Xenophanes, and Pythagoras (B.C. 600–500), that the first decided blows were struck at the popular Grecian creed. Promulgating certain metaphysical conceptions of their own as to the origin of things, these thinkers threw the principle of discord into the midst of the established theology. It would be interesting to trace the progress of this sceptical or critical spirit, as exhibited in their various successors of the great age of Greek thought and literature—the poets Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; the logographers, or legend-collectors, Pherecydes, Acusilaus, Hellenicus, and Hecateus; the philosophers Anaxagoras, Metrodorus, Empedocles, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, &c.; and the historians Herodotus, Thucydides, and others. Referring, however, to Müller and Grote for a history of the critical spirit among the Greeks, as shown in the different styles of treatment pursued by these writers individually in regard to the mass of their country's legends, it is sufficient here to point out the respect in which they all agree, which is this:—That, accepting the *ensemble* of the legends, the same forming a kind of atmosphere or element out of which they could not transport themselves, they yet took liberties with such special parts of that *ensemble* as discorded with their own special convictions and sentiments. Thus Pindar, who was a lyric poet, and a man of lofty nature, felt himself compelled to reject such legends as were degrading to the gods; the philosopher Anaxagoras, believing the legendary histories of the different Grecian tribes, denied the personality of the gods Zeus, Helios, &c. seeing in them mere abstract ethical or physical notions; and the historians Herodotus and Thucydides, receiving in perfect good faith the general Grecian theogony, from Kronos and Zeus downwards, and assuming this theogony as the basis of their chronological schemes (Herodotus, for example, dating the Trojan war at about 800 years before his own time, the life of Herakles at about 100 years before that, and the birth of the god Dionysos of Semele at about 700 years still farther back), were yet constrained by their historical sense to take exception to some of the later legends which professed to record national events. On the whole, it may be said that the tendency of the Greek mind at the period in question (B.C. 500–350) with

respect to the mass of ancestral legends was this:—*To distinguish between the two classes of legends of which the mass was composed—namely, the divine legends, which related specially to the gods, and the heroic or human legends, which related to pre-existing men; to allegorise the former—that is, to deny their literal sense, and to seek some deep meaning in each of them, to convey which it was supposed to have been originally invented; and to historicise the latter—that is, to treat them as disguised or exaggerated accounts of real occurrences.* The disposition to allegorise the divine legends naturally belonged rather to the philosophers, the philosophic habit being to rise to abstractions; the disposition to historicise the human legends belonged rather to the historians; the habit of distinguishing between the two classes of legends was the result of this difference of tendency.

Coming down to the later ages of the intellectual activity of the Greeks—to the times of Ephorus, Polybius, Strabo, Diodorus, Pausanias, Plutarch, &c.—we of course find a still stronger display of the critical or sceptical spirit, as applied to the mass of Grecian legends. The increase of positive information of all kinds had all but enfranchised instructed minds from the literal faith of the early Greeks: and men were obliged either to forswear all allegiance to the dogmata that had once been so sacred, or to adapt them by all kinds of devices to the existing state of their feelings and knowledge. The very conviction that they were losing hold of the ancient creed, and the consequent sorrow in all reverent minds, must have operated on the rationalising tendency with a stimulus like that of despair. ‘They are not absurd, these ancient legends of our fathers respecting the gods and the heroes,’ we may imagine a moral and conservative Greek of later times proclaiming in the ears of his profligate contemporaries, who are to be reclaimed, he thinks, only by the revival of a powerful religious sentiment; ‘they are quite in accordance with the most advanced reason, if only they are deeply weighed and rightly interpreted.’ And then, if he had himself undertaken the task of expounding the legends, he would infallibly have branched out in those two diverse rationalistic directions that we have pointed out: he would have allegorised some legends, finding in them the types and symbols of profound and mysterious truths, embodied purposely in an enigmatic shape by holy men of old; and he would have historicised others, seeing in them poetic or exaggerated statements of real facts. Nor is this case imaginary. The rationalistic method of procedure was universal among the later Greek historians and philosophers. Thus, as examples of the one variety of that method, Cerberus and the Furies become, in the writings of the later Greeks, mere types of the mental agonies of the wicked; the war of the gods and Titans becomes a medley of spiritual and physical sense; Scylla and Charybdis become, the one the representative of bodily desire, the other of mental pride. Again, according to the other mode, the arrows of the ‘far-darting Apollo,’ in the ‘Iliad,’ become a pestilence arising from the malaria of the Trojan marshes; Æolus, the wind-god, was a man skilled in predicting the weather; the Centaurs were a body of young men who first trained and rode horses; Actæon was an Arcadian country-gentleman who ruined himself by keeping a pack of hounds; the Hekatoncheires, or Hundred-handed Giants, were three inhabitants of the village of Hekatoncheiria in Upper Macedonia; the winged-horse Pegasus was a fast-sailing vessel of that name; Atlas was a great astronomer; the Ram with the golden fleece that carried Phryxus and Helle across the Ægean was a boatman named Krios (Ram). Some minds

naturally preferred the one mode of rationalising; some the other. The allegorising mode may be said to have reached its height in the philosophers of the Neo-platonic school, by whom, in their efforts to maintain dying Polytheism against Christianity, nearly every Grecian legend was converted into a mere parable or vehicle of profound spiritual meaning: the most extraordinary example of the other or historicising tendency was a Messenian historian, named Eumemerus, who maintained that Zeus and the gods themselves were nothing else than human beings who had once lived on earth, and whose memory had in process of time swelled out into divine dimensions.

The rationalistic method of dealing with the Greek legends, which, we have thus seen, had its origin among the Greeks themselves, and which was by them communicated to the Romans, has continued dominant even to our own times. What has been the common practice of modern writers with regard to the mass of Hellenic legends? To separate the whole mass into two parts—the one consisting of divine legends about Zeus, Apollo, Dionysos, Demeter, &c. which are either to be altogether set aside as Polytheistic rubbish, or to be allegorised after the fashion followed by Bacon in his ‘Wisdom of the Ancients;’ the other consisting of heroic and human legends, which, properly arranged, clipped of their extravagances, and combed into union, are to serve as the basis of genuine primitive Grecian history. Of late it has been the habit of writers on classical subjects to throw out of account altogether the first class of legends, simply referring to them as ancient superstitions, and refraining from any connected attempt to derive a rational meaning from them; thus leaving all their attention free for the latter class of legends, out of which they have sought, with all pains, to construct a clear and continuous historical narrative. That is to say, abandoning Gaia, Kronos, Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, the Graces, Pegasus, the Muses, and all the other divine personages that occupied the beginning of the series in the imagination of a Greek, but of whom it would be hopeless to make any historical use as real characters, they have arbitrarily selected some point lower down in the series, where they think the stream of real persons and events commences; and dating their history from that point, they weave it forward as they best can, by piecing the subsequent legends together, and omitting all that is marvellous in them. The point in the legendary pedigree of the Greeks that has been selected as the probable commencement of authentic history differs in different writers; the majority, determined by a desire to make the primitive historical personages of Greece contemporary with the Hebrew patriarchs, have fixed it somewhere between 2000 and 1500 B.C. To give our readers an idea of the scheme of Grecian history thus arising, we shall quote in a succinct form a chronological table of personages and events anterior to the first Olympiad (B.C. 776), as drawn up by Mr Fynes Clinton in his ‘Fasti Hellenici,’ in accordance with the calculations of the ancient chronologer Eratosthenes:—

	B. C.		B. C.
Phoroneus flourished, - - -	1753	Death of Hercules, - - -	1209
Danaus and Pelasgus flourished, - -	1466	Accession of Agamemnon, - - -	1200
Deucalion flourished, - - -	1433	Trojan War begun, - - -	1192
Erechtheus and Dardanus flourished, -	1383	Troy taken, - - -	1183
Azan, Aphidas, and Elatus flourished, -	1333	Orestes flourished, - - -	1176
Cadmus flourished, - - -	1313	Æolic Migration, - - -	1124
Pelops flourished, - - -	1283	Return of the Herakleids, - - -	1104
Hercules was born, - - -	1261	Ionic Migration, - - -	1044
Argonautic Expedition, - - -	1225	Smyrna founded, - - -	1015

Adopting some such scheme as this (in every scheme the leading era is the Trojan war, and the schemes vary according as the date of that supposed event is determined), it has been the practice of writers of Grecian history to devote an introductory section or two to the reigns and actions of Phoroneus, Danaus, Erechtheus, Cadmus, &c.; and then, after dwelling at large on the war of Troy, to pass on to the times of Lycurgus, Solon, and Peisistratus, after which records are abundant, and the course is clear.

Now, how absurd this mode of treating early Grecian history is, will appear from the following considerations:—1. The human or heroic legends of the Greeks, which are thus made the basis of real history, rest on absolutely the same foundation as those divine legends relating to Zeus and his associates which the modern writer rejects—namely, on the authority of the ancient Greek traditions, and of the poets who collected them—and differ only in being more plausible in themselves, or more susceptible of adaptation to modern belief. But to accept a story as true, merely because it is plausible, or susceptible of adaptation to modern belief, is to do violence to the first principle of sound historical investigation; which is, that no statement is to be received as true, whether plausible or not in itself, that is not supported by positive evidence. 2. The human legends out of which it is sought to construct a genuine history, are, in their original form, indissolubly connected with the divine legends which it is found necessary to reject; the two classes of legends forming but one Hellenic whole. It is therefore perfectly gratuitous to accept certain persons of the pedigree—as, for example, Hercules and Phoroneus—as historical characters, and to refuse to accept the persons that lie next above them in the pedigree—as the god Dionysos and the Titan Inachos. Who shall tell at which link of the chain truth ends and fiction begins? 3. To alter an ancient legend, with a view to bring it into historical shape; to clip, mutilate, or compress any story, with a view to make it coherent, and then to present the same as a true narrative, is a perfectly arbitrary and unwarrantable proceeding; because even should it be the case that the legend in question is but the poetic and exaggerated version of a real fact, it is impossible for the modern reader to know this, or at least to know what portion of the legend is the fact and what the mere poetic wrappage and garnishment. To narrate, for example, the war of Troy, as hundreds of writers have done, giving the skeleton of the story as it is found in Homer, and omitting only what is called ‘the supernatural machinery’ of the poem—that is, the interpositions and battles of the gods—is to show not only a profound ignorance of the ancient spirit, according to which these battles and interpositions were no mere literary vagaries, but the most real and essential parts of the transaction, but also a mind totally untrained in the art of historical investigation.

III. *The Mythical or Philosophical Method.*—If, then, the mass of Hellenic legends is neither to be accepted wholesale as literal truth, nor to be submitted to any rationalistic process of interpretation, there remains but one method more—that of treating the whole as *mythus*; that is, as an accumulation of fictitious matter secreted from the ancient Greek mind itself, in obedience to mere internal feelings and impulses, sometimes occasioned by, but often totally independent of, external stimulus.

Reverting here to our general proposition regarding the mythical agency in history, we are to conceive the whole period of Grecian life and activity anterior to the first recorded Olympiad (B.C. 776), or even anterior to the

time of Hesiod (probably B.C. 700), to have been the mythopœic age of Greece, during which men thought and spoke in the mythic style we have described—that is, *embodied everything that came into their heads in the form of an action, an event, an imaginary scene, fact, or circumstance*. Over the whole Greek area, in every village, seaboard, or valley, men thought in this way and in no other, coining their ideas and feelings into concrete shapes, pouring out matter of fiction as fast as their senses brought them in matter of fact. Now the feeling under which, more extensively, and at the same time more intensely than under any other, the minds of all then laboured, was that of religious awe—of fear of the supernatural. This feeling, therefore, this universally-diffused religious sentiment, must have been the earliest, the most widely-acting, and the most prolific source of mythical creations. In every petty Grecian locality there would spring up, under the influence of this sentiment, a kind of mythic vegetation—commencing probably in a set of Fetichestic conceptions, relating to the rocks, caves, cataracts, and other conspicuous features of the locality, and ending in a little local mythology, with some one god or demon figuring in chief. Then the different spontaneous mythologies of contiguous localities coalescing, there would be formed various district mythologies, consisting each of the mass of legends native to the district, with some preponderating deity—a Zeus or an Athene—in the midst. And, lastly, the different Greek peoples being of the same lineage, speaking the same language, possessing a similar constitution of mind, and bound together by mutual intercourse, the various national mythologies would coalesce, the whole forming a general Hellenic mythology, in which, while certain very powerful conceptions would rise to the top and become dominant—giving rise, for example, to the imaginary Pantheon of the Olympic gods, with Zeus at their head—there would yet be room for the whole multitude of actually existing deifications, down to the pettiest nymph of a local fountain. Such, philosophically considered, must have been the genesis of the wondrous polytheism of the Greeks; the superior number and beauty of the legends constituting that polytheism is to be accounted for by the astonishing superiority of the Greek genius. It might even be possible, we think, to analyse the Grecian mythology so as to show what Hellenic localities contributed the most powerful conceptions to it, and therefore what Hellenic localities bred, in the primitive Hellenic age, the most poetic and original minds. In such an investigation Zeus would probably be traced to Crete, Athene to Athens, Dionysos to Thebes, and Demeter to Eleusis.

But it was not the religious sentiment alone, in its special existence, that was the source of myths among the Greeks. Subordinate to that sentiment, and in fact confounded with it, their ancestral feelings, or feelings of veneration for their forefathers, and their feelings of curiosity as to the origin of everything they beheld existing around them, operated with exactly similar results. 'The curious and imaginative Greek,' says Mr Grote, 'whenever he did not find a recorded past, was uneasy till he had created one.' That is to say, an ancient Greek, looking at anything or custom existing contemporarily with himself—an extraordinary rift in a mountain, for example, or a flourishing community, or a peculiar religious ceremony celebrated in some locality—and feeling, just as a modern would, a strong desire to know how that thing or custom had originated, but differing essentially from a modern in his notions of what constituted a *cause*, would, in the very instant, set about inventing some imaginary action, or conjunction of circumstances in the past,

with which the thing or custom in question, being linked in thought, would seem at once explained. The rift in the mountain, for example, would be referred to some primeval stroke of Poseidon's trident; the flourishing community was traced up to some divine founder, whose name was identical with that of the community; the religious ceremony was accounted for by some paction between a god and the inhabitants of the locality where it was celebrated. Be it observed, too, that in no case would the Greek mind rest, in no case would it deem the explanation complete, until it had *established a historical connection or genealogy between the thing to be explained and the primeval world or foretime of the gods, beyond which it was impossible to go.* Hence to explain anything fully, meant, according to ancient Greek notions, to exhibit a chain of persons and actions, beginning with Zeus or some of his contemporaries, and reaching down to the thing in question. Nor, in all this, was there the slightest consciousness of fraud or fiction, as there would be if a modern were, in any case, to undertake to explain a present fact by furnishing a string of historic fancies extending backward from that fact to some fixed point of past time. The difference is, that the modern, as the fancies rose in his mind, would know that they were unreal and of no objective weight; whereas the ancient Greek, being able to think in no other way at all than that of incessant concrete invention to correspond with passing feeling, would accept the fancies as genuine matter of fact connected with the affair under notice; nay, if he were a man of poetic temperament, and the fancies came with any degree of heat or enthusiasm, would conceive that they were the intimations of a muse or a god, and that it would be impious to reject them. The invocation, 'Sing, Muse, &c.' with which Homer and other ancient bards began their themes, was not, as in modern poets, a mere flourish of custom: it was a genuine prayer; and when Homer, at any passage of his 'Iliad,' found himself conceiving a scene very vividly, he doubtless believed that there his prayer was specially answered.

Imagine now the enormous number of things and practices existing in ancient Greece, upon which the natural curiosity of the Greeks would fasten with a wish to explain or account for them—physical wonders or anomalies, such as rifts in mountains, extraordinary caves, moss-covered boulders, or heaps of masonry; peculiar customs and ceremonies, civil and religious, local and national; permanent social unions and aggregations, under various names, such as clans or *gentes*, tribes, cities, states, confederacies, &c.; imagine each of these things or practices becoming the occasion, or rather terminus, of a string of legends extending backwards to Zeus and his contemporaries; imagine, finally, all these strings of legends flung together, interwoven, unravelled, combed out, altered, and mutually adapted, so as to result in one tolerably harmonious whole; and, so doing, you will have an idea of the manner in which the legendary history of the Greek race was produced. As in the case of the formation of the Greek religion, so generally in the formation of all the Greek legends, the progress would be from the specific and local to the general and national. For example, in that numerous and characteristic class of legends, which occupy themselves with tracing up the origin of particular social or political corporations, to what are called Eponyms or Name-fathers, the legends first invented appear to have been those of the smallest corporations, the more general eponyms not being devised till the occasion for them was furnished by the fusion of the smaller corporations into larger political unities. Thus the probability is.

that the various Ionian states and cities had each its separate pedigree ready before their common character and lineage was recognised by the invention of the imaginary *Ion* from whom they were all descended; so it was not till the common descent of the various Dorian cities was recognised that *Dorus* was thought of; *Achæus* and *Æolus* were likewise probably afterthoughts, rendered necessary by the perception of the unity of the Achæans as such, and of the Æolians as such; and, lastly, it would not be until the general unity of the whole Greek race had been recognised, that the crowning legend could be devised by which the imaginary *Ion*, the imaginary *Dorus*, the imaginary *Achæus*, and the imaginary *Æolus* were all merged in *Hellen* the son of Deucalion, and the general eponym of the Hellenic populations. In this process of gradual extension and fusion, by which specific and local legends were slowly amassed into groups, the principal agency must have been the mere ordinary progress of human intercourse, the tendency of which it is, first, to associate contiguous villages; then to unite districts; and, lastly, to bring large tracts of country together. But a special influence that must have contributed powerfully towards the same result, was that of the bards or poets. The very function of this class of men, who appear to have existed as a special caste or profession diffused through Greece, was to collate and rehearse legends. Each bard, we are to conceive, planting himself in a particular spot of Greece, would sweep a certain circle round him of all its legends, divine or human; and it would be his task, or the task of the school of bards to which he belonged, to organise these legends, and give them forth again in shape and rhythm. Then as the age of the bards began to cease, and great national poets arose, whose eye could sweep the whole Hellenic horizon, the separate bunches or bundles of legends that their predecessors had accumulated were at their service, and assumed in their hands their final form and symmetry. Thus Homer, who was a native in all probability of the northern part of Hellenic Asia Minor, is to be considered as a poet of marvellous genius, who, coming at the close of the Bardic era (B.C. 850-776), and finding myriads of legends partly organised by his predecessors (there were many epic poets anterior to Homer, or contemporary with him), grasped them all anew round the great central point of the Trojan war, in which, as a denizen of the Trojan lands, he felt special interest. Hence the story that Homer was the inventor of the Grecian mythology—a story which, if literally understood, is sheer nonsense. Homer was a great poet, who, sweeping the whole Hellenic horizon of its legends, as far at least as he could see from his Trojan standing-point, and firmly believing these legends himself, amassed them in a poem which afterwards acquired among the Greeks a sacred and authoritative character. The probability is, that had a poet of equal genius arisen in any other part of the Grecian world—say in the Peloponnesus—he would have made a somewhat different accumulation of Grecian legends, and chosen a different central point.

The inference, then, as to the manner in which the early history of Greece should be treated, is plain. The whole mass of legends pretending to be a narrative of events prior to the first recorded Olympiad (B.C. 776) is to be rejected as pure subjective fiction. To this there is to be no exception. Phoroneus and Herakles must be rejected as unhesitatingly as Zeus and Pegasus, whose claims are precisely equal; the war of Troy, or the sieges of Thebes, as unhesitatingly as the war of the Titans or the chaining of Prometheus. To attempt to chronologise the legends, or to elicit a connected

history from them, is mere folly and waste of time. This, we are aware, is a disagreeable doctrine. What! it will be said, is the war of Troy a fiction? Did Achilles never exist? Is the story of Cadmus and his Phœnician letters a delusion? Were there no particles of positive truth in that vast mass of traditions that time rolled down to the Greeks of the days of Solon from the bypast centuries; no real personages in all that long list of heroes whose exploits, some of them tolerably recent, they sang and believed in? The war of Troy had happened, as the Greeks believed, only four centuries or thereby before the first Olympiad. Is it likely that an event reputed thus recent was but a mere chimera? To all this the following quotation appears to afford a judicious answer:—‘Grant that the personages of the heroic legends were real, as *doubtless some warriors and rulers must have left behind them an enduring memory, to which legends could not fail to attach themselves*, could we distinguish, among the names, those which belonged to actual persons, would it follow that the actions ascribed to them bore a resemblance to any real occurrences? We may judge from a parallel instance. In the earlier middle ages, the European mind had returned to something like the *naïf* unsuspecting faith of primitive times. It accordingly gave birth to a profusion of legends: those of saints, in the first place, almost a literature in themselves, of which, though very pertinent to our purpose, we say nothing here. But the same age produced the counterpart of the tales of Hercules and Theseus, of the wanderings of Ulysses, and the Argonautic expedition, in the shape of romances of chivalry. Like the Homeric poems, the romances announced themselves as true narratives, and were, down to the fourteenth century, popularly believed as such. The majority relate to personages probably altogether fictitious; Amadis and Lancelot we are nowise called upon to believe in; and of King Arthur, as of King Agamemnon, we have no means of ascertaining if he ever really existed or not. But the uncertainty does not extend to all these romantic heroes. That age, unlike the Homeric, notwithstanding its barbarism, preserved written records; and we know consequently, from other evidence than the romances themselves, that some of the names they contain are real. Charlemagne is not only a historical character, but one whose life is tolerably well known to us; and so genuine a hero, both in war and peace—his real actions so surprising and admirable—that fiction might have been content with ornamenting his true biography, instead of fitting him with another entirely fabulous. The age, however, required, to satisfy its ideal, a Charlemagne of a different complexion from the real monarch. The chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, a compilation of poetic legends, supplied this want. Though containing hardly anything historical except the name of Charlemagne, and the fact of an expedition into Spain, it was declared genuine history by Pope Calixtus II.; was received as such by Vincent de Beauvais, who, for his great erudition, was made preceptor to the sons of the Wise King, St Louis of France; and from this, not from Eginhard or the monk of St Gall, the poets who followed drew the materials of their narrative. Even then, if Priam and Hector were real persons, the siege of Troy by the Greeks may be as fabulous as that of Paris by the Saracens, or Charlemagne’s conquest of Jerusalem.* The words in this extract that we have printed in *italics*, appear to contain all the admission that it is necessary to make to those who will insist that there is a substratum of fact in the Grecian legends.

* Paper on Grote’s Greece. Edinburgh Review, No. 170.

Are these legends, then, rejected as genuine history, to be thrown aside as useless? On the contrary, they are to be carefully collected and preserved, as possessing a high artistic and historic value. The proper way for a modern historian of Greece to deal with these legends, is to collect them all, as Mr Grote has done at the beginning of his history, narrating them simply and poetically in their original form, without omission, alteration, or modification, and above all, without any attempt to make them appear credible or rational; and then having thus laid them down in a mass at the threshold, with no more of chronological sequence in their arrangement than they themselves claim, to quit them altogether (adding, possibly, such a disquisition as may serve to deepen the impression they convey of the peculiarities of the primitive Greek character), and to proceed onward in the track of authentic records. There is one way, indeed, over and above that of merely illustrating the character of a nation, in which a national mythology may be rendered of service to history; namely, if, regarding the legends of a nation according to the true philosophical method—that is, as concrete expressions of ideas and feelings—scholars shall ultimately gain such a knowledge of the laws of the mythus as to be able to reconvert individual legends into the ideas or feelings in which they had their origin, each such reversion being *accompanied by a glimpse of the patch of external circumstances in the midst of which the mythic act took place*. Of this recondite use of myths for the purposes of history, there are examples in Müller and in other German writers: Mr Grote seems not sufficiently to recognise it. Much, probably, remains to be done in this department.

The general views and considerations which we have thus illustrated at large in the case of Greece, may be transferred to the legendary histories of other nations and countries. It would be specially interesting, for example, to subject to a similar treatment those two extraordinary mythological systems, which, closely resembling each other, differ essentially from the mythology of Greece—the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, with its cycles of myriads of years, and its fables regarding Amen-ra, Isis, Osiris, and other grotesque-shaped gods; and the mythology of the Hindoos, with its similar immense intervals of time, and its Vishnus, Brahmas, Sivas, divine apes, &c. Another mythology, differing both from the Grecian and from the Hindoo, which it would also be interesting to analyse in a similar way, is that of the Scandinavian nations, with its Thor, Odin, and Walhalla of merry beer-drinking gods. To expound these mythologies, however, would require large space; and we must content ourselves with alluding, in conclusion, to two examples of more restricted and special interest.

Every one knows how the early history of Rome was told until the other day, and how it is still told in many of our schoolbooks. How there were seven kings of Rome—Romulus, Numa, Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus; how the reigns of these kings embraced a period of exactly 245 years; how, in each reign, there happened certain extraordinary incidents—as, in that of Romulus, the Rape of the Sabine virgins; in that of Tullus Hostilius, the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii; in that of Tarquinius Superbus, the dishonour of Lucretia, and the consequent revolt under Brutus; how, in the year of the city 245, the monarchy was abolished and a Commonwealth established; and how, through a long series of struggles, in which figured such men as Por-

senna, Coriolanus, &c. this Commonwealth became a great Italian nation, the nucleus of the future Roman Empire—such was the narrative that was universally repeated and believed in some twenty or thirty years ago by all compilers of ancient Roman history. Examining this pretended narrative, Niebuhr showed that it would not cohere at any one point; that, in fact, it was a tissue of absurdities and contradictions—Brutus, for example, appearing in it at one moment as a mere youth, and a year or two after as a full-grown man with two sons. He then showed how this pretended narrative had arisen, proving that it was, for the most part, *history created backward*; that is, a mass of ancient Roman myths or legends, strung by the Roman writers upon a chronological scheme prepared according to certain mystical numerical notions; rationalised, to a certain degree, by these writers—that is, stripped of whatever appeared improbable to them; still further rationalised by modern writers (the personal existence of Romulus, for example, and his quarrel with Remus, being retained, while the story of the divine birth of the brothers, and their mysterious preservation in infancy, was of course rejected); and thus finally adapted to modern opinion. Expounding all this, and devoting his whole life to the labour of investigating into the real facts of Roman history, Niebuhr gave to the world a new view of the same—a view which, while it made known a mass of circumstances relating to the social and political condition of early Rome, of which even Livy himself had been ignorant, permitted the quaint old legends to resume their proper form as legends, instead of being docked and attenuated for the purposes of delusive history.

In consequence of the elaborate researches that have of late been made into the true history of Great Britain, as recorded first in Greek and Roman, then in Celtic and Saxon, and lastly, in Norman and English writers—researches which, if properly turned to account, would enable us to construct a tolerably clear general narrative of the fortunes of our whole island from the times of Julius Cæsar to the present day—it is now almost forgotten that Britain had once a legendary history as absurd as that of any nation. Yet, till the seventeenth century, it was customary to trace the history of Great Britain up to an imaginary personage, Brute, a Trojan, and consequently a contemporary of Æneas, from whom had descended a line of English kings, including Bladud, Lear, Cymbeline, and other personages of poetic celebrity: as well as, less directly, a line of Scottish kings, including Ferguses, Mainuses, and other apocryphal worthies, many of whom flourished before the Christian era.

One question which will naturally occur to our readers at this point it may be proper to say a word upon. 'Seeing that mythus is so prevalent and abundant, how is it possible,' it may be asked, 'for an ordinary mind to discriminate, in the case of any specific story presented to it, whether that story is a genuine fact or only a myth?' To this question we have already furnished a sufficient reply in the course of our general remarks. We shall here, however, recapitulate that reply in form:—

First, then, it may be laid down as a rule that all stories that are in the nature of things impossible—as, for example, the story of the miraculous birth of Romulus—are at once to be set aside. Here, however, a caution is necessary. The standard of possibility is not the same in all times and with all individuals—it varies with the degree of scientific insight possessed by

an age or by an individual, and what appears impossible to an age or individual that knows little, may appear quite possible and natural either, on the one hand, to an age or individual that knows less, or, on the other hand, to an age or individual that knows more. To cite one example—the recently-established science or art called *Mesmerism* has brought out into light a number of extraordinary phenomena relating to the physiology of the human mind and body, which, though not admitting us, as unthinking people are apt to suppose, a single inch nearer the mysterious centre of things, have yet wonderfully enlarged our notions of what is real and actually possible, according to the laws of this universe. Now the opinion is, that throughout all history there has been a current of occasional mesmeric manifestation; those singular physiological phenomena that are now elicited designedly and for the behoof of science having formerly happened spontaneously, and in situations where there was no one to note their scientific character. Hence a certain limit to disbelief in stories of a magical nature—stories of oracles, apparitions, trances, &c. Where any such story appears to be supported by sound positive evidence, the rule ought to be not to reject it summarily, but to entertain it interrogatively, in the spirit of the most advanced positions of contemporary science. And this leads us to our second canon.

Secondly, every story, however plausible or probable in itself, ought to be rejected, or at least sent back, that does not come accompanied by proper and sufficient evidence; and every story, however unlikely in itself, ought to be accepted, if (which is often a difficult thing to decide) the evidence in its favour is valid and complete. As this leads up to the distinct and very complex question, 'What constitutes evidence, and how, in any given case, is it to be estimated?' it may be thought that the canon thus simply stated is useless. In practice, however, it will be found of immense service, especially the negative portion of it. Were every person, on hearing a story, to speak to himself thus:—'Setting aside the picturesqueness of this story, and my wish to believe it, what evidence is there of its real and positive truth?' the number of myths that are daily put in circulation in society would be diminished to a mere fraction of their present amount; and were our writers of history to restrain themselves by a similar canon, history would soon cease to be the incoherent rubbish it unfortunately is.

THE SUNKEN ROCK:

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE Mediterranean Sea occupies that place in maritime life which it does in geography. Its associations are all of the earth and of worldly things: you enter and leave it as if by a gate, between those pillars of Hercules beyond which all were unknown waters to the ancients. It has none of that grave, mysterious earnestness which belongs to the great ocean, with its protracted solitudes, its nameless conflicts, its dangers unforeseen. To the present day, in truth, the open main and this miniature remain in strong contrast, as two separate schools of experience: for from the sunny rock of Gibraltar to the black and roaring Euxine, the Mediterranean mariner is at best but a coaster or ferryman, a child of luck or superstition, an animal at once simple and cunning—voluptuous like the Italian and Spaniard, or savage like the Greek, the Moor, and the Turk: in short, to use the graphic idiom of a nautical wit, ‘your *mariner* is always next door to a *marine*!’ He still steers literally by the stars, without need of compass, quadrant, or chronometer, dodging from point to point, sheltering behind the capes and islands, scudding when a gale arises with scarce a rag of sail before it, or hauling it down altogether, and governed by a sort of dumb instinct as to the weather of a region where all is sudden and changeable as in a mountain lake. National character and ideas, all the time, continue here little more modified by seafaring habits, than if each race of men had stayed at home. The Italian or Spaniard in a storm ceases his exertions, wrings his hands, and vows taper after taper to the Virgin for assistance; the Greek rows desperately for the land, and in case of a safe issue, cuts off his hair to holy Nicholas; while the Turk cuts away topsail and topgallant-sail from aloft, instead of furling them, and then commits himself with sullen resignation to his destiny.

During the last great European war, the Mediterranean, of old mingled with human blood, became the battle-field where civilised nations decided their final struggles; and there is this to be said for war at sea, that while it leaves behind no wounded, and arrays hostility in somewhat of a sublimer guise, it at the same time tramples down no harvest-fields, breaks in upon no busy city, and leaves simple cottagers to sleep securely. It was then that Nelson chased the fleet of Villeneuve for months through the

Atlantic in vain, to find him at length back near Trafalgar; and as the contest thickened towards the Mediterranean, it was reduced to the conditions of a drawn duel there, to leave the open ocean free for discovery and commerce, when Napoleon had no more ships to spare. But if Cæsar's legionaries, long ago, were taken by surprise to find their galleys left high and dry at ebb of tide—a trick of Neptune which they knew nothing about before—in this land-girt sea, on the other hand, your sailor fresh from true-blue water has always some new lessons to learn, and perhaps a few of his bluff, thorough-going maxims to give up. From the complicated arrangement of its many peninsulas, promontories, and islands, as well as the very nature of its bottom, the hydrography or ground navigation of the Mediterranean has been at all times precarious, and the accuracy of charts there still more important than elsewhere; so that 'a wet-hand lead and a bright look-out' come here almost to exclude those other chief appliances of seamanship which are in requisition as soon as the pilot is dropped and the anchors stowed. The merchant vessels of Britain and her allies, on their way from port to port, were obliged to sail close together, under protection of their armed convoy, keeping the mid-channel, and following one another in the well-known paths like sheep; the trader more anxious to detect his foe, the man-of-war more eager for his prey or his antagonist, than to notice any object less remarkable; and as for the communication of experience between nations, or from local acquaintance, such information was probably as little in request as it was to be looked for. If, by chance, an unlucky Smyrna-man or a Levant brig, a rich Barcelona barque or a Leghorn hermaphrodite schooner, dropped off in some mysterious way out of the very middle of the convoy, it was attributed to the dark night, to some sly privateer, or to the gale acting upon an ill-formed craft. Even when a fine sloop-of-war, or a frigate or two were lost, and supposed to have gone ashore, or to have foundered with all hands, the fatal spot proved to be one everybody had heard of, and no one mentioned: but they were used to it, and the affair was put down amongst the casualties.

Captain James Grove, of his Britannic majesty's ship *Thetis*, was famous even amongst his sharp brother commanders as a keen cruiser, a daring 'cutter-out,' but at the same time a cool, prudent hand in carrying his purposes into execution, except that, rather than give in to a Frenchman of what size soever, he would see himself blown out of the water, or his enemy what the Jack-tars quaintly call 'blowed.' Added to which, he was a perfect gentleman, and of course a thorough sailor—channel-bred, ocean-bred—in short, bred all over, by actual experience, while knowing the Mediterranean well. Grove was, in fact, one of those first-rate specimens of the British seaman that the time produced, with all his merits and all his defects, amongst which the present age might probably number the excess of that bulldog tenacity, and that contempt of abstract views, wherein lay much of our naval success. Most of the cruising ships on the station were now being recalled, as at this period there was but little left for them to do; and the gleanings of the harvest were reserved for a few men of interest, chiefly young scions of aristocracy, to whom the field was new. Many a gallant spirit that had greeted these bright waters with a smile, was going home to rust ashore on half-pay, or amidst the North-Sea blasts,

the long gales which blow fiercely round the southern capes, or the wearisome vicissitudes of the tropics, to remember their Mediterranean days with a sigh. The *Thetis* had long had her copper washed by its short, sharp waves, so that she daily expected her orders home, and was lying quietly at anchor off the harbour of Malta; when, after the arrival of a new sloop-of-war from England, the admiral's flag-ship one evening signalled despatches, along with the familiar telegraphic numbers, by which Captain Grove's presence was required on board the seventy-four. The thought of home, perhaps more easily forgotten than elsewhere in these regions, with their continual excitement, and their varying temperatures—one gliding almost insensibly into the other—began to realise itself as the captain's gig pulled swiftly towards the line-of-battle ship, hugely looming at her anchors, between the frigate and the broad blue offing of the eastern sea; while the last red glimmer of the sun, dropping behind Malta, brought out its black mass of land from beyond, fringing its outline with crimson, which imperceptibly melted into the purple haze which floated above. The heavy yards of the ships looked whiter, and the buoy over the anchor of the seventy-four was dipping ahead of her in the first pulses of the land-wind from Sicily. The fire of the admiral's evening gun flashed from one of her ports as the boat lay under her gangway; then were heard the bells from the many churches and convents in the town of Valetta, beginning to jangle musically after its deep sound had boomed away to leeward; the large, clear evening star was out above the dim lights on shore; and the British ensign, with its deep-blue field, and the flag of St George, with its white ground and red cross, could be seen lazily half unfolding as they caught the breeze. Then England, with her sober aspect and less brilliant climate, returned as it were mildly, even on such rude hearts as were gathered along the fore-bulwarks of the frigate; for hardy tars might have been seen looking out towards the flag-ship, in anxious speculation as to what was passing there; or clustering together to talk of wives, sweethearts, and friends, and how they might soon be able to spend their prize-money in a good, honest, English way. All were, for the first time for two or three years, stirred up by what looked like an actual turning homewards; not a few swearing, with true nautical caprice, that for their part, 'next to your flat-topped houses, your white walls, and your infernal blue sky, they hated your weather that's neither too warm nor too cold!' When the captain's gig had again reached the ship, however, and in little more than an hour her captain was manned to heave up anchor, her crew were too much accustomed to naval procedure to persist in their home-speculations after a departure so sudden: and the forty-four was soon standing out under all sail to seaward, every one but the commander seemingly in complete ignorance as to her destination.

It was well past the end of summer, when the regular alternation of winds, so familiar to the seamen especially in that region of the Mediterranean, began to be affected by other influences; but for the first three or four days the *Thetis*, with her head turned north-westward, made good progress up the broad channel that intervenes between the Tunisian capes and the coast of Sicily; still receiving the strong southerly air each morning, the western zephyr in the afternoon, and the cool, fresh, north-eastern night-breezes from the distant shores of Italy, spent and weakened in their passage across

the yet ampler waters of the Italian sea, with intervals of light calm, in which her sails would catch hot, fitful puffs, or transient squalls, off the great African desert—memorials of the past sirocco. The frigate, however, was one distinguished for her sailing qualities, and she was already far up towards the wide reach between Sicily and Sardinia, as if bound for Naples, when she encountered a strong *greggale*, or north-easter, which, after she had continued to beat up close-hauled against it for an hour or two, kept her during the next afternoon and night driving to leeward under her three reefed topsails, and pitching on the short, angry seas till morning, though happily too far from the land to be in any danger. When the gale broke and fell, as it did amidst the quick and struggling light of dawn, the Thetis shook the reefs out of her topsails, altering her course a point or two nearer to its previous inclination; and inspiriting enough it was, certainly, to the sailor's heart in her officers of the watch, as the stately ship buffeted the waves in clouds of white spray from her weather-bow, her long yards dotted with hardy seamen crowding in to descend the rigging, her tall, broad sheets of canvas shaking into steadfastness before the force of the wind, and the female figure at her bows stretching its arm in antique grace over the turbulence below, as if the old sea goddess from whom she took her name were once more seen controlling the froward monsters of the deep, in all their Protean shapes—that brute strength of nature which yields ever to higher influences and to divine behests. While the sun lifted his glorious orb through the scattered mist to windward, brightening the high, wet sides of the frigate, and glittering along the range of quarter-deck guns as she rolled, the wind shifted gradually round in her favour, as the usual morning breeze resumed power, and the Mediterranean surges, though still agitated, soon rose beautifully blue again; the Thetis leaning over as she anew began to urge her former course towards the Italian Channel. The well-known azure peaks of a cape somewhere near Algiers had been purposely brought visible before, as a point of 'departure;' but with unusual care, as if it was desired that the utmost nautical precision might guide her ensuing progress: and the curiosity of all on board was again excited as to the particular object of the cruise.

The first cold tints of daybreak next morning-watch found the frigate still out of sight of land, although, by the rate of her progress during the last twenty-four hours, far off indeed from where the sun had last risen upon her. The brisk south-westerly breeze continued to sweep across to her larboard quarter, raising the expanse of water into lively, little surges, whose heads were scarce crisped with foam, while they swelled up from purple hollows to glitter in the level radiance, with edges of emerald green; on the ship's other side the whole sea came out, from her very bends to the sky, in one shining semicircle, hemmed by a keener rim of light, beyond which the sun shot up his dazzling orb with a blaze of splendour unspeakable. The frigate was now, notwithstanding the breeze, under what is called easy sail; merely expanding her three broad topsails, jib, and spanker, to its influence, her courses being hauled up in the brails, and the loftier sails furled on the yards: nor, as it brushed the whole wide surface into one rounded floor of sparkling and restless blue, was there any addition made to her spread of canvas; so that the Thetis moved but gently ahead, with every point in her hull and lofty gear sending back the rays of sunlight as they glanced

upon her, like one weakened by the arrows of Apollo of old. Her decks, however, were newly washed down; and, as usual before their drying up, the officers and men of the watch alone occupied their respective positions aft and forward; the former, visible here and there about the quarter-deck, looking aloft or seaward with variously-modified airs of occupation, ready for the visit of their superiors; the latter clustered idly in the bows, gazing carelessly over the side, or walking backwards and forwards in the gangways. On this occasion, indeed, amongst that portion of the frigate's crew now on deck, a greater variety and excitement of feeling prevailed than was externally discernible through the usual repressed manner of British sailors, whose idea of manly indifference is so opposed to all *empressement* as to be sometimes ludicrous. The mixture of dissatisfaction and curiosity was chiefly brought out by off-hand remarks and quaintly-speculative comments on the proceedings of those above them, with an originality which was far from displaying itself in the more restricted calculations of the quarter-deck.

'What are we a-losing this here good breeze for,' said one; 'an' in a couple of hours more it'll no doubt be dead calm?'

'Ay, 'mate,' said a fine black-bearded topman; 'but what's the skipper after? that's the main p'int, ye know, Tom.'

'Well, to my thinking now,' answered another, 'I shouldn't wonder if the captain's got nought to do with this here short canvas we're under; an' its all owin' to cautious Carey yonder, the second luff, as is al'ays feared for white squalls of a mornin'. Why, what the blessed *can* we be arter but right up for Naples, Jack?'

'Phew!' said the topman again. 'Catch slashing Jim Grove without a cue of his own, or the hooker under canvas *he* don't know about! I bet ye a week's grog, 'mates, he's got word o' some French merchantman, or mayhap a frigate, at sea hereabouts; an' afore long, take my word for it, ye'll see some'at smart. Why, bless ye! heels or broadside, the saucy Thetis 'll have her; or if it comes to a cut-out, our skipper's not the man for to say hold on, ye know!'

Every eye was here instinctively turned to the horizon again, one head and another stooping or stretching to see past the complicated hamper of the ship, through which the blue line of distance shone so clear, however, with its superineumbent space of air, that the least speck could not have escaped the experienced glance of the sailors; and all faces were finally raised for a moment aloft to where the look-out, on the foretop-gallant-yard, with his arms folded on the white spar, leant contemplatively over it, like some spectator from a purer sphere; one saw his keen eyes gleam, and his head turn against the blue atmosphere to survey the semicircle behind, from which his voice would have fallen like no earthly call.

'What does *you* think o' the consarn, old Ship?' said Tom, addressing the elder of two stout, salt-looking old tars, who had been rolling to and fro along the gangway in separate conversation, while alternately leaving and approaching the group.

'As how, lad?' said the veteran, endeavouring not to appear too much softened by the complimentary appeal to his authority.

'Why,' answered Tom, 'here's Jack Brown an' a lot more will have it there's some'at more i' the wind than a trip to Naples this bout; 'cause

why, ye see, jist by reason the craft's got a little less cloth airing nor or'nary! Now, what d'ye make on it yerself, old Ship?'

'Well,' replied the old sailor, turning one eye aloft, 'it's hard to say, Tom, my lad; cruising canvas it be, ye know!'

'In course,' said Tom, glancing contemptuously at his companions; 'in course—that's all!'

'Any word of a Frenchman hereabouts?' asked several eagerly.

'Lord love ye, 'mates!' said Ben, 'I don't fancy there's two French sticks together almost o' this side the Gut!'

'So says I!' interrupted Tom; 'a blue look-out enough for more prizes!' And the eager attention of the circle gave way to a general expression of disappointment.

'You talks o' prizes though, shipmates,' resumed old Ben; 'an' no wonder either, seein' a man tires o' ploughin' brine for nothing at all. But you young chaps don't think much o' them without a few hard knocks first, or a tough chase; whereas an ould hand like me, why he's seen enough on that 'ere sort o' thing to turn sick of it. Now, as for the war, 'mates, I'm in doubt we've seen the last shares it'll bring us; 'cause why—there was over many a-hauling at it. The sooner we've peace, to my notions, the better!'

'That's neither here nor there though, old Ship!' remarked a sailor.

'Why, 'mates,' continued the old seaman more significantly than ever, 'what 'ud ye think if so be there was more prizes to be got hereabouts nor would buy the whole o' France twenty times over, an' that without never a shot fired nor more canvas set than we has just now; and what's more, without pickin' other folks' pockets? for, d'ye see, I'm blessed if it ha'n't gone to my heart at times for to chuck about them shiners as some poor French devil's lost, an' him doin' no harm to no one, besides bein' clapped in jail ashore, with mayhap a wife and babies at home, mind ye!'

'Why, for that matter,' said the foretop-man, although somewhat undecidedly, 'mayhap you takes your turn: it's all a toss-up, old Ship!'

'But what's that you says about prizes, Ben?' exclaimed the rest, pressing closer.

'Why,' continued he, looking round him, and pointing to the glittering expanse of sunlit waters, 'what d'ye fancy this here Middy-tarranean, as we're afloat upon, is?' A question to which the puzzled faces of his hearers naturally returned no other answer than to glance around at it again, and back to the speaker. 'It's not like the reg'lar oshun, as they calls blue water, look ye, 'mates; 'cause why, I've sailed on it this four year come Christmas, an' never knowed the rights of the thing, till t'other week off Malta I chances for to overhaul a book that the captain's stoo'rd lends me one night, which it let me into the matter. D'ye see, in ould times the whole o' them coasts an' ileyands all round, they'd got as many kings an' empyrores as the whole world has now-a-days; and as thick of towns, steeples, an' natives as Lunnun's self, with more fleets nor they knowed what to do with in sich narrow waters. What's more, they didn't know how to handle 'em; and as soon as a bit of a breeze or a white squall gets up, down they went; besides fighting like so many cats whenever they'd meet. So in course, 'mates, in them days there was nothing but wracks an' ill-luck went on; but bein' as rich as Jews, they didn't mind,

an' they builds more; though through time the craft got smaller and poor, like what ye sees now. Now if ye just could see under this here sea, or dry up the water, why, 'mates, it 'ud be nothing more but a reg'lar sprinkle o' gould cups an' coins, jowels an' di'monds, an' what not. Now here is we right in the track for ould Room, where them auncient fleets used for to steer along shore, an' what I axes is—d'ye think Captain Grove's the man to waste wind, time, an' trouble for nothing?' Here the grizzly-haired old tar squirted his tobacco-juice into the scuppers, and looked round in triumph. 'Hows'ever, 'mates,' continued he, 'all this an't neither here nor there—for I tell ye what, Ben Bryce an't the lubber for to guess i' the dark that fashion—I knows some'at to clinch the matter pretty sartain!'

'Ay, ay, old Ship!' eagerly exclaimed the crowd of seamen at the pitch of interest, and turning their ears to listen more intently, while every eye was fixed sideways on the talkative veteran; 'what's that, Ben?'

'Here's the p'int, lads,' said he; 'you want to know how ye're to get at them treasures below water—why, it's easier nor you think: all you've got to do's just to heave-to and use the lead—the steadier we keeps the better. But in course there's *one* more thing ye need, an' that's how to man-handle them said treasures when ye know where they are! Now what d'ye think we've got aboard this very hooker, down in the mainhold there?'

'Blowed if I knows!' exclaimed one and another, opening his eyes.

'Well, 'mates,' said Ben, 'd'ye mind the night afore we left Malta we h'isted aboard a big lump of a consarn, all wrapped up in tarpaulins?'

'Ay, ay, bo,' rejoined several, 'few 'ud forget it as had a hand in the haulin' of it up!'

'Well, blessed if I'd the least notion what it were, till next night Mr White the bo'sum let me into the nater on it, 'sides some'at of its make; an' I'm blessed, shipmates, but it's neither more nor less than what they calls a divin'-bell!'

'*What!*—how's that? *Divin'-bell*, old Ship!' were the exclamations of his audience. 'What craft's that, Ben?—eh, old Salt?'

'Why,' replied he with an air of superior intelligence, 'it's a rum consarn altogether, no doubt—bigger nor a battle-ship's poop-lantern: more like the top taken off a small lighthouse. You hoists it out with a tackle from the mainyard-arm, and lets sink alongside right to the bottom, with two or three hands inside of it—pumps in air a one side, and up comes their breath out on the other; and there they stays grabbing at what's below, and overhauling the whole blessed bottom, till such time as they gives the signal to haul up. So ye see, 'mates, when I talks o' prizes to be got under water, I'm not so far out after all!'

On the quarterdeck the curiosity had been naturally heightened by the orders left at the end of the middle watch, and which confirmed the supposition of the Thetis having been despatched on some particular service. The second lieutenant, who was in charge, leaned with his arms on the capstan, and one hand on the telescope, with which he had again and again surveyed the distant horizon on every side.

'Nothing in sight yet, at anyrate, Neville,' said he now to his next in rank, a lively young man in undress uniform, who had left his berth below

earlier than necessary from mere interest in the matter; 'and little likelihood of anything on this track, I'm afraid!'

'Can it be only some of Sergeant Slyturn's affairs after all, Carey?' suggested the other, using a backname for the first lieutenant, which was occasional in the gun-room, and familiar in the midshipmen's mess; 'one of those scientific trips he talks about—eh?'

'Why, no,' said the officer of the watch; '*that* can't well be, since, anxious as he evidently seems, I believe Mr Sleighton knows little more of the affair than any of us; in fact I have a notion the captain has held it so close just to keep the first lieutenant as long as possible out of it, which makes me think it must be some navigation concern certainly; so hanged inquisitive as he is, and always wanting to stick his finger in every pie of the kind!'

'Yes, of the *kind*,' said Neville laughing; 'though not, perhaps, if it happened to be some piece of hot boat-work off Toulon! By the by, our reefers have a good joke about him they got from their friends in the *Majestic*, where he was before'—

'Hush! here he comes himself,' said the second lieutenant in a low tone; and next moment the gold-banded cap of the first lieutenant appeared above the combings of the after-hatchway. The sunlight sparkled on the epaulette of his left shoulder as he came up the companion-ladder, gazing aloft while he did so, and round the horizon whenever he had reached the deck. He was a slender young man, younger-looking, in fact, than either of his two subordinates; and instead of presenting any ground in his first appearance for the sort of dislike with which he was regarded by his fellow-officers, his features were finely intellectual, though delicate for a sailor's, and an indistinct smile was always playing about his sharp upper lip, that was apt to curl into a kind of sneer when he spoke, at least to his shipmates. The truth was, Mr Sleighton's father happened to have been in business; and he owed his presence and position in the navy to two things—his having an uncle a member of parliament, who could be inconvenient, if he chose, to the ministry, and his own acuteness and knowledge in all matters, especially theoretical, connected with his profession, derived from good preparatory education at school. This of itself, added to the fact of his having been pushed over their heads, would have tended to produce a misunderstanding between the other officers and him; but Sleighton, unfortunately, had as little the frank, straightforward, and high-minded spirit, which to most of his companions was a thing of blood, as he possessed their off-hand, gentlemanly bearing—or, for instance, the manly dashing figure, and handsome browned face, of either of the two lieutenants beneath him. With these deficiencies he could scarcely have been expected wholly to conceal his consciousness of intellectual superiority; while the pettier vanity which made him, instead of standing upon this merit, talk of his 'uncle the member for so-and-so,' and his 'brother the sergeant-at-law,' not only exhibited the weak points of a new school of naval men, but brought out the worst feature of the old—its supercilious self-reliance: above all, that characteristic which a sailor, from his peculiar habits, dislikes most heartily, is that of what he calls a 'sea-lawyer,' or one who, instead of ordering, obeying, or acting in his place, resorts to disputation and argument about the matter: and this chanced to be the

tendency of the first lieutenant of the *Thetis*; while curiously enough, too, the sailors specially disliked him on the very ground that, in place of issuing peremptory commands like the rest, with perhaps an oath or two—in place of knocking them about, as they called it, and bringing a man ‘to the gratings when he deserved it’—it was his way, on the contrary, to speak them fair, to reason with them, and, when he could, to substitute milder punishments of an indirect kind for the cat. Still more fatal to his acceptance with the capricious mind of Jack was his sparing use of sea terms; so that, on the whole, Mr Sleighton could not be said to have many friends on board.

‘There is nothing visible yet, I think, Mr Carey?’ said the first lieutenant as he approached, after having taken one long look through the glass.

‘Not a speck in sight, sir,’ replied the other briefly, and touching his cap, while both he and his companion quietly observed the ill-concealed air of dissatisfaction and restlessness which their superior attempted to cover by appearing quite at ease as well as secretly intelligent.

‘Ah, well!’ said he, stooping to glance into the compass-boxes, ‘north-east-by-east—that is well, Mr Carey—so! Half a point more east, my man, as nearly as you can. I see you’ve got both courses pulled up, Mr Carey—quite correct, sir!’

‘Exactly as I had the orders, sir,’ answered the second lieutenant.

‘We are somewhere about longitude ten and a-half,’ said the first, as if to himself, ‘latitude thirty-eight and a-half, say—off the Sardinian coast.’

‘Indeed, sir?’ inquired Carey, trying a random hit: ‘then we are pretty near the right quarter, I suppose?’

‘Right quarter!’ repeated the first lieutenant with a sudden stare; ‘for what?’

‘Why, for what you are expecting, sir, you know,’ replied Carey with the utmost outward respect, but exchanging looks with Neville on the other side. The lieutenant caught the expression; his keen eyes flashed as he turned away for a moment as if to examine the horizon, but the next instant he gave both the officers a cold, clear glance of indifference, the usual sneer playing about his mouth as he said formally to the one in charge, ‘The captain will be on deck directly; you will see the men summoned to divisions, sir.’

‘Ay, ay, sir,’ replied Carey, walking a few steps forward, and calling out, ‘Boatswain’s mates, pipe to divisions there!’

The bells struck to mark half-past seven; the whole crew were next minute crowding up and shuffling together in awkwardly-ordered masses along both gangways; a double column of clean white trousers, blue jackets, and bearded faces, with the ship’s name repeated brightly in front of every black-ribboned tarpaulin, while the cross-belted marines drew across before the quarterdeck. In five minutes more the tall, strong form of the captain emerged from the hatchway, the drums tapped and rolled, the arms of the marines clashed as they were presented, every sailor’s hat was off, and the commander stood running his quick, bold eye forward along the crew, aloft to the ship’s lofty spars and canvas, out to the blue waters and their horizon, then over the throng of men again.

‘Pipe down, Mr Sleighton,’ said he, ‘and let the men get breakfast over

this morning as quickly as possible;’ upon which he turned and walked back to the capstan.

The broad white awnings had been spread above the frigate’s quarter-deck, and a knot or two of her various officers about the taffrail and the larboard or subordinate side seemed disposed to lounge a little till eight o’clock, but a hint from their commander’s manner was sufficient to send all below to their respective breakfast-places, except a small party composed of the first, second, and third lieutenants, who stood on the opposite side of the capstan, waiting deferentially for orders; while the stout, gray-headed, old sailing-master, with some rolled-up charts under his arm, remained close by. The decks were quiet, and otherwise deserted, save by the man at the wheel, a veteran quartermaster near him, a single sailor at the distant bows, and the two look-out men far aloft; the ship still forging slowly ahead through the water, and little else audible but the sound of its light-surges plashing before the keel, melting liquidly away from it, and running back along her outer timbers, with the gently-sweeping rustle of the festooned courses about the two lower-mast heads. Captain Grove also held a paper in his hand, which he began to unfold as he leaned his elbows on the capstan, signing to the group of officers to close in, where the broad round surface of that nautical machine, like a miniature of the larger natural circumference beyond, extended its brass-rimmed area within the circle.

‘Well, gentlemen,’ said he pleasantly, though with all the easy superiority of authoritative position, ‘I have a matter before us here which you will join me in managing—for in fact the sooner we get done with it the better, and the earlier we go home. The truth is, gentlemen, privately speaking,’ and he slightly lowered his voice to a somewhat confidential tone, with a smiling nod, ‘why, I think the whole affair in itself— Ah, no matter!—at anyrate *settled* it must be, though we should box about here till doomsday, like the Flying Dutchman! Now we have a long day before us, gentlemen; fine weather, just the sort required—and— Why, I think, if we set about it, all hands with a will, and in a seamanlike manner, we may put it at rest by to-morrow at farthest, one way or other. The thing is this: there is some report, or rumour, or whatever you like to call it, of a rock, or a shoal, or a bank, or something of the kind, not laid down in the charts, and the Admiralty of course want to know the truth of it. Now what we’ve got to do is just to find out whether there *is* such a thing or not; and if so, *where* it is: in one sense a sort of compliment no doubt to the Thetis—in another, perhaps rather more fit for some ten-gun brig or other, that can’t do better; but the fact is, I always like to do what’s expected of me, and do it I will. The affair, in short, is what any seaman can do—it only needs a little care; so let’s all be active, gentlemen, look sharp, and what we don’t like let’s finish as quick as possible, and ship-shape to boot! I’ll read you what mainly concerns the point in hand.’ Whereupon the commander proceeded to read aloud part of his despatch from the secretary of the Naval Board, his usual distinct, manly notes involuntarily falling to a sort of drawling rote as he went on. “To Post-Captain James Grove, of his majesty’s frigate Thetis, their lordships of the Honourable the Board of Admiralty,” and so on—“desiring you to search out and thoroughly investigate,” et cetera. Ah! “Extract from ship’s log of the trading brig

Jane Ann of Greenock, Alexander Macnellan, master, kept by Thomas Roger, mate, during voyage home from Leghorn"—Why did the man take round by Sardinia, I wonder?"

'Probably to avoid the French privateers, sir,' suggested the first lieutenant.

'Ah, I daresay, Sleighton,' continued the captain; 'why didn't he wait for convoy, then? But these Scotchmen must always be taking advantage, and poking their long noses where they oughtn't; yet they're too cautious to do more, as you'll see here:—"April the 26th, 1813.—Off the island of Sardinia, out of sight of land—weather looked dirty to windward. In first dog-watch stood in till made Cape Carboneray, about three leagues on the starboard-bow, when gave the land a good offing agen by nightfall. 27th.—Out sight of land. Took the sun, to shape a course round, and made the latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes * longitude, by reckoning about 10½ degrees as nere as may be. At 4 bells afternoon watch, came on strong gale from north-east and by east—Which refed tops'ls, and put the brig before it, being like to turn out a heavy gale at north. About three-quarters of an hour thereafter, saw breakers right under our lee-bow, and went about in good time. Being not come on to blow hard yet, and reesonabl clear to leeward, saw the breakers plain about 1 mile and a ½ off. Calculated too have run near nine notts and a ½ sinse we took the sun and rekoned longitude. Signed, Thomas Roger, mate; and Alexander Macnellan, master." Now,' said Captain Grove, 'all this is pretty particular certainly.'

'He seems rather a correct person the mate, sir,' observed the first lieutenant.

'Correct, my good sir,' rejoined the captain smiling; 'why, yes, if you don't suppose most of this correctness hatched up to excuse their cursed laziness, or caution, or whatever it might be, in not going about again to see closer; for you'll notice, by their own confession, the gale hadn't come on yet, and they might have sent out a boat, if they had one to swim. Quite an extraordinary correctness indeed for Mediterranean merchantmen, unless they wished to give their owners a notion of their merits, or their friends a yarn about the dangers of the seas—which the good folks send forthwith to the Admiralty forsooth! Why, either it might have been the first of the gale breaking in the mist; or, for aught I see, instead of Cape Carbonara, they might have made Cape Teulada on the other side, and afterwards one of those reefs about the islands there.' Here the sailing-master unrolled a chart on the capstan drum-head, and pointed them out, with a respectful nod of assent. 'But the truth is,' continued the commander, 'the matter becomes just as important whether or not; for unless such a thing is shown *not* to exist, why, with the best charts made, people wont be able to sleep in their hammocks at night; and we need to have a few of these tales regularly exposed. At anyrate we have our orders to execute; so, Mr Jones, be so good as show exactly, if you please, where you have the ship's place pricked off on the chart.'

'Here it is, sir,' said the master, putting his horny forefinger on the spot, and peering closely into it.

* In the Mediterranean latitude is of course always *north*, and the Greenwich meridian almost everywhere to westward. The theory and instruments of navigation are here also generally less important than experimental pilotage.

'What latitude and longitude do you make it, then?' inquired Captain Grove, looking at the mark.

'Well, sir,' replied the old seaman, 'as near as I can say since last noon, about thirty-eight, forty, north, by ten and three-quarters east, according to what we found her longitude last mid-watch, sir.'

'Rather more nearly ten and a-half, I think, Mr Jones,' remarked the first lieutenant.

'I reckon her to've made that much easting since we shortened sail, Mr Sleighton, sir,' rejoined the master.

'Well, well,' said the captain, 'Mr Jones is more likely to be right, as he keeps the log, Mr Sleighton. Then here's Cape Carbonara, Mr Jones, exactly north-west of us.'

'Nigh fifty miles off, sir, Cape Carbonnyraw may be,' returned Mr Jones; 'but you'll make it out half that distance off from the mast-heads, sir, in this here clear sort of a climate.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said his superior; 'then *that's* our first landmark. 'Twill take us almost three full hours to get over as much ground close-hauled, under all the canvas we can set, and fast as the Thetis is; however, the more time for looking out. By noon at farthest we shall be up with it, after which we shall probably have a slant of wind off-shore, and can brace round again so as to make a sort of sharp angle on our late track. In which case, gentlemen, we can finish with a cut through it, like slicing through a wisp of hay for a needle! Mr Sleighton, be so good as see the yards braced up sharp at once, sir, if you please.'

'Certainly, sir,' answered the young officer, turning, though hesitating for a moment. 'Might I be allowed to make one suggestion, sir?' said he.

'Why, you see, Mr Sleighton,' said Captain Grove, smiling rather coldly, 'the whole matter is so simple, so much of a clear coil to any seaman, that—— Why, sir, in short, I mean to take the *management* to myself, and—leave my officers to handle the ship—the more cleverly the better of course.'

The first lieutenant turned on his heel, followed by his companions, and next moment the necessary orders were being given; the ship came gradually nearer to the wind as her heavy yards swung round, the confined sheets of canvas aloft fell spreading to the breeze, and she was soon rushing swiftly through the water at more than double her previous rate.

'By the way, Mr Jones,' resumed Captain Grove to the old master, 'did you ever see or hear of anything of the kind hereabouts?'

'Well, Captain Grove, sir,' replied he, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with one hand, 'for my part I can't say I ever did, sir; and one time with another, man and boy, sir, I've sailed in this here Mediterranean a good dozen and a-half year! I make bold to say I know this same channel we're in, sir, as well as most; but you'll be kind enough to observe, Captain Grove, that it weren't common for craft to keep so far into the land, in my day at anyrate. And after all, sir, I'd never take upon me to go against what a man *sees*, so he *do* see it, seeing it's always hard for to prove a thing's *not*, sir, whatever you may have seen yourself, you know, sir.'

'Unless you show that it isn't where he said it was, Jones,' said the captain familiarly to the old seaman; 'that you'll allow, eh?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' responded the master, with a cautious style of agreement; 'of course, sir, that's the matter, I don't deny.'

'Now, Mr Sleighton,' said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant when the latter had come on deck again from despatching his breakfast, 'you will hold straight on this course, clapping on everything you can, till you make out the land from aloft, and no longer. That being the chief point at present, I shall leave it to you; however, send a couple of leadsmen into the chains, and keep them heaving. See that there is a bright look-out aloft too, sir, if you please.'

The frigate accordingly, under a pyramid-like cloud of white sail, continued to rise buoyantly over the bright-blue surges, that leapt and sparkled as she cleft sharply through them, while the shower of snowy spray scattered back upon her was at times prised by the radiance into fragments of rainbows. The breeze seemed to freshen from south-west, driving softly away up into the deep-blue ample hollow of heaven overhead, the shape of one long gauzy vapour, which the ancients might have fancied as Aurora rising from the pursuit of the fervent sun: it was absorbed in the approach of noon, and the central concave of the pure Italian sky above grew more lucidly transparent in its profundity, till it had all the tint of intense violet. The men high on the frigate's topgallant cross-trees, meanwhile, were repeatedly hailed to keep on the watch, both towards horizon and sea; from every point of the ship looked out some curious eye, accustomed to scan the confusing and transient objects presented by water in motion; while, in truth, the minds of her crew naturally persisted in blending with the immediate purpose of their proceedings somewhat of the treasure-finding ideas recently set before them, and which in no small degree enhanced their attention. The shadow of hull and canvas, too, was as yet thrown long to westward of the vessel, substituting there a light-green tinge for that bright-blue which the waves of the Mediterranean, unlike the deeper ocean indigo, wear only in view of the sky and sunlight; and lest some hidden danger, or actual change of colour, might be thus passed by under a veil, the leadsmen leaning out of her chains cast their hand-leads at short intervals far forward towards the bows; the sharp plunge of the weights, settling till they dipped right below the seamen's feet, the knotted line vibrating to its full stretch through their hardy fingers, was followed only now and then by the long-drawn cry of 'No—grou—nd!' The transient shade left the waters blue as ever astern, and still their broad expanses offered nothing more unusual than the foam-tipped crest of a larger surge, or some sea-bird's wing glancing along the gentle hollows at a distance.

Noon was not far off, and the breeze began to fall away in capricious puffs and sighs, letting the ruffled surface pass into smoother ripples, that reflected the blaze of light from above; when, although from the frigate's decks the clear sapphire-like outline of the horizon was alone visible, the sudden hail of 'Land—O!' came falling hoarsely down from more than one point high amongst her towering spread of canvas.

'Hallo!' shouted the shrill voice of the first lieutenant, 'where-away?'

'Right ahead, sir,' was the reply; and the old master, spy-glass in hand, slowly ascended the rigging to verify his expectations.

'Quite right, sir,' said he to the commander, who awaited him on his descent; 'it's Cape Carbonnyraw to a certainty.'

'Then, Mr Sleighton,' said the captain, 'you may go about at once; we are pretty near where the Scotchman must have been, according to his own account, before he stood out to sea the second time, and shall just try, after that, to be as like going before a north-easter as we can with westerly winds.'

Such as the breeze was, it was shifting towards a west wind or zephyr by the time the *Thetis* had tacked, so that she now edged off gradually from her former track, her recent watchfulness being if possible redoubled, with the addition of slight changes occasionally in her course, which placed a wider reach of surface under immediate examination. The sun's altitude, as it reached the meridian, was now taken, and the calculations from it agreed accurately enough with the reckonings of the master. The charts indicating the depth of water hereabouts, and the nature of the bottom, the ship was accordingly hove to, soundings taken with the deep-sea lead, and found to be such as stated by the authority; while at the distance of a mile or two south-west a shoal or bank was mentioned where the water shallowed considerably, passing from hard rock to gray sand and shells. Here, too, the usual process confirmed the correctness of the topography, even to the minutest circumstance, as the hollow at the end of the lead, filled with white lard, brought up its sample of the gray sand and shells which were so precisely specified. Having thus much at least found the valuable guidance of the charts in all points confirmed, Captain Grove was the less disposed, so far as his own convictions went, to mistrust them in aught else. The *Thetis*, nevertheless, still made way in the direction of her new course, till the light air, which had more and more unsteadily played around her, at length deserted the highest of her sails, and she lay finally becalmed on the hot expanse, where the glittering Mediterranean scarcely undulated beneath a flood of light. Even then, however, the activity of her commander's investigation was far from being intermitted. No sooner had the ship's company dined, than several boats were sent off towards as many different points, with orders to pull about and notice the slightest peculiarity of the surface within view—a piece of service on which the midshipmen and sailors entered with all the glee excited by variety in nautical routine.

The afternoon was far advanced towards evening, and the blue ethereal glow of the sky already began to extend its span above the idle canvas of the frigate, from eastward to the intenser west, as if it let down the sun with all his glories from its embrace, and ampler room went silently up in it; colours and streaks of cloud gathered low over against the frigate's starboard-bow in the transparent distance, when the land-wind came stealing from north-west, imparting a faint tint of emerald to the blue of the waters as it ruffled them, and she was soon gliding off again with her head turned away from it. The breeze had by degrees freshened, the stately *Thetis* began to fly along like a racer, with the white sea-dust rising from before her, till, as the more easterly wind from Italy and the Apennines joined the local one, her progress increased to the swiftness of an arrow; the lively waves rushed briskly on her weather-quarter, sending the sprays now and then sprinkled across her bows. The whole series of precautionary measures was again in full play, and she was fast running down the required line of investigation, so as to make the most of what

daylight remained; but shortly afterwards a sail was descried to leeward, at the distance of two or three miles outside the course of the *Thetis*. The looks of the officers on the quarterdeck were naturally directed towards it with interest; but as to speak the vessel closely would seriously divert them from their present aim, no change was at first made in the movements of the frigate.

'It's nothing more but one of their small Sardinian coasting-craft, sir,' remarked the master, as he laid down the glass, in reply to the question of his commander.

The captain paused, looked at the sky brightening with sunset, and appeared doubtful. 'We have little more than an hour of the light to count upon though, Mr Jones,' he observed.

'These coasters, sir,' said the first lieutenant quietly, 'are generally pretty well acquainted with the localities, although people seldom think of taking advantage of their knowledge, sir.'

'Yes,' said Captain Grove, 'we might get a hint or two, Mr Sleighton, that might do us good as soon as the moon rises; so I think you may—Yes, sir, put up her helm, and stand down to that coaster.'

As the frigate's yards swung fuller to the wind, and she bore swiftly down towards the Sardinian vessel, the two striped triangular sails of the latter seemed scarcely larger than the wings of a sea-gull, which they greatly resembled, with one sharp corner of each slanting far out above the short masts; more especially when she altered her course a little, apparently at sight of the ship in chase of her, and began to scud off before the wind, shifting over one sail so as to point opposite to the other. The *Thetis*, however, with the whole force of the breeze on her lofty canvas, drove through the surges, like some stately creation of the deep in pursuit of some stray adventurer from the land. The foam seethed up around her massive sides, and sank again, as if the element acknowledged her, while the little felucca's tiny hull was at times half hidden by the bright-blue waves on which it dipped and danced along. All at once, on the ship's suddenly firing a blank shot across her wake, the coaster let go her yards by the run; and when the smoke had cleared away, she was seen lightly rising and falling, without a rag spread, at little more than half a mile's distance. The *Thetis* stood on for a few minutes longer, and hove to, close by the felucca, after which she sent out a boat to bring the Sardinian master on board. The poor padrone or captain, in his red-tasselled cap, dingy-velvet jacket, and open-kneed breeches, had no sooner contrived to scramble up the side and reach the quarter-deck, followed by a grinning midshipman, than he gave vent to all sorts of gesticulations and protestations explanatory of his having unfortunately mistaken the British ship for a French one.

'Mr Sleighton,' said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, 'I believe you are the only one of us that knows the poor man's confounded lingo; pray try to stop his jabber, and ask him whence he comes, and where he's bound. For my part I know even less of it than I do of French, which, Heaven be thanked, is very little!'

It was characteristic of Sleighton that he had given his attention, wherever he had been on shore, to acquiring the language of the country; and as descriptive of his fellow-officers at the time, that it was one of the things

they disliked him for, or despised in him. He accordingly put the desired question to the Sardinian, who appeared much relieved.

'Eccellenza, to Spartivento,' said he, answering only the latter part of the inquiry.

'Where *from*?' repeated the lieutenant in Italian.

The Mediterranean mariner hesitated, glanced about uneasily, and at last named 'Marsala in Sicily.'

'The very tract we want, I think,' said the captain. 'Does he cross the channel often?'

'Securo, signor, securo! (certainly),' was the answer.

'And knows the coast well?' suggested Captain Grove again.

'Sì, eccellenza! motto bene!' replied the Sardinian, smiling modestly.

'Does he know of any small rock or shoal, where the sea breaks, or otherwise, anywhere on the tract betwixt Sicily and Sardinia?' was the next inquiry.

'Rock—or shoal?' repeated the man in his own language, seeming to muse for a moment, and then shaking his head as he looked up at the lieutenant who put the query; 'Questo non so, signor, scuso'—('I do not know, signor, excuse me.')

'Has he heard of any vessels being lost thereabouts lately, or at any particular time?' asked the commander once more.

At this last question the padrone of the felucca appeared uneasy, and his eye caught the first lieutenant's. 'I have not, signor,' said he, turning round; 'Santa Maria, non l'ò! After the *greggale* comes, however, signor, there is sad work sometimes;' and he crossed himself devoutly.

'The *greggale* blew here a day or two ago, did it not?' inquired the first lieutenant carelessly; and he cast another look over the bulwarks towards the little vessel, where a couple of brown-faced Italian mariners were sitting with their bare legs over the sails which had been hauled down upon the lumber below, as they gazed up curiously at the lofty sides and upper gear of the frigate.

'Sì, signor,' said the padrone briefly, in reply to his question.

'And since then,' continued the lieutenant, 'you have been *fishing*, I suppose?'

The Sardinian looked about him, and gave no further response; while the old master of the Thetis observed to Captain Grove that 'them fellows commonly knew less about the matter than a seaman; for,' said he, 'a deep keel draws more water than a shallow one; and where *you* strike, sir, why *they* go clear over, and know nothing at all about it.'

The keen eye of Sleighton, notwithstanding, while attention was paid to the padrone himself, had for a moment remarked the number of casks and other articles apparently concealed by the felucca's sails; and connecting the circumstance with his manner, he suspected the Sardinian of knowing more on the subject than he was willing to avow. However, Captain Grove presented the man with some silver for his trouble; the boat once more put him on board his own craft; and the Thetis, hauling round her mainyard again, was shortly afterwards cleaving the waters as before; although now with the shades of night beginning to close fast in around her, so that ere long her canvas was reduced to nearly the same propor-

tions it had shown at daybreak, in order to await the advantage of moonlight for her future researches.

Night, in that pure climate of the Mediterranean and at that season, seems to steal up from earth and down out of the sky, not in vapours and defined shadows, but with a new atmosphere; almost as if it were the more normal state of things, containing a truer revelation. The round compass of the sea drew itself sharply about the horizon, its blueness seeming to exhale into the air above it, while all within was one liquidly-rising depth of flowing silence, made more intense by the light plash of the water alongside and the ripple at the bows; a floating hush, as it were, pervaded the obscure, and a sort of airy glimmer which took away the sense of darkness. Scarcely, indeed, had the dark closed upon the rear of twilight, when a transparency from beyond seemed about to break forth anew; and all the while an amplitude of space, far vaster than before, was being cleared away around as well as above; until the dark-blue firmament spread itself immensely over all, shining with starry points and clusters, amongst which came out many a figure, as well known to sailors as those upon their mothers' printed gowns when they were boys. The breeze still blew freely, and every man on deck inhaled its coolness over the bulwarks, balmy as it was after the heat of the day, and faintly smelling of land; while the light through the bull's-eyes of the quarter-deck, and the side scuttles aft, showed that the officers were despatching their evening meal, in order to resume the late process with the first moonlight. Shortly after the streaks of hazy, gray cloud, low in the east, began to show, as it were, a pool of amber light diffusing from behind; the azure of the sky looked over them, and the large, yellow circle of the full moon floated at length slowly out, like some pale, rescued face of the Nereids, or fair ancient Diana restored to belief. In five minutes more the sharp order of the officer of the watch was heard and passed along, when breadth after breadth of canvas fell from aloft against the sky, and rose tightening to the breeze, as the frigate again went ploughing swiftly to the south-east.

She continued thus, as before, to slip easily through and over the lengthened surges, that now rose glittering past her shadow out of their pale-blue hollows, while eastward ran a floor of silver moonshine, till it was past midnight, and the ship must have been sixty or seventy miles aslant from the land seen during day. She was then put about, so as to bring the wind before her beam, and beat up with sails sloped to meet it, into the base of the long triangle formed by her entire cruise since daybreak: the moon, high in heaven, and filling its upper sphere with light which far surpassed that of northern regions, whitened the whole lee-side of the frigate, and the full bosoms of her sails; while the foam came sweeping to her outer timbers along that side, out of clear-edged circles and silver eddies. Nothing as yet varied the surrounding expanse, far or near, but such scarcely-heeded accidents; and the men of the watch, beginning by this time to weary of their fruitless labour, turned their eyes involuntarily ever and anon from their occupations toward the sky aloft, where a pointed streak or two of cloud hung delicately white amidst the suffusion of the upper air, and motionless, in spite of the brisk breeze by which the Thetis rushed ahead. One starry spire above another, too, spread up beyond the moon: the larger and lesser plough, the great triangle, trembling in keen points, with separate

stars sparkling out awfully between; while one cluster, like a diamond lyre, high up, and as it were distant since sunset, appeared to twinkle, ere it vanished, in the very purest pinnacle of vacancy; others melting back into the light which flowed over them as from a spring. The captain and chief officers, indeed, had collected on the ship's lee-quarter, sextants or other instruments in hand, to fix the present longitude by lunar observation, choosing to measure the planet's distance from one bright, well-known star, which had been fancifully preferred throughout many a former voyage. Castor, it might have been, whom, with his twin brother Pollux, the old mariners were wont to recognise as tutelary. The calculation had no sooner been accomplished, than the commander of the *Thetis* remarked, with an air of satisfaction, on their being now in pretty near the same parallel as that indicated by the account of the merchantman. 'And yet,' continued he, chiefly addressing the first lieutenant, 'not the slightest sign have we seen or felt of anything like what the fellow pretends!'

'Allow me to observe, however, sir,' replied Sleighton gravely, 'what I wished to say before—that instead of getting the latitude at one time and the longitude at another, which only tends to confuse us, we ought in a matter of this kind to'—

'How, sir!' said Captain Grove a little sharply, 'do you suppose one of his Majesty's ships mayn't find her place at least as correctly as a red-haired Scotchman with his grandmother's watch?'

'But, sir,' persisted the first lieutenant, 'the more incorrect *they* were, the more need—excuse me, Captain Grove—for care in our own astronomical observations, sir, I presume.'

'Astronomy be hanged!' said the commander: 'the thing doesn't depend on astronomy, Mr Sleighton.'

'At anyrate we should have taken a *variety* of deep-sea soundings, sir,' replied Mr Sleighton, 'leaving buoys to mark where we had been before. I think the best way in such cases, sir, is to take the report for granted, till it is *proved* undeniably false.'

'Take it for granted, Mr Sleighton!' rejoined his superior; 'I shall do nothing of the sort, I assure you, sir. The fact is, Mr Sleighton, you are a little too fond of contrariety, for the mere sake of it; but the best thing you can do, sir, is—get a ship of your own, and come out to look for this shoal fly-away you are so convinced of, I suppose, when other people begin to scout it—*then* of course you can make astronomical observations as long and often as you please.' The first lieutenant bit his lip, but nothing else betrayed his feelings save that he leant over the side and looked steadily into the water sliding past. 'However, gentlemen,' continued Captain Grove in his usual tone, 'we shall soon have run through the whole ground, with the next stretch to windward at least; and if *that* don't bring the matter out, why I have a good mind to be fairly off by morning.'

'We shall be delighted to hear it, sir,' answered the second lieutenant, smiling respectfully. The frigate was soon tacked again, and catching the wind on her opposite side, she ran up the space she had hitherto chiefly enclosed; while the moon, setting slowly past her lee-quarter, began to lengthen its broad reflection into a dancing path of light across the waters on the ship's beam.

Nothing was now heard but the liquid ripple alongside, and at intervals

the plash of the leads cast from the frigate's weather-chains into her passing shadow, with the slow listless tramp of men lingering out their vigil on the forecastle; the captain paced the weather-side of the quarter-deck alone, and the patient old master rested his night-glass on the ratlines of the mizen-rigging, when a sudden call from aloft, quick and startling, roused all beneath into eagerness not unmingled with alarm.

'On deck there! Breakers to leeward!'

'Whereaway?' hailed the captain himself on the instant, springing upon a carronade, and looking up clear of the sails to the look-out aloft.

'Two points on the lee-bow, sir,' answered the man; and the yards were braced up sharper to the wind, which now blew with increased briskness, so as to ensure her weathering the spot in safety. One officer and another ascended the shrouds in order to catch sight of the scarcely-expected peril, while the commander remained standing on the bulwarks with eyes directed impatiently to the horizon: the countenance of the first lieutenant, as he watched the proceedings with affected indifference, nevertheless betraying mingled emotions, amongst which it would have been hard to say whether triumph or some secret feeling of disappointment had the better. Half an hour intervened, during which the ship, in her present state, and with her characteristic sailing qualities, must have made five or six knots headway; but at length an almost simultaneous murmur along the decks betokened that the danger in question was now visible. Over a broad space before the frigate's course a silvery haze was hung around the brightly-setting moon, while she shed her light intensely on the surface underneath; an azure band severed that stretch of water from the horizon, and the nearer waves ran into it, dark by contrast, yet all along within it they rose shining and glittering in white radiance; but towards the further edge of this was seen but the more instantaneously some low black object, over which the breeze sent the snowy spray in wreaths and showers that lent an additional air of hazy indistinctness, as they scattered across it, and as the moonshiny reflection trembled with its fairy webwork of lines, and its threads of lustre from one smooth wave to another. All eyes were naturally bent upon it from the throngs of excited seamen, amongst whom this most dreaded of nautical terrors gained no small increase by the whole circumstances foregoing, as well as the somewhat perplexing and fantastic character of mystery attendant on its sudden appearance, thus placed like a fragment of jet in the crisped silver setting of the moonlight: small as it seemed, indeed, yet the more perilous on that account would it have been had the night been dark, with the breeze blowing right down upon it, and the vigilance of the crew wellnigh at an end. The commander only signed with his hand to the man at the wheel to luff still more, and the officers stood grouping silently together with mutual exchange of looks as the Thetis continued to edge rapidly in the direction of the rock, till at length her mainyard was backed, and she hove to at about three-quarters of a mile distant, rising and falling on the surges as the reversed canvas on her mainmast counteracted the breeze in her other sails.

A boat was then lowered from the ship's lee-quarter, and its crew, under charge of the third lieutenant and master, pulled cautiously away for the spot, which was now conspicuous enough; although the very dazzle of the

light, the showering of the spray, and the motion of the vessel when thus held in check, combined to render it still at that distance quite incapable of proper survey. The movements of the boat's crew were, however, sufficiently distinguishable; and as they neared the place where the water broke, making a half-round, to go to leeward of it, the frigate's bulwarks were topped by one continuous row of eager heads, the watch below having come on deck half-dressed to witness the discovery now being accomplished. All at once the men in the cutter were seen to rise and wave their hats, with a loud cheer, which struggled up against the breeze to the ears of their shipmates; and directly after the boat pulled straight in upon the supposed rock, becoming almost blended with the light spray to leeward of it. The eye of Captain Grove sparkled for a moment with sudden intelligence, but he merely beckoned with his hand to the men by the braces and the wheel; five minutes more sufficed to bring the frigate rushing down upon the place, when she again sheered round to the wind, and became stationary, almost grinding her bows against the edge of the mass in question. By that time all were aware of its real nature, after noticing that it floated, instead of being fixed in the water, composed as it was of a couple of large hogsheds, nearly full, and connected into a sort of unwieldy raft by the top-frame of a ship's mast, with its attendant cordage and other hamper; while it drifted deep and slowly enough to offer considerable resistance to the sharp surges of the breeze, which dashed and sprinkled over its weather-side as upon the crown of some small reef. At this curious *dénouement* a general hurra burst from the assembled crew of the Thetis, which the commander repressed with a sign of his hand, although all severity in it was belied by the smile on his face. On the quarterdeck, indeed, he gave vent to his amusement and satisfaction in unrestrained laughter, to which all but the first lieutenant fully responded, even he professing to smile.

'Well, gentlemen,' exclaimed Captain Grove, 'it seems we might have added another bugbear to that fellow's hobgoblin; for as to its being in the same place, ha, ha!—or near it—that is out of the question. So I think if nothing turns up by to-morrow at farthest, why, we may be contented with the charts, at least till some volcano or other shoves a new reef above water—eh, gentlemen?'

'Oh, after this,' the first lieutenant responded smoothly and with unusual openness of manner, 'certainly, sir; you could not do less.'

'I'm glad to see you can be convinced, Sleighton, in spite of your theories,' returned Captain Grove good-humouredly. 'Now, get these casks overhauled, as there's evidently something in 'em; and set the lumber adrift, that it mayn't frighten any one else. Why, such a concern as that would give a pretty thump to one's bows of a dark night after all. I shall go and turn in now,' continued he, 'and let the ship be kept off and on hereabouts, if you please, till daybreak.'

One of the casks was found to contain nothing but salt water, its bung-hole having been open; the other was more than half full of common Italian wine, which was freely served out to the men, as soon as it had been got on board; the former, with the timber accompanying it, fell to the share of the mess-cooks for firewood, so that the sailors jocosely remarked there was something to be got by shoal-hunting after all.

The first lieutenant stood musing silently by himself near the taffrail ere

retiring to rest, when he was accosted by the old master of the frigate. 'Well, Mr Sleighton,' said the latter, 'I'm glad it's nothing in the shoal-way, sir, though here's some poor fellows gone to the bottom again, it's likely: but I'm not so sure it's a sign all's clear hereabouts.'

'Pooh, pooh, Mr Jones,' answered the lieutenant; 'the captain is right; this is just the kind of thing that gives rise to such reports.'

'Ay, Mr Sleighton,' said the master, 'but what's them things owing to, sir, I ask?'

'Why, they've foundered, or something, in that greggale the day before yesterday,' replied Sleighton; 'such clumsy fellows as they were, no doubt.'

'Well,' said the master, 'that might be; more especially as there's a strong current down this channel here sometimes—mostly about the full o' the moon, sir; and *that* would bring 'em from no'th-east a good way since the gale.'

'And how much way would an affair of this kind make, do you suppose, Mr Jones,' continued Sleighton carelessly, 'in a couple of days now?'

'Why,' said the master, calculating, 'with the north-easter in their favour at first off-go—then this same current, we'll say, sir—and different winds a-baffling about of 'em after'ards—why, you couldn't give them casks much more than about two-score knots in that time, Mr Sleighton.'

'Ah,' said Sleighton, 'and we're in ten longitude, or so, I think; latitude?'—

'Thirty-eight, four, or pretty nigh that, I make it,' replied the accurate master, after reckoning on his fingers; 'but it's hard to say how long they might drift, you know, sir.'

'True, true, Jones,' said the lieutenant.

'Well, Mr Sleighton,' said the old seaman, shaking his head, 'it's a bad part to be in, of a strong nor'easter, is this *I*-talian channel. The Gulf of Lyons for a roaring gale, no doubt; but it's thought by some there's a sort of a whirlpool somewhere here—others, again, say it's only at certain times, more particularly when one of them greggales comes on; and, according to them, it shifts its place more or less.'

'Ah, I daresay, Mr Jones,' said Sleighton with an air of deferring to the old man's experience; 'and no better authority for such facts than yourself.'

'I never heard of it so far south as this though, Mr Sleighton,' ran on the master, fond of having a listener to his old sea-lore; 'nor so near Sardinia, either; but I mind well enough, about seven year ago, being in a convoy, home'ard bound, round these same islands, when a gale came on thick from east'ard, out o' sight of land, we had a fine French Indiaman, a prize which was taken up the Gulf of Genoa. Well, sir, how it was nobody ever knew, but next morning, when it cleared, not a stick of her was to be seen—she'd clear vanished out o' the very midst of us, two or three frigates, and twenty brigs or more, scattered on every hand. There we cruised round and round, looking for a sign of her; but nothing was ever found, till about a month afterwards, I heard her wheel was got by some fisherman or other, with the ship's name on it.'

'Strange, indeed,' responded the first lieutenant; 'and where was this, now, Mr Jones?'

'Must have been a good bit up from here, sir, I think,' said the master;

'though not far out o' the same course for Naples. Howsoever, I must go below, and turn in for a spell; so good-night t'ye, Mr Sleighton.'

As soon as the lieutenant was alone, he took out his pocket-book and carefully noted down a series of memoranda by the light of the binnacle, for the moon was already set; he then slowly followed his late companion down the after-hatchway. 'Fools!' exclaimed he to himself, as he hastily threw off his uniform in the little state-room, 'not one capable of putting a few simple inductions together. But we shall see.'

When next morning dawned on the *Thetis*, she was slowly forging ahead under still less sail than at the previous daybreak: a low, gray bank of haze lay on the horizon to west and northward, against which her hull and spars, nearly bare, would have been scarcely discernible from the opposite direction, where the sun was about to strike his first rays through a lighter vapour in the east. The breeze came freshening along from south-west again, in the cool, exhilarating, morning air; till the frigate, whose few extended sails were so slanted to it as to neutralise most of its influence, rose curvetting on the lively greenish surges like a creature impatient of restraint. The men of the watch looked out on all sides wistfully, as if to the full as tired of the whole matter as she was; while the officers on deck walked restlessly about, with evident anxiety for the appearance of the captain, and the change of procedure which might soon ensue. The objects on deck were as yet but coldly visible, and the gray sky above the eastern board had merely begun to show a few pearly streaks, the thin, white mist seeming to creep nearer from the horizon, as the breeze swept under it—when all at once a faint flash of light was seen to gleam, as it were, within the veil it presented, and the distant report of a gun came rolling along the water from southward. It was shortly followed by another, and the mist in that quarter began to scatter gradually apart, leaving a break of the horizon clear and coldly drawn against the sky, already becoming transparent with the approach of the sun. Every eye was of course directed at once to the open prospect, where, almost immediately, could be made out the figure of a large brig under all sail, studding-sails out aloft, and bending over as she squared off more fully to the wind, when the telescope could distinguish her British ensign flying at the main-peak. Next minute or two sufficed to detect the cause of her recent firing (previously concealed from the frigate by the brig's intervening hull and canvas) in the appearance of another craft, a couple of miles farther off, whose two immense lateen sails loomed dark to windward, like the wings of a vampire in chase.

The lofty spars of the *Thetis* still scarcely rose above the background of northern vapour, lazily curling off to the breeze, and which would for a time completely hide her presence from both the distant vessels coming across her weather-bow; but her decks were in five minutes crowded with men and officers, not a soul on board excepted from the resistless impulse, and all instinctively seeking the stations necessary for instant action, while yet gazing with breathless anxiety, and speaking in whispers, as if louder sounds might betray the frigate in her ambush earlier than the sunlight which now began to brighten the distant edge of the horizon, making the mist as transparent as gauze, and striking purple along the ruffled waters. Now and then an eye glanced stealthily towards the captain, who, with one hand raised to hold on his cocked-hat, stood up on a carronade, watching the

chase with intense interest, the brig again firing from her stern at her pursuer, which was apparently a swift xebecque or galley, and seemed to gain on her fast. The matter was one of no small nicety, indeed, to manage; since, on the one hand, if too soon made aware of the proximity of the frigate, the stranger would get too favourable a start, and that well to windward; whereas, on the other hand, the merchantman might be overtaken, and her crew treated in pirate style were the delay too long protracted. The seamen of the *Thetis*, however, were heard to express their earnest wish that the enemy should have 'plenty of law' given him, that he might lead them a good tight chase, 'after this here hanged long spell of treasure-fishing and shoal-hunting.' A dozen hands were laid ready on the shrouds of each mast, waiting for the order to lay aloft and loose sail, which of itself would probably discover the frigate to the vessels in sight; her sharp bows meanwhile slowly parting the waves ahead, and helping somewhat to improve her position for bearing down, when they were nearly abreast the beam. At length the captain stepped down from the gun, looked once more to windward, and made a sign to the man at the wheel. 'Away aloft, my lads!' said he quickly to the ready sailors, who had already begun to ascend the rigging; the tall folds of canvas fell off the yards, which were hoisted by those on deck with the men still upon them. The frigate was next minute in stays, going about on the other tack, almost as the sun tipped the radiant horizon with his dazzling crest; she rose, dipping to the vast increase of force, and then, like a greyhound released from the leash, shot out of the haze under a cloud of white sail, on which the light struck yellow, as upon a brazen giant suddenly risen out of the deep. The flash and the roar of a gun at the same time broke from one of her open ports, sending a heavy shot spinning far across towards the pirate craft, now about four or five miles off: he had already taken the alarm, however, and his two huge, three-cornered sails jibed sharply round, their long, slant yards bending like whips as he bore up almost dead before the wind. The breeze freshened as usual in the morning at that late season, with a sweep that curled every bright-blue surge into vivid hollows and snowy crests, and the Tunisian galley was at times seen to dive into them amidst a cloud of spray, then to rise, ducking and rolling like a tub, swift as she was; while the frigate, scarcely leaning to it, drove steadily through the waves after her, with sails broad against the sunrise. The brig, safely pursuing her course, took in her studding and topgallant sails from the growing force of the wind, which brought the *Thetis* every few minutes a new advantage over her chase. The latter hauled closer up to it again, as if to try a better method for escape, and edge nearer to her own coast; upon which the frigate also was seen to brace on the same tack, and on a wind her own people knew well she found her favourite sailing-point. They could ere long distinguish the moist gleam of the very brine dripping from the Tunisian's bottom, as she rose, with the Moorish skull-caps of her crew; but by that time, to the deck of the merchant brig, both vessels had dwindled to specks on the blue horizon.

The *Thetis* had gone home to England, and been nearly a year paid off, when Captain Grove happened one day to enter the Naval Club-Room at Plymouth, where he found an old professional friend seated at his news-

paper. The usual courtesies and greetings were exchanged, followed by various topics of conversation; after which the other captain suddenly asked, 'By the by, Grove, I think you had a young blade named Sleighton for your first luff last time I saw you in the old Mediterranean?'

'Yes,' said Captain Grove; 'what of that?'

'Why, perhaps it's not the same. What sort of chap was he?' continued his friend.

'Oh, why, an exceedingly good officer,' replied Captain Grove; 'only, by the by, a little disputatious sometimes, and one of your scientific men.'

'First name Frederick?' inquired the other.

'Yes,' said Captain Grove.

'Haven't you heard of the fellow's good-luck, then, Grove?' was the next question. 'Why, he's made a commander.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed the captain of the *Thetis* in surprise. 'I'm glad to hear it though, by Jove! I believe he was poor. But how the deuce has that sly old uncle of his contrived to get him promoted so soon?'

'Tis rather a queer story,' said the other: 'as I heard it, he had been some time or other in a ship sent out to discover a new reef, or something of the sort, about the coast of Sicily, and his captain couldn't find it; so what does Sleighton do, a few months ago, but go and tell the Admiralty he was pretty sure he could ferret out this said rock of theirs, if they'd only give him a schooner with a few hands. He got the schooner, and off to the Mediterranean, where, sure enough, he found the rock, and his commander's gilt swab too—which in our day, Grove, you know, we should have thought you couldn't buy so quickly, except by taking a French frigate at the least!'

'Well,' said Captain Grove with forced calmness, 'do you suppose this story to be *true*, Captain Fanshaw?'

'*True*, my dear sir!' was the reply; 'why, I believe you'll find it laid down in the chart at anyrate!' and the other captain turned to the last Admiralty chart, which lay on a book-stand in the room. He pointed to the spot in question, and Captain Grove slowly and distinctly read off the words—'Twilks Rock, latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes 11 seconds north; longitude 10 degrees 37 minutes 12 seconds east; lying south-east and north-west; depth over the crown of the reef, one fathom at low water; sea breaks on it during a north-easter; fifty miles east by south from Cape Carbonara.'

'Ah,' said he in accents of ironical self-constraint, 'very particular *indeed*! Do you know, now, the *Thetis* happened to be the ship sent on the duty you allude to, and *I* was the captain who couldn't find the rock wanted?'

'Is it possible, Grove?' exclaimed Captain Fanshaw.

'Yes, sir, by Jove! I spent twenty-four hours using every possible means to turn over the ground, and turn it over I did. Why, sir, we went through that very spot again and again; and, by Heaven, Captain Fanshaw, the whole story from beginning to end is a cursed lie!'

'Oh,' put in Fanshaw, with the view of soothing the passion which now inflamed his companion's features, 'Oh I daresay Sleighton spent a week or two on the matter instead of twenty-four hours! He could better afford it, you know; and, besides, he wanted his new commission!'

'The whole thing is a falsehood!' repeated Captain Grove, giving way to his irritation; 'trumped up, don't you see, most plausibly, and safe enough, too, for who is ever to disprove it? A schooner and a few hands, forsooth! Why, the scoundrel might cheat or bribe a dozen ignorant foremast-men and a couple of master's-mates perhaps into anything of the kind he chose, and everybody in future steers clear of the place! And *he*, the sneaking hound, was among the first to seem convinced there was nothing of the sort!'

'Contemptible swab!' said the other captain; 'but of course that was his cue.'

'Is this infernal shoal, or whatever they call it, to haunt me right and left?' continued the commander of the *Thetis* much excited. 'I tell you, sir, I am as sure it doesn't exist, where they put it at least, as I am that I stand here, and so I reported to the Admiralty. Why, the fellow has given me the direct lie—to the very first day I have been afloat, the direct lie!—and that I'm convinced, with the full knowledge he was telling a falsehood himself. The least I could do, were he not a cowardly rascal, as I've reason to think, would be to cane him in the public street. But, Fanshaw, I will *prove* him a liar, as I did the Scotch skipper a fool before him! I tell you I'll sail over that very spot again the first opportunity, else I shouldn't die easy! If I ever have the keel of the *Thetis* under me in those waters again, and if I don't carry her clear over where your chart marks a rock, call James Grove a liar, and no seaman to boot!'

To this outbreak, so natural for a man of Captain Grove's temper in the circumstances, his friend made no reply except an accommodating one, and parted from him, somewhat dubious as to the exact state of the case, and soon to forget the matter altogether.

More than two years had elapsed, during which peace on land and sea had left the ships of Europe free to deal as they best could with old Queen Nature, far as her homeless water-realm extended, when, late one autumn, the *Thetis* was in the Mediterranean, bound for Naples, with the British ambassador and his suite on board. The frigate, repaired and painted anew, seemed to rise on the bright-blue surges, sparkling to the sun, with all the easy grace of former days; and every liquid splash of her coppered bows into their foam was like the renewing of an acquaintance; while they, too, ran and leapt along her high sides as if, to a seaman's fancy, they were trying to keep pace with her in token of welcome. None on board or amongst her crew, however, except Captain Grove himself and the old master, were of those she used to bear about there in the war. 'Cautious Carey' was somewhere in the West Indies, the lively Neville off the west coast of Africa, and a hundred other craft had some of her hearts of oak on as many different points of the watery globe. Bright skies, gentle airs, or favourable breezes for the most part, carried the *Thetis* eastward for Italy; the white awnings spread daily over her broad quarterdeck, the royal standard of St George at her main-sky-sail-masthead, the music of the band floating far across to leeward from her at meal-times: military uniforms, civilian figures, even ladies' dresses, being seen at intervals to mingle with the active motions of her officers on deck, or with the sturdy blue jackets of her crew, as they thronged hither and thither during her progress. When

sextant and quadrant began to show her approach to the scene of those last proceedings of hers in this quarter, to southward of Sardinia, the variety of preoccupation from so unusual a company of guests was likely to make her commander not particularly apt at the time to recall the minutiae of an incident which never, except accidentally, had been much impressed upon his mind, nor did he seem to have even remembered it at all.

The *Thetis* found herself one afternoon, however, standing up to north-eastward, with a wind nearly fair, into the wide channel which leads to Italy, out of sight of land: the waves came briskly from the south-west, and over the frigate's stern and larboard-quarter hung the pale, keen azure of the autumn sky. In the east, nevertheless, a gray covering of vapour seemed, as it were, to thicken from it, sending out feathery flakes and shreds of scud that drifted high aloft, contrary to the wave-crests far below. Now and then a little strip of cloud was seen to flicker and stream out over the very top of the haze, then again to disappear; a 'gray mare's tail,' as it was called by the men on the forecastle. The south-westerly wind grew chiller, singing and sighing sharply through the frigate's cordage, and past the edges of her huge sails; passing fits of rain accompanied it, as it shifted round to north-west and north, requiring constant alterations in the trim of the yards; till all at once it finally chopped into the north-east, the rain ceased, a vivid fragment of rainbow came and vanished on a cloud to windward, while the darkening waves rose shorter and more numerous against the sudden check to their course. The gay train of aides-de-camp, secretaries, and diplomatic officials, had retired to their cabins in proportion as the nautical activity augmented, and as the spirits of the frigate's crew seemed to be wakened up by this change of weather; and when the last red streaks of sunset glimmered low behind the black ridges of water astern, as if it were dabbled in beyond the openings of their troughs, the *Thetis* was beating up nearly close-hauled, though most of her canvas remained still set, against the beginnings of a gale which threatened ere long to blow with no small violence.

The sole anxiety of her captain, however, was to get her well off the land before the full strength of it came on; since, when afterwards unable to show more than storm canvas with safety, and a lee-shore only about fifty miles off, especially if the gale drew farther to eastward, none could say in what imminent danger the ship might be placed as she drifted to its force. The three topsails had already been double-reefed, the frigate buffetted stoutly with wind and sea, and driving her massive bows gallantly into the spray that showered over her weather cat-head, while the thickness of the mist had come closing down on her, and the gray scud careered aloft so as to hide her uppermost spars. Captain Grove paced the higher side of the quarter-deck with the accustomed rapid turns and steady footing of a seaman, looking sharply to windward and overhead, and evincing satisfaction at the way in which the old *Thetis* behaved, as he phrased it. The lieutenant of the watch, his glazed hat shining and his rough pilot-coat glistening with moisture, peered every now and then into the binnacle-light to observe the compass; the old master was carefully running over his charts and reckoning beside a lantern on the capstan head: it was eight o'clock, and the ambassador's late dinner in the state-cabin had been more than usually deferred by the first movements incident to rough weather, commonly more incon-

venient than when it has risen towards its height, and the ship has been, as it is called, 'made snug.' The captain merely waited to assure himself that he might go below, and do the honours to his distinguished passenger.

'Keep a good weather-helm, my lad,' said he to the sailor on the upper side of the wheel; 'a point higher, if you can, quartermaster.' He then stepped towards the veteran master, who had immediate care of the navigation. 'Well, Mr Jones,' said Captain Grove cheerfully, 'we shall do yet, I think, if we only keep our own for an hour longer at this rate. We *must* get to windward a little more though, for a devil of a sneezer this gale looks to turn out before midnight. Ill-tempered while they last, these greggales are hereabouts, Mr Jones, but not long of blowing over.'

'No doubt, sir,' said the master; 'it'll break before morn, I shouldn't wonder, sir.'

'How far off the land do you make her now, Mr Jones?' asked the commander, pointing to the chart.

'Why,' replied the master, holding it towards the lantern, although it flapped and struggled as he did so, 'by dead reckoning since noon, sir, about fifty miles east by south of Cape Spartyvento, which'll set us somewhere nigh hand eight-and-thirty miles south-east and by south of Cape Carbonnyraw, sir.'

'That won't do with this stiff gale,' said the captain; 'and with what we *may* have before long! We must certainly weather the cape a good deal clearer than that, Jones. Mr Abbot,' continued he, addressing the bluff-like first lieutenant, who had just appeared on deck, 'you will see the yards braced sharper up, if you please, sir, immediately; and make her course for the next two hours as exactly east-by-north as you can.'

'Just so, sir,' replied the first lieutenant with respectful alacrity; and as soon as the change had been effected, Captain Grove prepared to go below, his mind now in a great measure at rest. The old master looked again at his chart, fidgeted, and then approached his superior by the after-hatchway, wearing an expression of considerable uneasiness. 'But, Captain Grove,' said he, hesitating, 'there's one thing, sir, in that case—why'—

'Well, what is it, Mr Jones?' said the captain, turning ere he should descend; 'pray make haste though.'

'Why, sir, if I'm right in my reckoning at all,' continued Mr Jones, 'that very same course'll bring us pretty near right upon—— Look here, if you please, sir,' and he held the lantern towards the chart again.

'What do you mean, Jones?' said Captain Grove hastily. 'I really can scarce see the chart at all; out with it, man!'

'It's laid down plain in *one* o' the charts at anyrate, sir,' replied the master, still faltering, as if afraid of giving some offence; and the captain glanced curiously for a moment at the old man.

'What?—which?—go on, Mr Jones,' said he sharply.

'What they call the—the Twilks Rock, sir—and at this rate we're going, why, sir, it's just the very course to bring the ship fair upon some part of it in about two hours' time,' was the hurried answer. 'The only thing to keep her safe, sir, so as to be sure,' continued the master, 'would be to keep her off a point; for you know, sir, the Thetis always comes pretty nigh where she looks.'

Captain Grove had started at the first words, as if some unseen hand struck

him in the face, and he turned fully round again to the master. 'What!' exclaimed he, roused by the suddenness of the thing and its circumstances to the height of passion, 'is this cursed invention of an infernal, cunning, lying scoundrel to meet me slap in the teeth *again*! No, sir! I swore I would sail over *that* spot the very first chance, but I had forgot the thing; and after all, not on a night when the God that made us shows his power, am I going to trouble myself with braving down even a *lie*! But by that God I will *not* flinch—no not one quarter of a point—from carrying this ship as close to windward as she will go! Because, forsooth, one cowardly lubber has come home and frightened his neighbours with a tale of a flying shoal, and another sneaking rascal goes out and takes advantage of it to better his own affairs, by keeping everybody after in dread on the high seas—I am to endanger his majesty's frigate, and a British envoy, by falling to leeward in a gale near land, for the sake of what I have found myself doesn't exist!' and he dashed his clenched fist on the head of the capstan, to which he had walked. 'Mr Abbot,' resumed he firmly, 'you will keep her close up to windward, sir, till you have occasion to send for me—with a nice helm, too, if you please—and hold on everything aloft. She makes easy enough weather of it at present, and the worst of the gale will probably be near midnight.' So saying, the commander hastened below to the state-cabin.

The lieutenants continued to walk the weather quarterdeck, one attending carefully to the binnacle, the other watching how the canvas bore it aloft, both ignorant, except from what they had caught of their superior's words, as to the entire matter concerned. The gray-headed master alone remained leaning over the bulwarks, his hair driven about his temples as he gazed uneasily out, now and then peering under his hand upon the obscure and troubled waste of waters; while the heavy waves struck the frigate's side, and the gale moaned through her bare lower rigging when she rose higher than usual, before plunging sternly down again through the ridge that swelled across her bows. Sometimes a sort of wild, uncertain light would seem to come clearing out amidst the confused elements, on the gleaming face of the water weltering up into crests of spray; and the mud-coloured, loose sand was seen flying overhead from below one black cloud to another, but again it blew together, and all was dark. At intervals, however, the master could perceive far to leeward, over the waving, tumultuous outline which formed the horizon, where a glimmering streak of white sky showed the figure of another vessel slanting across it; her close-reefed topsails alone spread on her three naked masts, like a mere black rag, as if she were some merchantman struggling less boldly with the gale. The frigate, on the contrary, strong and stately as ever, made good way to windward, extending an ample breadth of stout canvas below as well as high on her tall spars; and she still drove ahead, in the utmost apparent security, even the more proudly, too, that her bow at times received the seas over it in a deluge of spray, while her masts quivered in the gleaming fits of the wind-like feathered arrows that had entered her newly from the dark above, and every bulkhead below decks creaked now and then, as if her frame were parting.

The envoy's dinner-table below was not the most favourable to social gaiety, heaving as it seemed to do under the swinging lamps; but the

presence of Captain Grove, with his manly and sailor-like character, greatly contributed to do away with all sense of danger in the mind of his distinguished passenger and those of his suite. The naval officers who were privileged to attend—their services not being required on deck—were, as usual, in high spirits, devoting themselves to soften off the discomforts incidental to a gale at sea, and eagerly reassuring the one or two fair guests, by a variety of nautical remarks, which had all the weight of experience to render them consolatory. A frigate in a gale, well off the land, and under charge of British seamen, was soon understood to be greatly safer than a house, or, for instance, a church with crowded galleries; and in fact the motion of the *Thetis* underneath them, or aloft, had, after all, a stately ease of swing in it, which required only a little custom to make it even add a feeling of agreeably high excitement to the entire party, rid as they had been of sea-sickness in the Bay of Biscay. The ladies, however, had retired at length, and the gentlemen sat over their wine, when Captain Grove proceeded to relate to the envoy, as a curious and amusing instance of Admiralty innocence and Admiralty promotions, the whole story of his search for the rock, and his lieutenant's pretending to find it.

'The fellow deserves some credit for his cunning though,' said he laughing; 'for I haven't the least doubt he calculated on what is generally the case in such matters—no one ever venturing there again at all. However, that is not the worst of it,' continued he, 'for sometimes one may actually be in real danger from the fear of a false one, as we might have been to-night, Sir Henry, had I not happened to know the thing thoroughly beforehand. Why, I was so angry at the time I first heard of this so-called discovery, that I'd have given anything to sail over the spot in the darkest night going—not to try it over again of course, but to show my utter contempt of the thing, by never giving it a thought.'

'Ah, though, my dear sir,' said Sir Henry, 'that would have been rather foolhardy; would it not?'

'Certainly, in any other than myself, who have examined the ground through and through, Sir Henry,' replied Captain Grove. 'However, the most curious part of it is, that, without my intending it at all—merely as necessary to the ship's perfect safety—why, I believe, Sir Henry, in five minutes' time or little more—and he took out his watch—'she will pass over the very place in question.'

At this the envoy turned pale, as did most of the faces in the cabin; Captain Grove, on the contrary—with all that unflinching firmness of nerve, and that obstinacy which would have made him rather sink than yield to a French line-of-battle ship—remaining cool, both in reference to the possible danger and to the alarm of the ambassador.

'Gracious heavens, sir!' exclaimed the latter anxiously; 'are you in earnest, Captain Grove?'

'Certainly, Sir Henry,' replied he; 'but had I not the most undoubted grounds for my conviction, you cannot suppose I should have ventured to say what I have, at least till afterwards. At anyrate, Sir Henry,' resumed he, taking up his watch again after a long and awkward pause, 'the time is past; I assure you we have gone over this wonderful reef—the thing was a mere trifle, otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it.'

The former conversation was then renewed, with the more vivacity from

this relief to such a disagreeable announcement: all were laughing and talking, while the very plash and stroke of the waves on the ship's side, and her deep, weltering pitches, were a source of unconscious satisfaction to hear, as the sign at least of plenty of water underneath.

Captain Grove was in the act of passing the decanters from one compartment of the firm-lashed cabin table to another, when all at once a slight, grating touch, as it were, was felt to run along from the ship's keel through her whole vast frame—a wild, hoarse scream seemed next moment to be blown over the after-hatchway—there was a sudden sensation, as if the succeeding wave were too light to bear the frigate, and she were going down—when a mighty shock, like that of the earth receiving a mistaken footstep in the dark, threw every one from his seat; the deck fell all at once steeply over, the timbers quivered, and a fierce burst of water on the side was succeeded apparently by whole seas, with the tumultuous cry of human voices heard even above the gale. The captain had started up, and stood instinctively keeping his feet in the attitude of one still expectant; his white, rigid face, seen by the swinging lamps, would at that instant have quelled any reproaches, had such been likely—incredulity, defiance, and terrible conviction of a reality, seeming to flit across it as quickly as the shadows it caught. Next moment he rushed towards the cabin door and found his way on deck:

The old master had redoubled his anxieties, till they began at length to yield before the protracted and regular motion of the ship, however violent and deafening the monotonous roar of the blast, when, without further warning, the sharp yell of the look-out men ahead was transmitted aft, to 'port the helm!' 'Breakers close under the lee-bow; port, for God's sake, port!' was the common shout. But it was too late, and the frigate drove fiercely with the next surge upon the white chaos of broken water, then struck nearly amidships, as if she had tried to leap across. Another wave half lifted her, and she came crashing down upon the hard rock, her tall spars vibrating with the force till the foremast yielded, toppling over, and the upper part of her mainmast shortly followed, when they beat up on her lee-side to the back-swell of the sea.

The fearful sight appeared to restore nerve and coolness to her commander, and his voice was now heard, clear and trumpet-like to windward, endeavouring to renew order amongst the disorganised crew, then directing their activity. The wreck of the mast was cut away, the remaining canvas hauled down, and the boats cleared; while, as the vessel formerly distinguished was thought to be still not many miles distant to leeward, blue-lights were burned, and a heavy gun fired at short intervals, so that, if possible, she might be led at least to lie to, and pick up the boats whenever a lull in the gale should render it at all practicable for them to venture off. In half an hour the moon would have risen high enough to shed some light through the scud; and for the last emergency a raft was constructed close alongside in the frigate's lee, by means of spars lashed together upon empty casks, with a stage amidst it for the passengers and ladies, which floated ere long in comparative security on the less turbulent surface now preserved there under the stationary mass of the frigate's hull. Not a single spar now rose above her bare, shelterless decks, the ship groaning and cracking as she heaved, to the force of the sea, its spray driven over her

tilted weather bulwarks; while the gale burst upon her bodily in all its bleak, unmerciful strength, wild sounds fluctuating far away to leeward, with now and then seething flashes from the breakers, and fits of misty light eddying through the darkness as the moonlight began to struggle in. Long and anxiously did those clinging to the wreck peer forth, every minute expecting to feel it give way under them, or at best to commit them to the chances of the raft and boats at random. However, the fury of the gale seemed at length for a time to be subsiding; and the light faintly diffused from the moon, although she herself was completely hidden, afforded a view to leeward; where it was with joy, impossible of course to be expressed, that the crew of the *Thetis* could make out the form of the merchant vessel, seen indistinctly now and then between sky and sea. She was seemingly, from her present position, aware of some disaster having happened; and signals of distress having been again made, the officers carefully prepared to embark the envoy and his suite upon the raft, to be followed by the boats.

The former had at last been safely freighted with its living cargo; and when furnished with a lantern on a spar, as well as a small sail to assist its motion to leeward, was slacked off from the side of the wreck; when, as soon as it was free of the turmoil created by the reef, its own buoyancy enabled it to drift down comparatively secure towards the distant merchantman, dimly visible by the lights she had hung aloft, when the raft was borne up on the waves. Two or three of the boats, managed by the oars of their crews, were already imitating the example, and profited by the temporary lull to make progress after the raft; while the remainder were in course of lowering away and receiving the groups of men who swung themselves down out of the lee chains, or jumped right in from the bulwarks. The captain stood by the gangway, overseeing the process, and sternly refusing to leave his post until all should be provided for; the respect yielded him before being now accorded by every one perhaps more truly than when full discipline could be carried out, even although a whisper of the truth had begun to circulate during the last hour or two amongst those who retained presence of mind enough to converse at all. A considerable proportion of the seamen, in fact, with the desperation so frequent to the class in such extremities, had contrived to break into the spirit-room previously to the hope of rescue: their mad shouts and yells of frantic laughter could be ever and anon heard ascending from below decks, as they quelled in liquor that strange horror of drowning, which made some who would have faced a loaded carronade, or have passed an earring aloft in the wildest hurricane, yet wish to 'die drunk.' Again and again the attempt had been made to rouse them; and not only had they given no help, but had retarded the efforts of the rest, till their shipmates swore that not one of them should enter the boats if he wished.

The frigate's launch, which had been with the utmost difficulty hoisted out by various contrivances, now floated alongside, filled with the last crowd of men and officers, and held on to the ship's hull merely by a couple of lines, while every minute increased the necessity for letting go, and she was kept off the side by continual thrusts of the oars. The men shouted loudly for the captain, who seemed still to be detained by anxiety for the insane revellers below, notwithstanding that the hull be-

neath him shook and groaned to the foaming rush of the breakers on her weather side, and at intervals its bottom came grinding down from a longer heave that threatened to force the wreck over the reef altogether, when it would no doubt sink at once: the gale, too, was about to come again with renewed fury. Suddenly a half-intoxicated seaman rushed wildly up through the fore-hatch, as if somehow or other restored to a sense of his danger: the wind and spray appeared to sober him on the instant, and he gazed around in utter despair at the seemingly deserted decks. The men in the long-boat were again calling to their commander to descend, when he returned an answer of assent, and sprang hastily towards the sailor in the gangway. 'Here, Jackson, my lad,' exclaimed he, taking off his uniform coat, 'on with this, and jump into the boat! As for me, it shall never be said that James Grove deserted the ship he lost by his own folly!' The man instinctively did as he was told: next minute he was safe amongst the boat's crew, and the captain himself let go the ropes which held her to the frigate. One long sweep, and the launch drifted off to leeward, rising on a surge clear of the breakers, while the sailors kept her stern to the coming seas. For one half minute, as they pulled off, the uncertain light showed them the white figure of their captain, bareheaded and in his shirt, as he stood gazing towards them from the dark hull of the *Thetis*—the spray driven across it, and the foam bursting round her bows and astern; then the wind and sea seemed to blot it out. When the seamen found they had thus left their commander to perish, they could scarcely be restrained from visiting their indignation on the poor fellow mistaken for him; but to return and compel him to leave the wreck was then impossible.

No vestige of the old *Thetis* of course was ever more seen so as to be recognised; she most probably drove over the edge of the rock soon after the gale was renewed, taking with her the unfortunate captain only and the drunken remnant of her crew—the latter as unconscious of what befell them as the former must have bitterly realised it, and its cause. For as often as he had confronted, without flinching, the anger of his fellow-men and that of the elements, he did not dare to face the shame that falls on one whose self-confidence has turned out supreme folly. A true story this, and one which the old sailor, spinning yarns to his mates, has often shaken his head over at sea.

POPULAR CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

BELIEVING in the universality of the love to listen to and enjoy the harmony of sweet sounds—admitting the general effect of music on the feelings, passions, and sympathies of mankind—the question may still be asked, ‘Can good music, that is, music really worthy of the name, be made popular?’ May it, without any degradation of character, be generally cultivated and enjoyed by the people? We say ‘Yes,’ and shall endeavour in this Paper not only to give reasons for our belief, but also to answer the next question—‘How can this be done?’ But, first of all, we must closely define our purpose; for music is a word of very wide meaning, extending itself over all the varieties of composition, from a popular melody to an elaborate fugue by Sebastian Bach. We must not think of epitomising such a theme in a short article. Under our title, ‘Popular Cultivation of Music,’ we wish to recommend and help onward, as far as we are able, the study and practice of *vocal*, and especially *choral music*, in amateur societies. We believe that a taste for, and a capacity to enjoy, superior music is far more common than the amount of science necessary to provide gratification for such a taste. The scientific treatment of music is unfortunately involved in considerable confusion and needless mystery. Few musicians have the skill of expositors, so as to explain their own art clearly. We do not here refer to the theoretical treatment of harmony, or counterpoint, but to the practical science which is strictly necessary for the production of superior works of harmony. This practical science of music is very defective even among the members of many amateur societies.

The best way of proving the correctness of these prefatory remarks, and of pointing out the defects referred to, will be to suppose that we have to form a choral society of amateurs in some provincial town. We will suppose that the place contains a fair number of singers with tolerably good voices, and players with sufficient execution for our purpose. Still, as we shall soon discover, there will be some formidable and patience-trying difficulties to be encountered before we can bring together these scattered singers and players, and form them into one harmonious body. Among the several difficulties which at once present themselves we hardly know on which first to seize. And yet one stands forth in such bold relief as to challenge our first notice. It is a moral, not a musical difficulty. We will call it *a want of the right temper*.

It would be as absurd to pass any sweeping censure upon the musical world as upon any other class of society. The well-known fact that discords (in the social sense) often occur in musical societies is easily explained. Music is not merely a science, but involves varieties of tastes and opinions; and as many minds must unite together to produce good orchestral or choral music, it is evident that the sacrifice of individual taste or predilection must in many cases be required. The individual spirit has ample room for play in the common business of life; self-assertion and even ambition have uses in the work styled 'getting on in the world;' but when we unite to seek relief from cares, or to cheer the gloom of our winter evenings by the practice of harmony, we must lay aside our personal and private tastes; indeed we must lay aside *ourselves*, and be content to pass for nothing more than so many 'tenors' or 'basses,' 'fiddles,' 'clarionets,' 'horns,' 'bassoons,' and 'bass-viol.' The want of this submissive and harmonious temper sadly interrupts the progress of social harmony, and produces many ridiculous but vexatious disputes. For instances, take the following:—Here is the 'bassoon' (we mean the player) evidently blowing through his part in no very amiable temper, and looking especially grave during the 'rests' in his part, which seem rather longer than they ought to be. At last, when the piece is executed, the smothered wrath escapes in an assertion that some passages have been 'picked out' of the 'fagotto part,' and appropriated by the 'violoncello,' or some other instrument. Or suppose the 'horn' resting during many bars in some quiet piece of music. When it is done, he complains that he has 'little or nothing to do in the music selected for performance.' 'I might as well be at home,' says he, 'as here just to blow two or three notes now and then;' though these 'two or three notes,' perhaps, were more effective in their place than otherwise thirty would have been. There is something very ludicrous when an amateur leader, a tolerably expert violin player, wishes to 'shine' at the expense of his subordinates. Imagine a scene like the following:—The leader is certainly superior in skill to the bassoon, the violoncello, and the viola, or tenor-player, while he is also a rather excitable subject, and addicted to playing in rapid time. He leads an overture marked '*allegro*,' with which he is quite familiar, and quietly enjoys the amusement of seeing the inferior members of the orchestra hurried and rather distressed by the rate of speed. The bassoon, after vainly endeavouring to keep time and execute all the runs in semiquavers, is at last compelled to resort to the rather pitiful expedient of merely blowing the first note in each bar, leaving all the rest to be imagined, not heard. The tenor-player goes on very well as far as his part runs in easy crotchets, and has no great prominence in the orchestra; but when his semiquavers begin, he perhaps throws a glance at the leader, and then goes through the remainder of the overture scarcely touching the strings; while the violoncello, just where the music should approach its climax, holds up his bow as a signal of distress. 'Gentlemen,' says the leader with a look of triumph, 'we must have that over again.' 'Yes; but not quite at that speed,' says the bassoon, who, though no great player, is esteemed in the orchestra as a fair 'judge of music.' 'It is marked "*allegro*,"' says the leader. 'True; but from *allegro* to *prestissimo* there are three degrees,' says the bassoon: 'if *that* is your *allegro*, what is your *presta*?' The leader can hardly reply to this

fairly, and so the bassoon comes out of the dispute with a good majority on his side. Such disputes, whether civilly or uncivilly conducted, are unwelcome interruptions. If a performer has strong individual ambition, he may devote himself to solo playing, in which he will find a fair field for the exercise of his talent; but in an amateur choral or instrumental society, where all the members should be united like the various pipes in an organ, as so many parts of one whole, individualities of taste and temper should be carefully suppressed, while the object to be kept in view should be to make the nearest possible approach to that 'Undisturbed song of pure consent' of which Milton speaks so sublimely in his lines on 'Solemn Music.'

The composer, while producing a work in many parts, has a clear conception of the effect which all these parts will have when given as one whole. He hears, if we may so speak, in anticipation, the clear melody sustained by the treble and its second in the contralto; the masterful intervals of the bass and the smooth tenor uniting the other vocal parts; the brilliant passages for the violins, the expressive phrases for the bassoons; and indeed all the constituent members of the choir and the orchestra are present in his mind. But between this ideal, as it is now in the mind of the composer, and its realisation, many necessary difficulties intervene; and in the patience and perseverance required to overcome these we find examples of the good moral effects of music properly pursued. Without trespassing on ground which belongs to the metaphysics of the science, we may observe here that there is something noble in every attempt to realise the ideal, or, in other words, to give to great thoughts a clear and powerful utterance. This, without respect to material profit, or the gratification of vanity, should be the aim of a musical society. When we have, by due study, succeeded in giving to one of Mozart's symphonies or Handel's choruses the effect intended by the composer, we may be satisfied with the result of our labour.

I. Let us now consider in detail the difficulties which lie in our way:—

The first will include the training of the individual voice. With respect to the register or compass of notes respectively contained in them, human voices may be divided into *six* varieties; but it is not necessary for our purpose to attend to more than the *four* main distinctions of voices generally recognised in choral societies. Here, unfortunately, we find the nomenclature of music deficient in uniformity and precision—a fact which we must observe more carefully in a following passage concerning the mutual relations of the four voices. The first is styled the treble or soprano; the second has several names—as alto, contralto, counter-tenor, or second treble, and (far worse) is marked in notation in several styles. The other two voices are the tenor and the bass. Our remarks on the training of the individual voice will apply to each of the four varieties; but the difficulty attending the training of treble voices requires especial notice. For the sake of clearness, we shall number the four parts required in choral music according to their respective degrees of height in the scale: thus—

First voice	=	Treble.	Third voice	=	Tenor.
Second ...	=	Alto.	Fourth ...	=	Bass.

The treble voice is found in its perfection in the vocal organs of women; and, with some varieties of quality, also in those of boys and girls. In all the best music of the 'oratorio,' the 'cantata,' and the 'anthem,' written in four parts, the melody, the clearness and beauty of the composition,

depend chiefly on the first or treble voice. But a moment's reflection on the social habits and peculiarities of our times, will suffice to show what difficulty must attend the training of treble singers. Young ladies of musical taste, and with leisure to devote to music, generally allow the pianoforte to monopolise their attention, while prejudice or unreasoning fashion regards social meetings for the practice of vocal music as suitable only for 'people of low caste;' odious expressions, which are fast losing their mock dignity. This sort of prejudice produces some curious anomalies. You may enter a church in one of the towns of England, and when the time for psalmody comes, your ears will be assailed with such a combination of noises as surely was never dreamt of by the 'singer of Israel,' whose psalms, after the lapse of centuries, are thus performed. Yet you will be very unjust if you join in that ridicule of the singers in which several well-educated and musical ladies in the congregation take delight. The fact is, the congregation contains several ladies on whose musical education alone large sums of money have been expended, while the result is merely private gratification. To assist in the improvement of public harmony, even when it is recognised as an important part in religious services, is not *de bon ton*; consequently a few poor volunteers, uneducated in a musical sense, as in every other sense—unable, indeed, even to pronounce their words so as to avoid ludicrous effects—these perform the musical part of the service as well as they can.

Leaving now the ladies who are exclusively devoted to that convenient surrogate for many various kinds of music—the pianoforte—we must look elsewhere for treble singers. We cannot be wholly content with the services of boys in the first part, though in cathedrals, where the young choristers are in constant practice, we have often been well pleased with their singing. A youth, even when endowed with a good voice, requires painstaking cultivation before he can acquire correct modulation, refinement, and expression; and generally, before this is done, the voice changes its character by descending into the tenor register. For trebles, therefore, we must depend mainly on feminine voices; but one of the chief difficulties in the way of cultivating good vocal harmony in this country is found in the fact, that very few young women acquire the art of reading music and of singing correctly, while, even among these few, domestic cares and occupations generally prevent a regular and progressive culture of their musical talents. This must be regretted, for we maintain that England is rich in pleasant though untrained voices. We must not forget to notice, however, the good signs of our day, in such choral societies as we find in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and elsewhere—examples of music produced by and for the people which we hope to see rapidly multiplied.

A second difficulty is in finding voices correct in modulation: this applies to all the four varieties of voice already named. We suppose that all the candidates for membership in our incipient choral society are well acquainted with the rudiments of notation, and can read music or sing from notes with tolerable readiness. Many who have so mastered their A B C will imagine themselves to be musicians; but they must bear to be told that great lessons still remain to be learned. We must be allowed to ask such questions as—'Is your intonation pure?' 'Are your intervals correct?' It cannot be too distinctly noticed, that on the truth or pre-

cision with which the various *intervals* of the scale are sounded the good effect of music entirely depends. It is a very absurd case, and yet too common, when a tyro in music, having something like a random guess in reading notation, and some tact in keeping time, attempts to take a part in the choruses of Handel before he can sing correctly through the various intervals of the scale :—



The intervals of this scale (on which all modern music is founded) are not equal. The interval 1-2 is a whole tone; 2-3 is also a whole-tone interval; but 3-4 contains only a semitone. Again, 4-5, and 5-6, and 6-7 are whole-tone intervals; but from the seventh to the octave is only a semitone interval. In other words, the fourth and seventh degrees of the scale rise by semitones. This peculiarity remains in the scale, however its key or pitch is raised or lowered. To become familiar with all the degrees, the pupil should diligently study the regular exercises, transposed through all the keys commonly employed.

When the pupil has advanced through these and many other exercises of the voice, he may feel an ambition at once to join the choral society and proceed with Handel's choruses; but he will act more wisely by curbing his ambition, and devoting his attention to a careful practice of plain and easy melodies, such as may be found in the treble parts of the best chorals or psalm-tunes. In these he will find instances of the various intervals, and as the music is slow and easy, he will find time to study his intonations, until he can give truly all the intervals generally employed in vocal music. He must also accustom himself, even in private practice, to keep strict time, to produce all the degrees of tone marked *f*, *ff*, *p*, *pp*, *mf*, *mp*, *crescendo*, and *diminuendo*, and, in short, go through the necessary training which he will find described in any good elementary book.

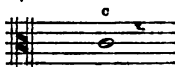
Supposing, then, that we have found a number of singers trained as we have said, our next task will be to arrange them in a choir. Here the difficulty which arises is a strange one, and one of a very serious character. It is a fact that many singers, who can sing tolerably well, and who know at least the rudiments of music, *do not understand the true nature and positions of their respective parts when employed in choral harmony*. Another fact, equally strange, is, that the publishers, and even the composers of choral music, *have no determined and uniform style of notation in the several parts*. This point is so important, and is at present involved in so much confusion and misconstruction, that we must take some pains to make the facts of the case plain. To do this, we must first beg the reader to look at the



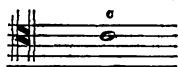
preceding FULL VOCAL SCALE, containing the notes over which the four voices extend.

There are several notes, produced by the 'head-voice' (to use a technical term), which range above this scale; but as these are not required in plain choral harmony, we shall take no further notice of them. The scale here presented in two staves, and with a middle-line between them (consisting, altogether, of *eleven lines*), represents all the natural notes belonging to the four varieties of the human voice. Now, to understand clearly how these varieties are related one to another, the pupil must fix his attention on the middle-note C, which is placed between the staves. This note may be regarded as the meeting-point of the two main divisions of the voice—namely, the treble and the bass. It is one of the highest notes to which a bass voice generally ascends, while it is also about the lowest note to which the treble voice can descend. The treble, therefore, ranges throughout the upper staff of five lines, as the bass extends over the lower staff of five lines; while C, on the middle line, is a note common to both voices. The distinction between these two voices is now made perfectly clear, and we shall find no confusion respecting them. But choral music is generally written in *four parts*. Where are the other two voices? These, the *alto* and the *tenor*, have registers of notes which are not represented on either of the two staves, taken separately; they can neither rise to the higher notes of the treble, nor descend to the lower notes of the bass. Both the alto and the tenor partake of the notes already described as belonging to the treble and the bass; but the alto rises higher into the treble, while the tenor descends lower into the bass. To make these distinctions still plainer, we refer the pupil to the key-board of a pianoforte. Here let him first find the middle-note C, already described. It is near the middle of the key-board.

This note is possessed in common by all the four voices. Let us begin upon it, and by ascending and descending in the natural scale (or on the white keys of the pianoforte), we shall soon discover the various registers of the voices. Let the treble voice sound this middle-note C in unison with the pianoforte: above the C it will be found that the range of the treble voice extends over some eleven notes, as represented in the above scale. Now let a bass voice sound the same C, and it will be found to be one of the highest notes of the bass, while, below it, a good bass voice will descend to the twelfth note. The same C will be about the middle of the best notes possessed by many tenor voices; but one tenor voice differs from another as it possesses more or less of the bass register. The real facts of the case are now perfectly plain—the two main distinctions of the human voice are the treble and the bass, while the alto and the tenor have registers ascending into the treble and descending into the bass—but we shall soon see how the diversities of notation have produced confusion and mistakes respecting the alto and tenor parts. In the scores of choral music published in our day, we find that the middle C is represented in not less than *five different modes*! In the first, the line on which this C is placed, in the alto part is distinguished by a sign called the C clef, or the counter-tenor clef. Above this line we place two lines of the treble staff, and below it two lines of the bass staff. The note C is then written thus:—

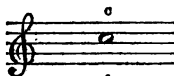


Or (2) in the tenor part we place only *one line* of the treble staff above the line marked with the C clef, while below the clef-line we add three lines of the bass staff. The same middle note C is then written thus :—



These two styles of writing are consistent, as they show the true position of the middle C in relation to the treble notes above and the bass notes below. But musical amateurs generally begin practice by performing on the flute, or some other treble instrument, and thus become familiar with the treble clef before they know anything of harmony or the true position of parts in choral music. To accommodate this ignorance, modern composers write the alto and tenor parts in the treble clef. Thus

(3) the middle C is now written :—

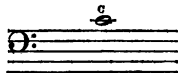


To be sung an Octave lower.

This is certainly a false style of writing, for the note is not what it seems to be. It appears to be identical with the treble C, while, in fact, it is an octave below. To avoid this irregularity, other composers write the same C in the alto part, thus (4) :—



This represents the true position of the note, and such a style of writing may serve in some compositions; but in others, where the alto descends frequently to its lower notes, it would be very inconvenient. Lastly (5), the same middle C may be written over the bass staff, thus :—



It may almost tire the reader's patience to attend to this analysis of nonconformity in notation, but the practical importance of this part of our topic will soon become manifest. Let us see in the following examples how a subject in itself plain may be made very mysterious by a bad mode of explanation. Take the first line of a plain choral or psalm-tune in four-parts harmony, throw aside all technical terms—such as 'soprano,' 'contralto,' &c.—and you reduce the subject to the following plain statement of the voices required to produce the harmony :—

1. The air, or highest part; to be sung by women, boys, or girls.
2. The part next below the air; to be sung either by female voices and boys, employing their lower tones, or by men using their highest notes.
3. A medium part (between the second and the fourth); to be sung by men having medium or tenor voices.
4. The lowest or fundamental part; to be sung by men having bass voices.

These four parts are thus clearly represented in the mode of writing chords for the organ :—

First voice, or Treble.

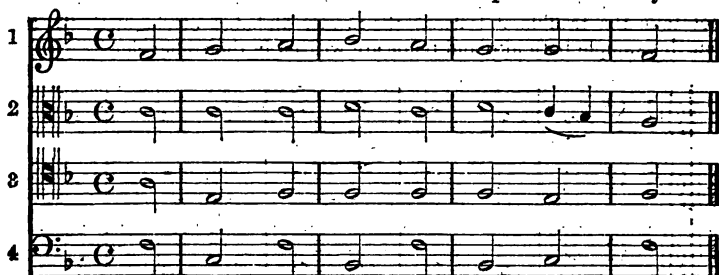
Second voice, or Alto.

Third voice, or Tenor.

Fourth voice, or Bass.

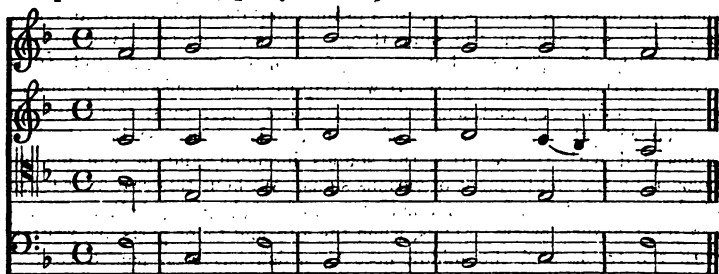
Here the reality and the notation or form perfectly accord—that is to

say, the sounds signified by the notes differ in height or pitch as the notes differ in their positions on the scale. But in some of the following modes we shall see that the second part, which is *really* lower than the first, *appears* higher on the scale. In the first example, the tenor and counter-tenor clefs are used. Hullah's 'Vocal Scores' are printed in this style:—




This is the orthodox old style of writing the inner parts, and, both theoretically and practically, must be allowed to be the only satisfactory style.

In the second example the tenor clef is employed, while the alto is written in the style of a second treble. This mode is adopted in the 'People's Music-Book,' partly edited by Mr Turle:—



The notes here are all in true positions; but in the third example of a style in which many of the musical publications of Novello are printed, we find the tenor in the treble register, with a treble clef, which is contradicted by a note stating that the part is 'an octave lower:—'



'This is treble,' says the clef . 'No!' says a note prefixed; 'it is not

treble, but tenor.' 'Then why is it not written under the tenor signature?' we ask; and the publisher replies, 'Because gentlemen will sing, but will not take the trouble of learning the proper alphabet of singing.' In the fourth example both alto and tenor are written in the treble clef.



It must therefore be understood that they are to be performed by men's voices, or an octave lower than they appear. Thus we have seen that all these five modes of writing a line of a psalm-tune (including the organ copy) mean precisely one and the same thing. There is something very absurd in this want of uniformity; but property is invested in musical publications printed in these several styles. It will require some considerable time to return to uniformity, and meanwhile the choral singer must make himself familiar with the various styles of notation. Let him first become well acquainted with the realities, the sounds intended, and he will not be puzzled by the employment of various signs. Without this real knowledge of the construction of parts, amateurs may be led, as we shall show, into the most absurd errors. Thus, when the alto and tenor parts are written with the treble clef, the middle-note C, which has been named so frequently, and which may also be styled the tenor or counter-tenor C, appears in exactly the same form as its upper octave the treble C, while, in fact, it should be sung or played as the octave or eighth note below:—



Let us observe how a mistake here may invert the chords, and destroy both the melody and the harmony intended by the composer. In the line of a psalm-tune already quoted in various forms, we will suppose that the alto part is written with the treble clef thus:—



and that some treble instrument (a clarinet, for instance), or a female voice, performs the notes exactly as they are written, while the other parts are correctly sung. Now if we collect the chords as they are thus absurdly disfigured, we shall have, as the result of the mistake, the following passage, in which the character of the original psalm-tune is destroyed. The notes *out of their proper place* are marked with asterisks:—



By comparing this with the *correct* organ-copy of the same line, already given, the reader will at once see the extent of the error; every note of the alto part is out of place, being one octave higher than it ought to be.

These details may have seemed dry and theoretical, and it may be thought we owe an apology to readers well acquainted with the construction of harmony for having dwelt so long on matters plain enough to a good musician. But we shall now show, by quoting facts, that these musical truths are far from being well understood by the members of amateur choral societies. And in reference to the dry nature of such details, we must observe that there is no royal road to the knowledge of music. True music will not be spread among the people by declamation, however eloquent, on its good tendencies, unless we also give a clear explanation of its science. We now proceed to make an apparently bold assertion, which we can amply confirm by reference to numerous facts. It is this:—*Many of the members of choral societies, especially in the provincial towns of England, are wholly ignorant of the proper construction of harmony, or, in other words, do not know even the proper position in the scale of the various voices and instruments which they employ, and consequently their performances of choral music are frequently nothing more nor less than gross mistakes or caricatures, in which the composer's meaning is entirely destroyed!* This is a strong assertion; but we will now proceed to establish it by facts.

About Christmas, a year or two ago, we were entering a market-town in one of the midland counties, when our attention was arrested by a burst of noise issuing from a large school-room. As we approached nearer, we were satisfied that the noise (which at first seemed dreadful) was regulated by time, marked with vigorous stamping, and was intended to be—music! We stood in the street and listened for some moments before we could recognise any melody or harmony, but by attending solely to the run of the bass on the violoncellos, we at last discovered that this confused mass of noises was intended to represent Handel's noble chorus, 'Lift up your heads!' Curious to learn how this gross caricature was produced, we stepped into the passage, and peeped into the room just as the chorus was finished: a number of robust countrymen and townsmen (perhaps between twenty and thirty) were the singers, and, as we afterwards learned, were thus giving their 'annual Christmas performance of Handel's choruses' without the aid of one treble singer! The melody was sung by some half-dozen men with rough tenor voices. All the treble of the orchestra consisted of two or three violins and a clarionet, while three violoncellos aided the efforts of some half-dozen bass singers gifted with powerful voices. However a musician may smile at this statement, and think the error too gross to require careful refutation, we know too well that such blunders are common. Only a few weeks ago, in another town, we heard a similar

but, utterly indescribable noise, and on entering the place from which it proceeded, found the members of a choir attempting to sing the 'Amen' chorus of the 'Messiah.' In this instance there were two or three treble singers, led by a clarionet; but a copy of the *vocal tenor*, written with the treble clef, was given to be performed (an octave above its proper register) on the cornet-à-piston! To the credit of the player, we must add that, after trying a few bars, he refused to play the inverted part. We know a musical society in a little town containing some talent. Its violin and violoncello players are respectable, and we have heard their instrumental performances with pleasure; yet such is their ignorance of the true construction of harmony, that though they have no treble singers, they also attempt to give the choruses of Handel! We were assured by an amateur that one of the gentlemen in this society had 'a very sweet *treble* voice!' This statement, we need not say, involves an impossibility; but in such impossibilities many believe. For instance, we knew an amateur, endowed with a rather extensive tenor voice, who gravely believed that he could sing properly either bass, or tenor, or alto, or treble; in fact, he imagined that he had a voice containing *three* octaves of natural notes—thus making himself a greater wonder than all the greatest singers who have lived. We once suffered under the infliction of a duet, written for a treble and an alto, but sung by two tenors, the second part being carried throughout above the first! In a vocal concert in a respectable county town we have heard clarionets playing an inverted vocal tenor through Handel's choruses. Need we multiply such instances? Rather we will give a few rules, in a dogmatic style, for the sake of brevity, and to these we must request the learner to pay strict attention, especially as the modern style of printing vocal music is calculated to mislead.

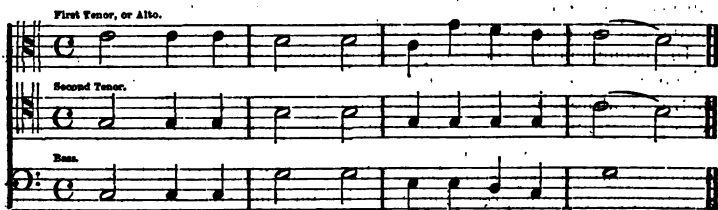
1. In vocal compositions in the usual four-part style, including treble, alto, tenor, and bass, true treble voices (which can be supplied only by women, or boys, or girls) are strictly indispensable. To attempt to perform such music as the choruses of Handel without treble voices is absurd.

2. Music may be composed in two, or three, or four, or more parts; but in whatever number of parts it is written, every part is necessary, and the omission or inversion of one will destroy the effect of the whole. If a composition in four parts is to be reduced to three, it must be entirely re-written, and the style of harmony altered. This rule is necessary, for we have heard three parts taken out of a quartett and given as a trio!

3. Harmony may be produced by alto, tenor, and bass, or by tenors and basses only, as we find in the verse-anthems of the English-Church composers, Blow, Boyce, Croft, and others, and in many glees written for male voices; but such harmony is constructed expressly for the purpose of being sung by the said voices. We will illustrate this rule by a familiar example. In the following few bars of a glee—'Glorious Apollo'—we shall see that the same three-part harmony may be arranged either for a treble, a tenor, and a bass, or for two tenors and a bass; but in the latter case it is generally necessary to change or raise the key of the piece, so that the first tenor may be high enough to admit under it a second tenor and a bass, arranged in distinct and harmonious intervals. If the glee is arranged for a treble, a tenor, and a bass, a wrong effect must be produced when it is sung by two tenors and a bass:—



The second tenor would in this case be above the first, which should maintain the leading part or melody, and thus the true effect would be lost. If the chords must be sung by male voices alone, the key should be changed, and the glee may then be arranged in the following style:—



4. After all that has been said of the errors of inverted parts, we need scarcely add that it is a very absurd practice when a flute or clarionet, or other treble instrument, is used to play the alto, or counter-tenor part, an octave above its proper position; yet this is sometimes done. The name *alto* seems to mislead in this instance; but we have already explained the fact, that the true alto notes, though in the highest part of male voices, are *below* the usual range of treble voices and instruments. To conclude this part of our subject: the numerous discordant errors arising from ignorance of the principles already stated are so common, and so destructive of true harmony, that too much can hardly be said to expose them. No singer should regard himself as fully qualified as a member of a choral society until, by due study, he has gained a clear understanding at least of the true position and use of his own voice.

Supposing our society to contain treble, alto, tenor, and bass voices arranged in just proportions, to what class of music shall we first direct our attention? Shall we at once attack the choruses of Handel? or rather spend a few evenings in learning to sing plain chorals or psalm-tunes correctly? The latter will be the wiser course, as it is certainly the more modest. The CHORAL has a distinct character, which will be easily defined when we consider its limits and its purpose. As it is restricted to a few bars, it affords no scope for fanciful melody or ingenious fugue; and as it is intended to be sung by a congregation, it must not indulge in difficult chromatic passages. Its melody should be plain and smooth, while its chords should be various, bold, and distinct: in short, it should contain as much fine harmony as is consistent with its character and purpose. Taking this as our definition of the choral, we must condemn many of the poor flimsy tunes sung by the congregations of England, as altogether unfit

for use in solemn services. The multiplication of these tunes has been a serious impediment to the progress of good choral harmony. Many of them may be fairly marked as silly. Sometimes they attempt fugal effects which demand space and development quite inconsistent with the character of a plain, good psalm-tune. In other instances we find a pretending florid character based upon a most insipid movement of harmony. Unmeaning repetitions of words, which may be harmless in some verses, while they produce ludicrous effects in others, are among the features that must be condemned. Indeed, if five-sixths of the rapid tunes circulated in England 'for the use of congregations' were utterly destroyed, the loss would be attended with a considerable profit. We might even point to collections of such tunes, arranged and edited by respectable composers, in which the chromatic or indistinct style of the harmony is quite contrary to the character and the purpose of the choral.

In recommending the study and practice of the fine old chorals, of which we now and then still hear specimens, we may notice the anomalous fact, that although singing is recognised as an important part of Divine worship by almost all the churches and congregations of England and Scotland, true harmony is seldom heard in a place of worship. This assertion, which may seem bold, will be easily proved and explained by a reference to our preceding remarks on the structure of vocal harmony. We will suppose that the organ and the choir are correct, and now we must consider the parts taken by the congregation. The people, uneducated in music, not knowing the distinct uses of their respective voices, cannot execute four-part harmony. The women and children sing the treble or melody, a few men sing the bass, and so far all is correct; but a considerable number of men, not knowing either the bass or the tenor, sing the air or treble an octave below its place, and thus break the proportions of harmony. Music in four parts is certainly richer than in two; but the latter correctly given is far better than a lame attempt to produce the former. A gentleman of musical taste lately informed us that, a short time ago walking in Manchester, he heard with pleasure a sound as of many many voices united in singing an old and solemn psalm-tune. Listening in the lobby of the chapel from which the sound proceeded, he found that the assembled preachers of the 'Wesleyan Connection' were opening (or concluding) their meeting by thus singing a hymn in two parts—tenor and bass; and the effect was fine and noble. Why? Because, though merely two-part harmony, it was correct. If some dozen of the said preachers had had a smattering of music (about the *quantum sufficit* to make an average leader of a choir), they would probably have intruded something which they called 'counter,' entirely out of place, and destroying the clearness and meaning of the psalm-tune in two parts. In the present state of musical education, the most practicable improvement in our style of congregational singing would be to increase the number of bass singers by circulating copies of the bass-parts of easy psalm-tunes, and to restrict the selection of tunes to a few plain chorals, so that a greater number of children might be employed in singing the treble. It is ridiculous to see, as we do in so many instances, a number of bearded singers, with hoarse and rough tenor voices, pretending to sing the *treble*, while so many boys and girls, with true and clear treble

voices, are educated in our Sunday schools! Let a goodly number of children bear the melody; let a due proportion of vocal bass be allowed, and let the full chords be added on the organ; and we shall hear clearer, richer, and better music than from many of our choirs as at present constituted, with their bearded treble-singers and bawling, male counter-tenors. We have seen the experiment tried. On this occasion a totally-indescribable choir, in a country church, fell into some discords of temper which would not be 'resolved.' This was fortunate, for it gave the clergyman an opportunity of doing what he had long wished to do: he turned the fiddle, the clarionet, the serpent, the *contralto* (a gentleman nearly six feet high, and very stout, who affected a *feminine* voice!), and the leader (a robust *soi-disant* treble-singer), all out of the orchestra, with an understanding that their services would be required no more. The gruff 'serpent' and his friends departed, proud in the belief that with their company all music was for ever leaving the church; and truly all music, in their definition of the word, was abolished. Some dozen girls were selected out of the Sunday school, and trained to sing the melodies in a few easy chorals; a few members of the congregation (who would not sing with the 'old party') now came forward in the orchestra to sing the bass; a small organ was purchased: and the result of these simple means was, that good vocal music, such as had never before been heard in that church, was soon produced. We remember, on this occasion, a simple verdict of common sense, which had some significance. One Sunday afternoon, soon after the 'turn-out,' an old choral tune of a very plain character (the melody having a range of only five notes) was smoothly sung. 'Ay,' said a lady endowed with good musical taste, but without any pretension to science, 'I can understand that: it speaks to me. The tunes of the old choir always reminded me of running about and seeking something you can't find!'

We append an old German choral, giving the organ-copy, in which a student will distinctly see the order of the chords. The first or highest series of notes forms the air or treble; the second = alto; the third = tenor; the fourth = bass. If a pupil will take the trouble of copying these parts, in the various styles of writing vocal music, of which specimens have been given, he will thus gain an acquaintance with the several clefs, and obtain some insight into the relations of the four voices:*

With one consent let all the earth To

First.

Second.

Third.

Fourth.

* The harmony of this choral is that given by Dr C. H. Rinck in his 'Organ School.'

POPULAR CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

God their cheer - ful voic - es raise ; Glad

hem - age pay with aw - ful mirth, And.

sing be - fore Him songs of praise.

We cannot conclude this section of our Paper without a remark addressed to composers and publishers. As we have shown, the present style of printing choral parts occasions, or at least allows, gross mistakes ; yet we cannot expect that any great change in the mode of notation will speedily take place. However desirable it may be to return to the use of the tenor and counter-tenor clefs, many singers adhere firmly to the present general use of the treble clef ; besides, a large quantity of good music has been printed and circulated in the modern style. In this case, the expedient which we would recommend is exceedingly simple, and yet, when understood, will make all such mistakes as we have exposed impossible. It is this : let the letter W be prefixed to every first or second treble part, and let it be understood to denote that such parts must be sung by the voices of women, or boys, or girls ; let M be prefixed to all tenor parts, denoting that these

must be sung by men; and let B denote the bass. If this simple plan was generally adopted, whatever might be the style of printed music, no mistaken inversions of parts would take place: it might also help choral societies in selecting music suited to their voices. A composition for a treble-voice, with two tenors and a bass, might be marked W; M 1 and 2; B; or an anthem for two trebles, two tenors, and a bass, would be marked W 1 and 2; M 1 and 2; B. These would at once point out the real facts of the voices required, without perplexing the learner with long explanations of such terms as 'soprano,' 'contralto,' 'counter-tenor,' and 'alto.'

After some patient practice of good chorals, which we strongly recommend, our society may proceed to sing glees and anthems. If deficient in treble voices, many glees may be found suitable for tenors and basses, and useful exercises may be found also in the 'verse anthems' of English cathedral music. Many of the anthems by our English composers are noble and well worthy of more attention in choral societies; but for learners who do not like to be too long confined to psalm-tunes, and yet are not prepared to sing such music as Handel's choruses, we must regret that there is a want of easy and interesting anthems. Such works would be very useful, as coming between plain chorals and elaborate harmony. Next to the Anthem, we should recommend the Cantata, if English music could show many good specimens of this very interesting mode of composition. The cantata consists of a connected series of vocal and instrumental pieces, and may contain songs, duets, trios, and choruses with symphonies and accompaniments, thus giving to all the voices and instruments employed their fair shares of display. It is far more interesting to spend an evening in performing such a connected work, having some consistent, dramatic, or descriptive interest, than in singing a series of incongruous songs and other pieces, such as we generally see thrown together without any intelligence in the programmes of concerts. But unfortunately the best specimens of the cantata to which we can refer—such as Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' Spohr's 'God, thou art great,' Sir Henry Bishop's 'Seventh Day,' or the 'Lay of the Bell' by Romberg—are too difficult for beginners. If we were required to name the species of vocal music for which there is a good opening now, it would be the cantata, tolerably easy, including real and lively interest in its themes and its poetry, together with variety in its vocal parts and accompaniments. If Handel were living now, we should expect to have a good cantata on some theme more interesting than the story of 'Acis and Galatea.'

A few words will suffice respecting the instruments used to accompany choral music. The principal treble instruments are the violin, the clarinet, and the flute: these are also used as seconds. In the tenor the viola and the bassoon are employed, while the violoncello and the contra-basso supply the bass. When brass wind-instruments are introduced, they must be used discreetly, or they may oppress the voices. Singers and players must have one and the same meaning and purpose. This may appear as a very commonplace remark, but it is one of great importance in the formation of a society, for there are some extreme diversities of taste which cannot be united. It may seem strange, but it is true, that under the common term 'music' two parties, both musicians, may understand two things entirely distinct and separate. There are persons who, as they say, 'love music,'

while they can comprehend and enjoy little beyond a simple and pleasing melody. Others we have known whose delight in music seemed to consist chiefly in keeping of time and mechanical execution, independent of harmony, modulation, expression, meaning, and even of melody. Of some industrious but soulless performers we can only say that they have a very mysterious taste for music. We have known, for instance, a noisy devotee of the clarinet, one who had led or misguided a parish choir for twenty years, but who had never produced nor enjoyed five bars of good music in our sense of the word. A great part of his musical joy was in keeping his 'reed' in order, so as to produce the loudest squeak possible; and he boasted that, though he had heard 'of many wonderful players in London,' yet 'for steady, hard blowing for four or five hours at a time,' he would match himself 'against all England!' Such cases remind us not only of the need of a wide toleration in questions of musical taste, but also of the importance of selection in forming a choir. Allowing that many diversities of taste may be found in a choir well enough united to perform good music, we must observe that there are two classes of amateurs so extremely opposite in their purposes, that all attempts to unite them would only be a waste of endeavour. The former class consists of persons who love to find a meaning in sounds; or, to use their own style of language, who love 'the soul' that breathes through music, while they regard all voices and instruments, and all degrees of expertness in execution, as only so many means employed for the interpretation of a great composer's written language. The second class consists of persons whom we must style 'mechanical.' They never trouble themselves about any such mystical words as 'soul,' 'thought,' 'idea,' or 'interpretation' as connected with music; their talk is of common-time, treble-time, quavers and semiquavers, 'splendid passages for the violins,' 'a pretty flute solo,' or 'a nice contrast between the brass and the wood,' and here their criticism ends: they forget that violins, clarionets, &c. are simply 'instruments' or 'means.' Music, on the other hand, must be regarded by them as a means of supplying employment for fiddles, flutes, &c. and the object of a composer to afford opportunities of display to 'the strings,' 'the wood,' and 'the brass.'

II. We rise to a higher view of our subject, and perhaps incur some risk of being styled 'romantic,' when we venture to speak of music as united with the actual life and interest of the English people in the nineteenth century. Our modern life is strangely divorced from the arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, which, as we understand their vocation, should illustrate and ennoble real life. Imitation, rather than genial emulation or inspiration, marks the present state of art in this country. This assertion may appear too strong: we will explain it. What are the subjects of our paintings? Putting aside portraits and landscapes, are not some of our most ambitious historical paintings devoted to Hebrew, classical, and ancient, rather than to English subjects? Does not our sculpture still devote itself to 'Venus,' 'the Graces,' and other classic ideals? Do not our architects make copies from the middle ages? That oddly-compounded national type, John Bull, has had a most stubborn determination on growing his own wheat and barley, while for all less substantial articles he has always thrown open his ports. For sculpture he is indebted to the ancient Greeks; he spends every year large sums of money to keep in remembrance

the dead languages of Greece and Rome; he buys Italian paintings at very high prices; in his worship he uses versions of ancient Hebrew minstrelsy; and, when he attempts to compose music, he imports chords and melody from Germany and Italy. Seriously, in our modern arts imitation prevails, and this imitation is in many cases false. We ought, indeed, to follow the great men of old times; but there are two modes of following. For instance, in painting, if we adopt the style and the subjects of Raphael, then in one sense we certainly do what was done by that great artist: he painted certain historical pictures, and we copy them; but let it be remembered that he painted in accordance with the spirit of his times and the faith of the people: in this we do not follow him. If we could build another minster like that of Strasburg, we should not do the work of the old architect Erwin—for he embodied the living thoughts of his generation in that great structure—while we should produce only a dead copy. Mere imitation is widely distinct from true emulation.

But to return to music. Waving the consideration of our devotional psalmody—of what are we singing now? Of 'Jephtha,' 'Nebuchadnezzar,' 'Samson,' 'Deborah,' 'Alexander,' 'Acis and Galatea,' 'Polyphemus,' and 'Don Juan'—of anything, indeed, that is foreign and sufficiently remote from our actual thoughts and feelings. We have no national minstrelsy: we do not express ourselves in song. Our own lives and actions are not regarded as worthy of poetic or musical celebration. Our triumphs in throwing iron bridges across rivers and straits are quietly recorded in the small type of newspapers, while we reserve our trumpets, cornets, and 'all instruments of music,' to glorify the exploits of 'Judas Maccabæus.' We thus resemble the player in 'Hamlet,' who so passionately declaimed on the sorrows of 'Hecuba.' Music is naturally the utterance of the highest enthusiasm; but what enthusiasm can we feel about Judas Maccabæus? There is something very curious in this distinction between ancient and modern times with respect to art. In our mechanical following of precedents, we forget the true natural history of poetry and music. To this natural history of any art we would appeal, rather than to the abstract opinions of any critic. In ancient times the poet and the minstrel were united in one person. Poetry was not written to be printed in foolscap octavo, but to be sung, or at least recited; and the harp was not made to play mysterious symphonies, void of interpretation, but to accompany the utterances of the heart. Now the poet and the minstrel or musician are independent of each other. If the poet can only find a printer, he cares nothing for fiddlers; while the musician regards as the last thing worthy of attention the doggerel which any scribe, with facility in metrical nonsense, will compose. Both poetry and music have forgotten their own natural history, or the facts of their origin. In these simple facts, as we believe, they would find better guidance than in the greater part of what is styled 'art-criticism.' What is the natural history of poetry? It began, we believe, as it will conclude—with the simple lyric. (We know pretty well all that can be said on the apparent exception—the 'Iliad;' but this is too large a subject to be discussed here.) Metre was employed in long narratives to assist memory before printing and reading times began; but the purest and most natural poetry, of ancient as of modern times, will be found in lyrical effusions. The voice of the people asserts this theory. Where are

all the long epics produced during this century? Where will they be in the beginning of the next? Far, far away from all popular sympathies! But the world must become prosaic indeed: our railways, our other mechanical triumphs, and our political economy, must produce the worst effects foretold by our darkest prophets before the genuine lyric—the song—will lose its hold on the human heart. It is the genuine offspring of the heart, and therefore it will never be forgotten.

And what was the natural history of music? As we have said, it was closely allied with the birth of poetry. The minstrel of old times, musing on some event in his country's history, or on one of those common tales of human life which occur in every age, found himself inspired by his theme, and uttered, simultaneously, words and music flowing together—the unstudied melody rising or falling in accordance with the strain of sentiment. From that moment the subject, the poetry and the music were united, and one could not be quoted without suggesting the others. In this close union of form and meaning the soul of music dwells.

It is music with this soul in it which we should like to spread among the people. All our modern skill will do little without meaning and earnestness. If old tales must be believed, our musical efforts are as inferior to those spoken of among the Greeks in old times, as our instruments are, in all probability, superior to those employed by the ancients. The fault lies not in our musical instruments, but in the dissipating, insincere, and almost meaningless style in which we now employ (we might say profane) music. Study the old Scottish melodies; in vain we harmonise them, fill them with curious modulations, and turn them into variations, rondos, and fantasias: all our brilliant manœuvres cannot bring back the soul into them. Music, to be good and powerful in its effects, must be reverently treated—must be inwoven with early affections, and cherished as a friend. Who is there so utterly unmusical as not to know one old tune dear on account of its associations? Better it would be to remain mere children in music, than to confound all our instincts and associations by our modern flashy performances. Dissipation in music, as in other matters, is the cause of flatness. A vague style of instrumental trick-and-wonder-playing has prevailed lately, imposing on our ears long passages of noisy nonsense, and producing, even in the minds of its admirers, rather a tendency to dreamery than true and lively emotions. What languid surprises, what faint and evanescent gleams of feeling, are awakened by all the modulations, runs, skips, thumps, and thunders of the modern fantasia! Worst of all, we have now descriptive passages in music independent of words! Music accordant with various emotions we can understand; but when even a great pianoforte player—Listzt, for instance—attempts to give 'a description of Switzerland' on the pianoforte, we refuse to affect intelligence. Such dreamy music is related to a good oratorio, cantata, or musical drama, only as indistinct muttering in sleep is to plain speaking. The effect produced by a good song is clear, outspoken, intelligible enthusiasm; but your refined amateur, under the operation of one of your grand musical mysteries, sits coolly criticising your chromatic passages, or if he feels at all as you throw in your flats and sharps, he is moved to be vaguely pensive about nothing.

It is hardly necessary to say that the above remarks do not imply an

indiscriminate censure on all instrumental music: our complaint is of the inordinate attention given to the composition of an unending series of 'rondos,' 'sonatas,' 'fantasias,' 'polkas,' and 'waltzes' for the pianoforte, while so little is done in the production of good, intelligible *vocal music for the people*. We wish to see poetry, music, and human interest united in a style worthy of our national character. Surely a composer who has an ambition to step beyond the beaten track might here find a fair field for the exercise of his genius. Here would be found better employment than in setting to music such sorry trash as the following lines, which we cull from a new opera—Macfarren's 'Charles II.:—

Julian. To prison forthwith he must go!

King and Fanny. To prison! Oh dreadful!

Julian. On bread and water thou'lt be fed,

Dismal and damp will be thy bed,

And if 'tis proved that from the king

Thou'st stolen his watch—such treasoning

Is death. To save the constitution,

Thou'lt be condemned to execution!

While our musicians condescend to marry music to the flimsy muse of the Opera, and fatigue the ears of London with noisy fantasias, we are left without signs of any national school of vocal music. If we teach the people to sing, the question will arise, 'What shall we have to sing?' and with respect at least to secular choral music the reply must be very unsatisfactory. If Purcell, or any English musician of old times, could pay us a visit, how should we answer his queries respecting our popular music? Some conversation like the following might take place:—

Purcell. Put aside the ecclesiastical music, as you tell me you are still singing the old psalms and anthems— But what is the music of the people? What do you hear in the streets, in the fields? Come, give me one of your popular songs.

A. To confess the truth, we have no national music excepting 'God save the Queen!'

P. But the people must be singing something. Surely the voice of melody has not departed for ever from our country?

A. We have some popular melodies; but they cannot be called national, as they emanate from the 'Nigger' school of music.

P. A 'Negro school' of composition! Who after this will despair of human progress? I am impatient to hear a specimen. Take your seat at the pianoforte, and give me a song.

A. I really cannot do justice to the music. Would you have 'Old Dan Tucker?' or 'Who's dat knocking at the door?' or 'Oh Susanner?'

P. Pitiful choice of words! But let me hear the first.

A. I need no pianoforte; but without proper accompaniments the songs are indeed good for nothing. I must have 'the bones' and some 'burnt cork!'

P. 'Bones' and 'burnt cork?'

A. Yes; the bones to rattle; and as for the burnt cork—— You must know that a great part of the performance will consist in grinning, and I must first blacken my face to show the teeth in strong relief.

P. Then away with 'Old Dan Tucker!' And is this musical England in the nineteenth century? [*He goes back to Westminster Abbey.*]

Surely, to put away such a reproach, it would be well if the poet and the musician would unite, so that when our choral societies have learned to sing, they may find something worth singing. Is human life so utterly dull and prosaic in modern times that it can afford no subjects worthy of poetic and musical celebration? Or are we destitute of that genius which finds in the old the germ of the new, in the little the great, and in apparent poverty the source of a rich development? If our thoughts are little, we have no excuse in these times when great deeds spread their influences around us. Can no musician rise to the height of such a theme for a cantata as the 'Triumphs of Labour?' Mountains divided; arches thrown over valleys; nations brought into close neighbourhood; hosts of emigrants going out to make a new world in the forests of the 'far-away west,' in the plains of Australia, or the isles of the South Sea—are not these movements fit to awaken musical echoes? The style of poetry and music blended which we would have spread among the people is indicated in a few magazine papers published some time since. We quote one of their ideal sketches:—'Our poet was charmed in the Hall of Music; for here the musicians of the country did not come to exhibit strange tricks upon instruments, nor merely to show their ability, but to employ the powers of harmonious sounds, reverently and reasonably, for the delight and edification of the people. Accordingly, the pieces sung and performed were not on stale theatrical subjects, but such as hymns, anthems, and cantatas, on various themes of real human life. One of these pieces, which pleased our poet well, was a cantata on the "Praises of Labour," consisting of several songs, celebrating various parts of industry, giving

"Honour to the sailor brave,
Who steers his vessel o'er the wave,
And to the miner, who from night
Brings up earth's riches to the light;"

and ending with a full chorus, in which miners, peasants, and other workers all sang heartily,

"The friendly heart and the working hand
Shall spread contentment through the land."

But if we may not hope soon to hear such a cantata performed for the delight of the working-people in Britain, we may at least make some approach to it, by giving a more popular and lifelike interest to our songs. We would not despise the little lyrics introduced into our Infant Schools; but we would have songs for fathers as well as for children. We again quote from the papers to which we have adverted:—'Let the children have songs for the spring and for the summer, for the autumn and for the winter; for morning and for evening, for school and for the holiday; songs in which the whole spirit shall be healthful and life-breathing. And when the children are grown up, and are devoted to the serious vocations of life, must no poetry hallow the scenes of their daily toils and cares? Must they either scorn or painfully regret all the warm hopes and bright visions of their early days? So it is too often; but must it always be so? Cannot poetry mediate between the hopes of the child and the fulfilment

of the man? Cannot some beam of the early splendour follow the pilgrim to the tomb? Perhaps the calling of the working-man is "not poetical." Nay; but we say that every honest calling has its poetical side and aspect. It is in the narrowness and exclusiveness of any calling, when viewed in itself merely, that its dry prose and repulsiveness are found; but in its glow and life, in its interjunction with other departments of life, in its communion with the interest of universal humanity, consists its truth and its poetry. And is it impossible that the lowliest handicraft should be elevated in this view? In the low labour of the mine a foundation is laid for superstructures of beauty and elegance in other departments of society. The philosopher could not enjoy his studious leisure if the peasant did not toil. The strokes of the pickaxe in the quarry are as necessary to, and therefore as truly hallowed by, the idea of the commonweal as the fine touches of the artist's pencil. Then why should not every honest vocation have its poetical side?

'Why may not the sailor, fulfilling his mission as one of the links of humanity, have something better than ribald verses to sing as he crosses the ocean? Of the soldier's life we shall say nothing, as enough has been sung of the glory of the field, and we would not add to the incitements of the drum and fife. Even the miner might have his songs. Whoever has travelled as far north as the Tyne, and rambled about along the windings of the Wear, must have felt himself far away from the lands of beauty and melody. We will not deny that the Tyne, with the castle near its mouth, has majesty; and that the many-curved Wear has beauty where it laves the woods and rocks about Finchall Abbey; but when we look upon the scenery as coloured by the souls and lives of the people, we cannot help thinking that William Howitt, in his northern "Visits to Remarkable Places," has given us descriptions rather too much in favour of the poetical. The pitmen, even in the days when well-paid and well-fed, seem to feel no joy sufficient to burst in song from their lips. To and from their mirky scene of toil they walk over their black roads of coal-ashes and iron—their only music here and there the heavy puffing of the locomotive, the grumbling wheel of the stationary engine, or the deafening clattering of the long train of iron-wheeled coal-wagons. Let us give them their due: their houses—though the fiddle is no part of the furniture—are clean, the mahogany bedstead and chest of drawers gleam brightly, and a few wallflowers and pansies often flourish in the little garden at the front of the cottage. And let us not forget the fact, that down in the bowels of the earth a hundred fathoms deep, we have been solicited—and of course we did not refuse—by the half-naked and black-faced workmen to subscribe towards the purchase of a violoncello for a musical society.'

In offering the above suggestions, we do not forget the difficulties of the work recommended to the poet and the musician. To write good lyrics really suited for music, and to infuse into such songs a true living interest—this is no light task, but one requiring something more than good purpose and painstaking—it demands genius; but even genius may be assisted by timely suggestions. Some lyrical effusions are spoiled for musical purposes by the choice of a subject: for instance, we find, if we remember well, a lyric on a 'Cherry-Tree' in Barry Cornwall's 'English Songs.' As we once heard a critic say, 'a cherry-tree in blossom is a pretty thing, but

you cannot expect a company of men to sing enthusiastically about it." Other lyrics, having some sweetness, are deficient in simplicity and universality of interest. Our highest wishes regarding songs for the people would be gratified if we could have the genius displayed by Campbell in 'Ye Mariners of England' and the 'Battle of the Baltic' devoted to celebrate the true 'battle of life.' Mere ingenuity or industry is less successful in the lyric than in any other kind of poetry, because this is poetry of the highest and purest style. The article already quoted explains this fact:—"You may write on the most ordinary matter in correct prose, you may meditate upon some moral theme in blank verse, and still your mind may fall very far short of the unity, the clearness, the fire and energy requisite for lyric effusions; until, freed from all that is involved, doubtful, and reflective, wholly filled with the enthusiastic theme, your thoughts become simple, direct, and ardent; and your flow of words musical, so as to charm the ear of the child and the mind of the philosopher with a magic indescribable—"a grace beyond the reach of art." Of the genuine lyric poet it may be most truly said, that he is "born and not made."

'Even a child, in reading over a melodious carol, is tempted to burst into song; and this points to the origin of the lyric, which was intended to be *sung*, not *said*. And here is a simple mark of the pure lyric—you *can sing it*. There are many decent and correct compositions in good, regular metre, which it would be ridiculous to sing. Every one would feel that either the words or the music must be out of place. We have heard pious meditations, religious reasonings on doubtful points, and expositions of doctrinal Scripture, sung loudly by congregations of well-meaning people, with instrumental accompaniments. Of course they thought that these compositions, being in regular verse, and making good metre, common, short, or long, must be hymns, and therefore must be suitable for singing. But if they had reflected a little more, they would certainly have found that the subject and tenor of such compositions are naturally opposed to singing; that if a man were really and sincerely occupied with such matters as the supposed hymn implies, he would not be disposed to sing at all, but to be silent, and think. Music is not the utterance of deep meditation and hard reasoning, but of simple and clear sentiments of faith, love, hope, and adoration. How very ridiculous it would be to sing Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be!" and yet similar absurdities are sometimes perpetrated.

'It will be some step toward appreciating the distinct characteristics of the genuine lyric, if we agree that every composition in due metre and rhyme is not therefore *lyrical*. Of course as the various departments of every art, as of every science, are connected together by intermediate links, the lyrical class of poetry will be connected with the other classes by partaking of their various traits—the narrative, the dramatic, the didactic, the meditative; but to fix upon the distinct character of the lyric, it will be proper to take it in its purest form, and of this we would say, that it must be *simple, direct, general*, and contained within a moderate compass.'

Such is the difficulty of the lyric even with regard to its form; and a second difficulty arises when we attempt to unite poetry and music with true, living interest. According to conventional rules, a man is expected when he speaks in sober prose to have some real and sincere meaning, to

'deliver his tidings like a man of this world;' but as soon as he opens his mouth to sing, all the rules of common sense are thrown aside: he may languish for a 'faery-queen,' aspire to 'be a butterfly,' or talk of riding 'on a moonbeam,' without raising any doubts respecting his sanity. In the 'catechism style' of music, of which we have heard quite enough lately, a gentleman may propound to a room full of company such questions as—'Of what are you thinking now, dearest?' and a lady may respond in the same public style, 'I am thinking of thee!' Or some three or four gentlemen, glee-singers, may, without the slightest sign of jealousy, harmoniously unite in declaring that they are severally dying in hopeless devotion to the Lady 'Oriana' or 'Arabella!' Of such a custom we would say with Hamlet, 'Oh reform it altogether!' If we are earnest in our desire for the spread of true music among the people, it is not that we may have the pleasure of hearing vapid, sentimental songs and glees about 'Lucy Neal,' but because we hope that a good and manly popular poetry may grow up with the power to sing it, so that our school-rooms, our mechanics' institutes, and even our workshops, may resound with melodies fitted to something better than nonsense-verses.

We have already spoken of the *Cantata* as the best form of vocal music intended to contain narrative or descriptive interest: if, to make our meaning and intention plainer, we append to these remarks a passage from 'a Cantata on the Praise of Labour,' it is because even an indifferent example is better than a long disquisition would be without it:—

A PASSAGE FROM A CANTATA.

(Spoken.)

Lord Verdon. Walter, my minstrel, strike the harp, and sing
The song in honour of the lowly spade.

(Walter sings:)

All honour be paid to the lowly spade—

The sword and the spear are idle things:

To the king on his throne, and the labourer lone,
Its tribute the spade of the husbandman brings.

A bright thought from Heaven to the tiller was given

Who first turned to the light the soil richly brown:

God told in the blast how the seed should be cast—

See the first yellow grains by the husbandman sown!

See the first harvest-morn and the ripe yellow corn,

And the first crooked sickle thrust into the grain:

With dancing and singing the valleys are ringing

For all that the spade has raised out of the plain!

(Chorus.)

Then all honour be paid to the conquering spade—

The sword and the spear are idle things:

To the king in his pride, and his subjects beside,

Its bounties the spade of the husbandman brings!

(Spoken.)

Lord Verdon. Ay, that is good! that is a style of music
More worthy of the minstrel than the lay
Sung, but for solace, in a lady's bower—
Another song!

THE FINDING OF THE IRON.

A world of wealth is sleeping
 In subterraneous night;
 What the mountains have in keeping
 Shall soon be brought to light;
 And wealth, and strength, and beauty
 Shall be spread o'er all the land,
 When awakens to its duty
 The mighty human hand,
Chorus.—And wealth, &c.

To fell the forest soaring,
 To cultivate the plain,
 To chase the lion roaring,
 To navigate the main,
 The mind of man is poring
 In the chasms under ground,
 Their secret hoards exploring,
 Till the iron-ore is found!
Chorus.—The mind, &c.

But not with pike and sabre
 Will we show the iron's might;
 It shall shine in quiet labour,
 And not in cruel fight;
 It shall thunder o'er the nation,
 In the rapid, steaming train,
 And carry to starvation
 The loads of precious grain.
Chorus.—It shall thunder, &c.

In wheels and axles spinning,
 It shall work for man and child,
 Or in the ploughshare, winning
 Rich gardens from the wild;
 It shall work man's liberation,
 When the wise, directing mind
 Shall plan earth's reformation
 With measures true and kind.
Chorus.—It shall work, &c.

No! not for cruel battle
 Will we whet the iron blade;
 No! it shall rather rattle
 On the oak i' the forest-glade,
 And cleave the stubborn granite,
 And hew the marble white,
 Till it make our beauteous planet
 With toil's creation bright!
Chorus.—And cleave, &c.

* * * *

CONCLUDING SONG AND CHORUS.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

The workshop must be crowded
 That the palace may be bright;
 If the ploughman did not plough,
 Then the poet could not write.
 Then let every toil be hallowed
 That man performs for man,
 And have its share of honour
 In the universal plan.
Chorus.—Let every toil, &c.

See, light darts down from heaven,
 And enters where it may ;
 The eyes of all earth's people
 Are cheered with one bright day.
 And let the mind's true sunshine
 Be spread o'er earth as free,
 And fill the souls of men
 As the waters fill the sea.
Chorus.—And let, &c.

Ye men who hold the pen,
 Rise like a band inspired,
 And, poets, let your lyrics
 With hope for man be fired ;
 Till the earth becomes a temple,
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service,
 Each happy in his part.
Chorus.—Till the earth, &c.

III. Music may be regarded either in its highest meaning, as an art having its end and object in itself; or in another, but a very important point of view, as a means of diffusing intellectual pleasures. In this latter point of view we would recommend it to all who can promote its general cultivation. It may bring together the various classes of society, may supply a vacuum in untutored minds, and may relieve some part of that dullness which, if we must confess the truth, is felt in many of our English towns and villages, at least during the winter. The visitor who has lately escaped from town, so heartily tired of the 'wilderness of bricks and mortar,' that for him the sight of a green field can make 'sufficient holiday,' may look on our little towns and villages when they are embowered in trees and bright with flowers in summer, and may, if poetical, quote Warton's lines—

'The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
 To quit the hamlet's native wild,' &c.

But winter, and the darkness of long evenings, and the gloom of rainy weather, and, worse than all these, intellectual dullness, are felt in our most rural districts. Warton's 'hinds' never talk of *ennui*, but they understand the reality well enough. In sober truth, nothing can exceed the moral and intellectual dullness of our small towns and villages. Let it be remembered that nearly all our old, rude, and often objectionable popular sports have been swept away. The 'ring and staple,' marking the spot where formerly the bull was baited, are happily now only left as curiosities for antiquarian collections. Our peasants, we are glad to say, never enjoy the pleasure of Master Slender in seeing 'Sackerson, the bear, loose.' The 'Guy Fawkes' of the 5th of November is but a degenerate specimen of the martyr whom we burned in our boyhood's days; the Maypole is almost forgotten; and Christmas makes more noise in London than in the country. Unfortunately, new and better recreations have not been introduced to supply the places of the old ones; and we fear that an impartial foreigner, having to give some account of popular English amusements in our day, would have little to say of anything beyond smoking and drinking. These remarks are of course applied chiefly to the lower classes, while the middle and higher ranks have within their reach an abundant supply of

intellectual pleasures. The doctrine of giving is not sufficiently considered in our country with regard to moral and intellectual wants. If we must not allow the bodies of men to starve, why should we leave their minds without suitable nutriment, which can be supplied almost without cost? We have no faith in the system of negative reformation, which consists in putting down this or that evil without promoting positive good. Evil will not be overcome by uttering mere commonplace terms of condemnation—which would indeed be a very easy mode if possible—but by real active working goodness. One of the best ways of preventing the intrusion of disorderly characters in a public meeting, is to fill the room with good and orderly men. Nature will be working; something will take root and grow on every bank, on the waysides, and even on bare stones; and where we do not cultivate good grain we must expect to see rank weeds. We are merely dilating upon an old text of common sense—a ‘bedridden truth,’ to use the apt words of Coleridge—but we may add, that if the simple rules of common sense, which we constantly observe in our dealings with the material world, were fairly applied to our moral and intellectual interests, we should require no better system of practical philosophy.

To those who would laugh at the notion of providing innocent recreations for the lower classes, we would recommend, as the best correction of such contempt, an imprisonment during a whole winter in a dull village, without books, pleasant society, material luxuries, or field-sports. If the more-favoured classes can spend their winter evenings at least in a ‘harmless’ way—(by the by, how much indolence and selfishness may be covered by that word harmless!)—let them not ascribe the whole merit to stern unaided virtue, forgetting all such pleasant and serviceable auxiliaries as the cheerfully-warmed and lighted room, the new books of the season, the portfolio of engravings, and the new music scattered on the pianoforte. Such ‘trifles,’ as they may be called, do not indeed constitute virtue and respectability; but, nevertheless, they are well worthy of notice as favourable conditions for the development of good character. The lower classes require similar external aids. Great good would probably result if we regarded them more in this common-sense style, as men like ourselves. An epicure, noted as an expert carver, once remarked, ‘when I am not sure about a man’s particular taste, I serve him as I myself should like to be served, and this plan generally gives satisfaction.’ The remark will bear an application to other subjects besides a cut of venison or the breast of a partridge.

We have in our mind’s eye just now a little town where music was monopolised by one gentleman. A few performers met weekly in his drawing-room, and thus many evenings were spent in musical pleasure. But the pleasure which was thus restricted to a family party of some ten or twelve persons might, without injury to anybody, have been diffused among some two or three hundred listeners. Frequently have we seen, not without a feeling akin to pity, a group of poor men standing beside the railings of the musical house, glad to catch, now and then, one of the louder strains of melody. That little town, like several others with which we have been acquainted, was almost totally destitute of everything like rational recreation for the people. Some attempts to improve this state of affairs were, to say the least, neglected and contemned by the respectable

party to which the said musical monopolist belonged. Yet in this town nothing but good-will was wanted to improve the state of society. Money, and leisure, and influence were there, sufficient to carry out many good plans, such as are often styled 'imaginary,' because it has been predetermined that they *shall be* merely imaginary; or, in other words, that nothing shall be done to realise them. The spirit of petty aristocracy is especially odious when it steps beyond its own proper circle, and interferes with interests belonging to the intellectual world. Here there is no room for any supremacy save that of genius, which is essentially benevolent. We laugh at the day-dreams of such levellers as Cabet and Co. Such talk as of commanding pines not to grow above brambles; bidding strong men not to walk farther than the weak; or limiting, by one dull standard, the infinite diversities of human powers, is too absurd to claim formal refutation. As it is a part of the eternal plan of nature to form mountains, we must have valleys; but there are many little artificial hillocks which must be levelled. Such are all forms and pretensions of exclusiveness in intellectual pleasures. Such pleasures, as St Austin says, are 'given to be again given away,' and 'are increased by being distributed.' Air and light, and, not less, intellectual light, should be free for all. We have many convenient and legitimate means of preserving our distinctions—crests, buttons, stars, and garters—and therefore to employ higher things for so small a purpose is something like a gratuitous profanation.

Readers who have some acquaintance with the characteristics of society in small towns will not think us too earnest on this point. Among the varieties of pride, there is such a thing as the pride of doing nothing; and, ridiculous as it may seem at first sight, it has some specious qualities to recommend it. The man who strives to do anything for the public good is exposed to criticism—he may be too ardent, too hopeful; he may fail. Errors and defects mark human life and all its work, and nothing great and good can be easily gained. The man whose pride consists in doing nothing wears something of a majestic and reposeful aspect in contrast with all the strivers in the world. He *may* have very profound reasons for his virtual nonentity. A single shake of his head may imply a vast amount of knowledge. He is too wise to entertain extravagant notions of improving the people by teaching them to sing! He has lived too long in the world, and knows too well what the people are! He remembers also a good old saying about 'letting well enough alone!' Meanwhile, if you step from the squire's hall, where this sort of philosophy prevails, to the village tavern, you may find a group of peasants endeavouring to relieve the tedium of a winter's evening by talking for two hours about the 'size of a cabbage;' or some unlucky youth, having nothing better to think about, is sitting in some dark corner and making a 'snickle' for a hare. When such a fact transpires, the squire, who scorns to act as a schoolmaster, comes forward as a magistrate, and puts into force *his* measures for the improvement of the people.

Let us turn to a more pleasant and hopeful view of society. We heard lately a very good report of a musical class—one of which we should like to see many copies. It contains about eighty members; and in a concert given a short time ago, the music of Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, was performed for the pleasure of an audience chiefly con-

sisting of mechanics. This choral society originated, we believe, in the efforts of a gentleman, who wisely and kindly spent his leisure in training a few poor children in part-singing. It now unites many in rational and innocent enjoyment; and even if we throw aside as something imaginary the influence of good music, still, in other respects such a society deserves encouragement. The cost of membership is merely a penny per week.

To conclude—we may address a few words to those parties who have ability to help us in diffusing good music among the people. We have not concealed the difficulties of this undertaking. Every one who would assist in the work must be prepared with steady zeal, patience, and forbearance. Imagination can easily paint a pleasing picture of our mechanics arranged in tuneful choirs; but to transfer this picture to reality—here is the task! When we read enthusiastic sketches and stories representing the work of popular improvement as easy, we are quite sure that the authors have not tried the experiments which they recommend so confidently. Enthusiasm and patience are too seldom united. The man who delights in ideal views is not always the man to combat with the difficulties belonging to the real. If we would diffuse music, or any other true intellectual pleasure, we must find in our work its own reward, and must be thankful for a little success after many discouragements. No easy recipe for ‘getting up’ good music can be given. Something may be done by clearing away unnecessary obscurities in the science, but it must be extended like every other branch of knowledge:—the teacher must prepare himself by sound study, while the learner must be contented to ‘begin at the beginning,’ and to work onwards with perseverance.

We shall not presume to say many words respecting the aid which the *clergy* may give to this movement. Even when other assistance cannot conveniently be given, a few words of approbation and encouragement may serve to stimulate those who regard the popular cultivation of music as an important auxiliary in the general work of national education. On this part of our subject we may quote from the papers already referred to a sketch which accords well with our views:—

‘One of the instruments of social improvement employed by Homeward was Music; but, faithful to his principle, that the people should be *employed* in order to be improved, he would have no organ in his church. Instead of paying one organist, he developed the musical abilities of the whole parish. Of one of his festivals a friend gives the following account:—

“On a little platform Homeward had arranged his choir, and I was delighted with the neat and expressive playing of the leader—a poor blind youth, whose best way of speaking to the souls of his brothers and sisters was through the vibratory strings of his violin. This poor youth, I afterwards learned, was one of Homeward’s favourites. He had honoured the youth as a coadjutor in the work of cultivating and refining the children of the parish: he had taught him reasonably to esteem and develop the gift of music that was in his soul. As Homeward remarked to me, in many of our least-cultivated villages may be found some musical enthusiasts, who blindly pursue the art they love without guidance and encouragement to teach them how to direct it towards a good purpose. ‘Even these,’ said Homeward, ‘might do something for humanity, if good ideas were given to

them ; and a solitary amusement might be elevated to a public service. I will never have an organ in my church, to turn out that poor fellow and his violin ; for I prefer the music which the people can produce among themselves to a richer harmony produced for them by machinery.'

"In the orchard belonging to Mr Hewling, a farmer in the village, were arranged the tea-tables, at which upwards of a hundred and fifty children sat down to partake of the provisions which Mary Hale, assisted by her lively young friend, Nancy Hewling, had bounteously prepared. There was something of a rosy and healthful hue diffused over all my prospects of the world and humanity as I sat enjoying myself among the poor children. Tea ended, our musicians arranged themselves upon the platform, and gave us a symphony. As I listened to the harmony produced by this village orchestra I felt great hopes of the services which music may yield to those who would unite and improve society. Young and old, teachers and scholars, players and listeners, all felt one delight. One language found its echoes in every heart. Among the players were two or three rude-looking rustics, and yet the charm of music seemed to elevate their characters, and almost persuaded us to think them as amiable as the tones they produced from their instruments. Next, the children sang several songs, and very sweetly. I will give one of the songs :—

THE STREAMS.

Sing beside the cheerful streams!
They are singing as they flow—
Through green shades and golden gleams,
Downward to the sea they go.
From the hill-top blue and high,
While day and night go round the sky,
Through the vales they roll along—
All their life is merry song!

Rippling, rolling, gliding, winding,
Round the hills their courses finding,
Caring not to lose their name
In the sea from which they came;
Bringing blessings where they may,
They laugh and sing along the way,
Through the vales they roll along—
All their life is merry song!

"The blind violinist who led the orchestra played the symphonies and accompaniments to the songs with excellent taste and spirit. Genius gave him, in the tones of his violin, a substitute for all the smiles of streams, fields, flowers, and skies, translating the beauties of nature out of the range of vision into that of hearing; and as he played, he smiled in sympathy with the delight of the children."

It is evident that a knowledge of music is likely to be more and more regarded as an important qualification for *teachers* in public schools. In such schools we find the best opportunity of raising singing-classes, and therefore we would strongly advise teachers not to rest contented with a mere acquaintance with the rudiments of notation and a little skill in singing a few simple melodies, but to study industriously the principles of vocal harmony, so as to aid the progress of good choral music. When a

few good treble voices have been trained to sing in two parts, the greatest difficulty attending the formation of a choir is surmounted. Tenor and bass singers acquainted with notation are more easily found, a few instruments may in many towns be easily collected, and thus the materials necessary for the performance of anthems and choruses are provided. We would hope that the day is not very far distant when the examination of a public school will not be regarded as complete without a respectable vocal concert. Nothing can so well relieve the common routine of studies as the occasional practice of music. To all who superintend the education of young ladies we would respectfully offer one suggestion:—There can be no doubt that the practice of part-singing would be far more healthy, in both a mental and a physical sense, than the exclusive and often excessive sedentary practice required to make an accomplished pianoforte player of the modern school. Vocal music, even when regarded solely as a part of physical training, is worthy of far more attention than it now receives.

Our next suggestion must be addressed to a large number of *amateurs* who at present employ music only as a means of private gratification. There is no deficiency of voices or of tolerably-skilful players in this country, though to produce good music, science, unity, and organisation are still required. In a town where a good choral performance was never heard you may find many scattered amateur players. One devotes himself to a perpetual solo on the flute, another is contented with executing a few quadrilles on the violin, a third cultivates pianoforte music, and a fourth pleases himself in playing exercises on the violoncello. Thus with little pains a little quiet pleasure is obtained. Let these unite to study and practise music for the orchestra, and a far higher degree of musical delight will be their reward. For this purpose, we would recommend to young amateurs that in choosing instruments they should pay respect to their utility in the orchestra. The flute is a pleasant solo instrument, and its players are too many to be counted; but it should be remembered that two flutes, taking their proper parts, are enough in a powerful orchestra. This hint is certainly required, for in some towns it would be easier to find a dozen 'flautists' than one good player on the violoncello. The most useful instruments, with regard to a choral society, are the violin, the viola, the violoncello, the contra-basso, the clarinet, and the bassoon.

A few words may be added respecting the cultivation of choral music by the members of Literary Societies and Mechanics' Institutes. In many instances these societies fall short of the object they should hold in view. In some cases they are little more than mere circulating libraries: no steady course of study and improvement is found in them. In others, a false show and glitter are made by an occasional hired lecturer, with some amusing apparatus, or a concert is 'got up' with the aid of imported talent. A series of mental dissipations, without plan or purpose, is all that some societies care for. The season is brilliantly opened with a 'magic lantern,' and the intellectual members are supposed to indulge in a relief of arduous studies, while they laugh at the grotesque figures thrown on the curtain. This would be all very well as a relaxation; but unfortunately there has been no study; here it is all play and no work. Next

comes the 'oxyhydrogen microscope,' with its magnified mites, concluding with an exhibition of the 'chromatope.' Then we have, perhaps the first—as it should be—of a series of lectures on chemistry. Some notion of the properties of carbon is obtained by a few studious listeners; but as several of the members indulged in yawning during the explanation of hydrogen, 'relief' is again required: so the next public meeting is devoted to the tricks of a 'ventriloquist.' A lecture on the 'English language,' very thinly attended, is followed by some successful shocks of 'electricity;' and after a little more playing with 'galvanism,' 'elocution,' 'astronomy,' and other unconnected topics, the labours of the session are closed with a concert performed by hired musicians! This may serve as harmless recreation; but it certainly does not fulfil the purpose of a 'Mechanics' Institute.' As one part of the improvement required in such a case, we recommend the formation of classes for the study and practice of choral music. Every society should endeavour to produce some good results *from its own resources*. There is a pleasure in making real progress which cannot be *bought*, and cannot be found in a false show.

Having recommended the study of superior music, we may add a word on 'low music.' In a rather vaguely-written paper on the good influence of music, we have read an assertion, that while printing, poetry, and painting may be abused so as to be made the vehicles of bad thoughts, music cannot be so abused, because it is incapable of conveying any wrong ideas! This statement is not complete. It is true that music cannot express any thought distinctly, for it addresses itself to sensation rather than to the understanding; but while in its superior character it can suggest or awaken sentiments of solemnity or joy, or may convey impressions of order, energy, gracefulness, or gentleness, music of the lowest order is quite distinct enough in its suggestions of vulgar levity, frivolity, violence, or even ungoverned passion. This is a curious and interesting part of our subject, but we have not space for its amplification. It may be sufficient here to state, that we do not include the 'Row Polka' and its numerous relatives in our definition of Music for the People.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE recent abolition of the laws which gave our landed proprietors a monopoly in the supply of food for the teeming millions of these islands is not a subject to which we would willingly allude in the language of exultation. The event is past, and let it go: all of us, we suppose, would now gladly bury the remembrance of the struggle in oblivion. And yet the subject of the late corn-laws cannot be so tossed aside; for if they did nothing else, they gave birth to sentiments which survive in the literature of the nation, and will not soon be forgotten. The bread-tax, as it was emphatically called, had many expositors among the middle classes; beginning of course cautiously and reverently, walking gingerly among the 'vested interests' of the aristocracy, and professing much respect for a monopoly, which they wished to curtail only so far as would enable the people to live and work. But among the people themselves it commenced with a man whose part it was not to expound, but to feel—not to reason, but to sing. The prophetess Poetry is ever sure to make her appearance in troublous times; and her voice is ever heard the richest and wildest amid the clash of arms. Her words are truth: for a feeling is a fact, and her direct action is upon the heart, moving through that the mind and the will. Her knowledge is intuitive, her convictions inspirations, and she will therefore hear of no compromise: caution with her is a coward, and expediency a knave. The people had not by this time begun to submit to other influences. The winged ministers of civilisation had not yet commenced their flight, scattering a cheap and wholesome literature, like vivifying dew, throughout the land. Lecturers were few, mechanics' institutions none; and the sons of poverty and toil would not have comprehended any other than the voice which spoke to them, as of old, in songs and ballads. But the voice came: it always comes when wanted. It is born of nature and necessity; for it is a cry from a stricken breast—so true it is that men (whether they understand the cause of the befalling evil or not)—

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

It was the voice of Ebenezer Elliott, an individual who was specially born and bred for the occasion. If in another class of society, he would have been heard with suspicion; if possessing more refinement, he would have been unintelligible. Coarse in the external coarseness of his degree, wrathful, bitter, presumptuous, intolerant, and unreasoning, he was exactly the man to

be listened to by the working-classes of his own generation; but soft, gentle, and kindly—because a poet—in everything without the pale of political warfare, elevated by noble aspirings and humanising sympathies, and full of the taste of nature and the fire of genius, his rhymes will now command a wider audience. The life of this person has no interest in its events—not even the interest arising from the struggles of abject poverty and seemingly hopeless ignorance. He is merely a Voice crying in the wilderness of the undistinguished world—a Light rising in the obscurities of society, and throwing illumination upon everything but its own source. Yet, in obedience to what seems a natural craving of humanity, we must try to draw from the scanty materials that come in our way some portraiture or outline of the individual man, and ascertain, if possible, by what process of circumstances he was shaped into a poet of the people. We are enabled to do this chiefly by an autobiographic sketch of the earlier part of his life, which Elliott placed in the hands of Mr William Tait, the bookseller of Edinburgh; embodying the substance of a series of letters addressed by the Rhymer to his friend Dr Holland, expressly with the view of their serving as the basis of a posthumous memoir in the event of such being wanted.*

Ebenezer Elliott was born on the 17th March 1781 at the New Foundry, Masborough, in the parish of Rotherham, where he was probably baptized by a tinker of Barnesly, a co-religionist of his father, who belonged to the Berean denomination. This father was a brave man, come of a line, as the poet loved to believe, of stout Border thieves, although he was himself apprenticed, with a premium of £50, to the house of Landell and Chambers, wholesale ironmongers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The grandsire who provided so well for his son was a tinsmith, married to a Scotchwoman of the peaceful and pastoral name of Sheepshanks—a person of vigorous and self-willed character, but yet whom her husband lamented with tears long after her death, and even until his own—‘especially when he was drunk.’ Miss Sheepshanks appears in history as the first of her race; for her ancestry never could be ascertained—a circumstance which the poet regretted, his great difficulty in drawing up the memoir being a want of materials. When his father left Landell and Chambers, he became a clerk at Masborough, where he first saw his destined wife, one of the daughters of a yeoman at Ozzins, near Penistone, where his ancestors had lived time out of mind on their fifty or sixty acres of land. ‘I think, then,’ quoth the autobiographer, ‘I have made out my descent, if not from very fine folks, certainly from respectables, as (getting every day comparatively scarcer) they are called in these days of ten dogs to one bone.’

Ebenezer was first sent to a dame’s school, and then to the Hollis School, where he learned little more than to write, partly, it would seem, owing to the nervous temperament and constitutional awkwardness he derived from his mother. The life of this poor woman was a continuous disease, although she reared eight out of her eleven children to adult age. The father, however, is a more interesting character, and he conferred upon

* This sketch has been printed in the ‘Athenæum,’ but only partially, the editor omitting (and generally with good taste) such passages as the critic would require to condemn, but which furnish pregnant materials for the biographer.

that of his son a tone which, working upon the maternal timidity, made him eventually a poet and a politician. In the memoir he makes his first appearance in a vision related to her son by the mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a firm believer in dreams. 'I had placed under my pillow,' she said, 'a shank-bone of mutton to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little, broad-set, dark, ill-favoured man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stob nose, and tnp shins: it was thy father.' This father was a fanatic in religion and politics, but a brave, strong-minded man. In bathing his children in the canal, he made it a rule to duck them three times, and to keep them the third time some seconds under the water, which produced in Ebenezer a horror of suffocation that only increased with his years. To avoid this infiction, the boy bathed without his father's assistance, and in consequence was on one occasion nearly drowned—'the more the pity, I have often said since.' His father, he tells us, had much humorous and satiric power, and would have made a good comic actor; yet his political sagacity was such that he was popularly known as 'Devil Elliott.'

The family changed their abode at Masborough, Mr Elliott having obtained a clerkship in the employment of Messrs Walker of the New Foundry, with a salary of £60 or £70 a year, and house, candles, and coal. 'Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires—for glorious fires we had: no fear of coal bills in those days. There, at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlour like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to persons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism (he called himself a Berean), and hell hung round with span-long children! On other days, pointing to the aquatint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell, and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of "The glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the Rebels at Bunker's Hill!" Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics.' Mr Elliott became eventually nominal proprietor of the foundry, the partners having sold him their shares on credit; but the new dignity was far from being attended by pecuniary advantage.

Touching the 'bravery' of Elliott senior an absurd story is told, in which he is represented as thrashing a cavalry officer with a stick, his antagonist being at the time on horseback, sword in hand! After receiving his chastisement, the officer took to flight, and never afterwards met the victor without touching his hat, and saying, 'How do you do, Mr Elliott?' The affairs of the stout iron-founder, however, went wrong, and he died in poverty, yet self-sustained, and not in distress.

During his father's scene with the dragoon, Ebenezer, then in his fifteenth year, was 'terribly frightened,' although he must have been sufficiently familiar with such disturbances, it being the custom of the cavalry to back their horses so as to break the windows of the Jacobin's shop. 'But I, alas!' says he, 'am the son of my mother; yet on emergencies, and in the hour of calamity, the single drop of northern blood which my father put into my heart has more than once befriended me.'

His poetical education, however, commenced long before this, and perhaps was not uninfluenced by the results of the smallpox, which he had in his sixth year, and which left him frightfully disfigured. In a year or two after we find him constructing in the foundry-yard an imitation of the natural scenery on which poets feed. This he contrived by sinking in a stone heap in the midst of a little wilderness of magwort and wormwood a shallow iron vessel, which he filled with water. This served as a fountain, in which the solitary child saw the reflection of the sky and clouds, and of the surrounding weeds, and which he seldom failed to visit at noon when the sun was over it. In a few years more came of course the Egeria of the place, a young woman 'to whom I never spoke a word in my life, and the sound of whose voice, to this day, I have never heard; yet if I thought she saw me as I passed her father's house, I felt as if weights were fastened to my feet.'

He had another taste, however, of a less pleasing kind. He not only loved to look upon fountains and sweet faces, but felt a horrible impulse to gaze upon the features of those who had met a violent death—why, he knew not, for they made his life a burthen, following him wherever he went, sleeping with him, and haunting him in his dreams. The sight of a dead body which had been six weeks in the canal cured him of this monomania by its surpassing horror: it never left him for months, sleeping or waking, and ever after he shrunk with terror from spectacles he had before sought as an indulgence. At this time he was alone, even in a neighbourhood swarming with children. He had no companions, and was not only considered to be somewhat wanting in intellect, but might have really been deficient in his stock of ideas from his holding no intercommunication with other children. He was, however, a capital kite-maker and ship-builder; and he constructed, while still a boy, a model of an eighteen-gun ship, which passed into the possession of the present Earl Fitzwilliam.

Then came one of those escapades by which the headlong spirit of boyhood so frequently seeks to anticipate the adventures of life. His father having constructed a pan weighing several tons for his brother at Thurlestone, Ebenezer considered that it would be a convenient vehicle in which to visit the world. He accordingly crept into it unperceived, after it had been hoisted on a truck, and hiding himself under some hay which it contained, set out soon after sunset; and travelling all night beneath the solemn stars, arrived at his destination on the following morning. 'It is remarkable,' says he, 'that I never in after-life succeeded in any plan which I did not accomplish in a similar way: if I ask advice, either the plan is never executed, or it is unsuccessful.' At Thurlestone he was soon home-sick; but it was a difficult thing to attempt to retrace a route which he had passed in the night-time, having merely to place himself in a moving machine, and allow himself to be carried wherever the fates willed. He made no effort to get back to his mother, for whom he pined; but on returning from the school, to which his uncle sent him, he used to spend his evenings in looking from the back of the house in the direction where he was told Masborough lay; and when the sun went down, he turned indignantly away, feeling himself to be the victim of some great wrong. In this exile he spent a year and a-half, when at length he was taken home by his father; and so ended his first irruption into the great world. 'Is it

not strange,' says he, moralising on this event in his history, 'that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet at the age of sixty believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?'

He was again sent to Hollis School, but with no better result than before—employing, as he did, a comrade to do his tasks for him in the simpler rules of arithmetic, and thus arriving at the Rule of Three while still profoundly ignorant of multiplication, addition, subtraction, and division. His parents, growing desperate at his apparent stupidity, transferred him to Dalton School, at two miles' distance; and although his memory did not serve him for letters, he recollected distinctly half a century afterwards the kingfisher shooting along the Don, as he traversed the Aldwark meadows on his way. The schoolmaster was 'one of the best of living creatures—a sad-looking, half-starved angel without wings,' who probably never suspected that the dunce who stood for hours beside his desk, with the tears running down his face, had never learnt the preliminary rules. Ebenezer, in fact, did not know that these were necessary, and he 'looked on a boy who could do a sum in vulgar fractions as a sort of magician.' During the summer months of the second year he played truant, roaming, vagabond-like, about the neighbourhood, and on one occasion stealing duck-eggs in mistake for the eggs of wild birds. This was a miserable time, for the sense of his indolence preyed upon him like guilt, and he was terrified to meet his father's eye. The father, however, set him to work in the foundry, as a punishment either for his stupidity or stubbornness; but this, so far from acting as it was intended, restored the culprit to his self-respect, by proving that he was as capable as other lads of at least manual labour. Then came the other weaknesses of an idle and truant disposition, brought into everyday contact with vulgar spirits; and the attractions of the village alehouse rivalled those of the woods and fields, of the birds and flowers.

But they did not outbalance them. The impression was laid. The beauty of nature had entered the soul of the future poet; and his thoughts and his footsteps often wandered away from the coarse enjoyments of the alehouse to the banks of the canal, which were golden with the 'yellow ladies' bed-straw.' His religious impressions likewise contributed to keep pure his inner soul, notwithstanding the crust of vulgarity that had gathered on the surface; and he seldom missed attending chapel, sometimes under the ministry of a Dominie Sampson, and sometimes of 'one of the most eloquent and dignified of men.'

It was probably at this time that the political tendencies of Ebenezer Elliott were developed, under the united influences of ale, poetry, and religion. 'When I look back,' says he, 'on the days of rabid Toryism through which I have passed, and consider the then almost universal tendency to worship the powers that be and their worst mistakes, I feel astonished that a nerve-shaken man, whose affrighted imagination in boyhood and youth slept with dead men's faces—a man whose first sensation on standing up to address a public meeting is that of his knees giving way under him—should have been able to retain his political integrity without abjuring one article of his fearless father's creed!' The rationale of this creed is a little obscure, since

it adhered alike to free-trade and trade-strikes; but Ebenezer, though a hot politician, knew no more of politics than of the Rule of Three. An instance he gives of the terrible criminality of the law exhibits in a half amusing half painful manner the wrongheadedness of a man of genius.

'I will relate the circumstances,' says he, 'precisely as they were related to me by an eye-witness. A youth called Yates, a native of Masborough, but apprenticed at Sheffield, instigated by his master, stole a fowl, for which crime he was tried at Rotherham, and convicted on clear evidence. The chairman of the court, in passing sentence, gave him his choice of transportation or the army. He chose the former. Down, black as thunder, came the frown of authority! "No; you shall be flogged!"—and he was flogged. But why? For stealing a fowl, or for refusing to enter the army?'

Dreadful tyranny! But what would Ebenezer have said if the lad, instead of being flogged for a petty theft, had, even in compliance with his own desperate desire, been actually transported? The sentence was obviously intended as a mercy; and accordingly, although one of the blows through accident fell upon the culprit's mouth, when the whole were inflicted, he put on his shirt and jacket, and darted away through the crowd! 'So barbarous,' continues he, 'were the deeds done in that time under the name of law, and so painful was the impression they made upon me when I was about sixteen years old, that I should certainly have emigrated to the United States had I possessed sufficient funds for that purpose; nor should I, I fear, have been very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them—so fully had the idea of emigration obtained possession of me, so passionately had my mind embraced it, and so poetically had I associated with it Crusoe notions of self-dependence and isolation. It is not improper to blush for uncommitted offences. Even now, when forty-five years have been added to my previous existence, I shudder if I chance to meet an expedience-monger, who tells me "that the end justifies the means"—a false doctrine and fatal faith, that have wrought the fall of many an all-shunned brother, and of ill-starred sisters numberless, once unstained as the angels.'

But we come now to the circumstance which appears to have first developed the poetical tendencies which lay smothered in the breast of this wayward and ungainly young man. He had an aunt of the name of Robinson, a widow, who lived respectably on £30 a year, and gave her two sons an education which even in that Tory-ridden time made them both gentlemen. On this respectable person he called one evening, awkward and suspicious from the consciousness of having been intoxicated the night before; but whether cognisant of the fact or not, she made no mention of it. 'After a minute's silence, she rose and laid before me a number of "Sowerby's English Botany," which her son Benjamin, then apprenticed to Dr Stainforth of Sheffield, was purchasing monthly. Never shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half convinced that the meanness on the leaves was real. I felt hurt when she removed the book from me, but she removed it only to show me how to draw the figures, by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse at least a foot in mental stature. My first effort was a copy from the

primrose, under which (always fond of fine words) I wrote its Latin name, *Primula veris vulgaris*. So thenceforward, when I happened to have a spare hour, I went to my aunt's to draw. But she had not yet shown me all the wealth of her Benjamin. The next revealed marvel was his book of dried plants. Columbus, when he discovered the new world, was not a greater man than I at that moment; for no misgiving crossed my mind that the discovery was not my own, and no Amerigo Vespuccius disputed the honour of it with me. But (alas for the strength of my religious impressions!) thenceforward often did Parson Allard inquire why Eb. was not at chapel?—for I passed my Sundays in gathering flowers, that I might make pictures of them. I had then, as now, no taste for the science of botany, the classifications of which seemed to me to be like preparations for sending flowers to prison. I began, however, to feel manish. There was mystery about me. People stopped me with my plants, and asked what diseases I was going to cure? But I was not in the least aware that I was learning the art of poetry, which I then hated, especially Pope's, which gave me the headache if I heard it read aloud. My wanderings, however, soon made me acquainted with the nightingales in Basingthorpe Spring, where, I am told, they still sing sweetly; and with a beautiful green snake, about a yard long, which on the fine Sabbath mornings, about ten o'clock, seemed to expect me at the top of Primrose Lane. It became so familiar, that it ceased to uncurl at my approach. I have sat on the stile beside it till it seemed unconscious of my presence; and when I rose to go, it would only lift the scales behind its head, or the skin beneath them, and they shone in the sun like fire. I know not how often this beautiful and harmless child of God may have "sat for his picture" in my writings; a dozen times at least; but wherever I might happen to meet with any of its brethren or sisters—at Thistlebed Ford, where they are all vipers, black or brown; or in the Aldwark meadows, on the banks of the Don, with the kingfisher above, and the dragon-fly below them; or on Boston Castle ridge; or in the Clough dell, where they swarm; or in Canklow Quarry; or by the Rother, near Hail-Mary Wood—whatever the scene might be, the portrait, if drawn, was sure to be that of my first snake-love.'

Ebenezer now called his book of specimens his 'hortus siccus;' and, ravenous of unaccustomed praise, permitted the wondering neighbours to suppose that his figures of plants were not copied at second-hand, but from nature. The spark smouldering in his mental constitution had been kindled. 'Thomson's Seasons,' which he heard his wondrous brother Giles read, 'who was beautiful as an angel while he was ugliness itself,' gave him the first hint of the eternal alliance between poetry and nature; and in fine the smitten rock opened, and the Rhymer rhymed!

The change was a revolution, and it was not effected without a struggle and a shock which affected his bodily health. He became pale and thin. But he had work to do. He was ignorant and illiterate, yet beyond the age when school learning of the ordinary kind is attainable in his station. It was necessary to learn his own language without being taught, and he purchased a grammar. An English grammar! He might as well have purchased a Greek one. He tried to learn the rules, and always failed. Subsequently he obtained a 'Key,' but it would not unlock; and it was

only 'by reflection, and by supplying elisions'—meaning, no doubt, by making a grammar for himself by the study of the language in books—that he fathomed the mystery. 'At this moment,' says he, 'I do not know a single rule of grammar; and yet I can now, I flatter myself, write English as correctly as Samuel Johnson could, and detect errors in a greater author—Samuel Bailey.' Flushed with success, he thought the whole world of learning lay before him, and to the great delight of his father he proceeded to French. But it would not do. The indolent habits of his mind were not to be conquered by the desire of a mere accomplishment: he could not remember what he learnt, and, as he informs us with great *naïveté*, after a few *weeks'* study, he gave up the attempt in despair.

A legacy of a few books which his father received coming in at this juncture was very serviceable, and they paved the way for better ones. According to his own account, he was nourished only on strong meats. 'I never could read a feeble book through: it follows that I read masterpieces only, the best thoughts of the highest minds—after Milton, Shakespeare; then Ossian; then Junius, with my father's Jacobinism for a commentary; Paine's "Common Sense;" Swift's "Tale of a Tub;" "Joan of Arc;" Schiller's "Robbers;" Bürger's "Leonora;" Gibbon's "Decline and Fall;" and, long afterwards, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the "Westminster Review." A man of genius, whose daily literary food consisted exclusively of masterpieces, might have been expected to grow into something extraordinary! But all seemed wonderful in the confined sphere of our Rhymer, who knew nothing, and could imagine nothing of the mighty space beyond.

'From my sixteenth to my twenty-third year,' says he, 'I worked for my father at Masbro' as laboriously as any servant he had, and without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money: weighing every morning all the unfinished castings as they were made, and afterwards in their finished state, besides opening and closing the shop in Rotherham when my brother happened to be ill or absent. Why, then, may I not call myself a working-man? But I am not aware that I ever did so call myself; certainly never as an excuse for my poetry, if bad; or if good, as a claim for wonder. There are only two lines in my writings which could enable the reader to guess at my condition in life. I wrote them to show that, whatever else I might be, I was not of the genus "Dunghill Spurner," for in this land of castes the dunghill-sprung with good coats on their backs are not yet generally anxious to claim relationship with hard-handed usefulness. But as a literary man I claim to be self-taught; not because none of my teachers ever read to me, or required me to read, a page of English grammar, but because I have of my own will read some of the best books in our language, original and translated, and the best only—laboriously forming my mind on the highest models. If unlettered women and even children write good poetry, I, who have studied and practised the art during more than forty years, ought to understand it, or I must be a dunce indeed.'

All this is a tissue of mistakes. Elliott was not a working-man because he served his father for pocket-money; he was not a poet because he studied the art for forty years; and he was not self-taught because he read voluntarily a few of the best books in the language. A working man, in

the true and noble sense of the word, lives by his wages, battling stoutly with the world, without being indebted to favour or affection; a poet pours forth his numbers, because the numbers come without being called; and a self-taught genius is one against whom the schools are shut, and books sealed, either by poverty or position, or some other material circumstance, but who nevertheless attains to the hidden treasures through industry, energy, and indomitable will. There was nothing peculiar in Elliott's position. He was not thrown into the battle of life without friends and backers. He was merely an indolent-minded boy, who neglected his opportunities at school, but made up manfully for his folly afterwards. We have all a germ of usefulness within us—we have all some business to do in the world; but till the spark is kindled, till the chord of our governing sympathy is struck, our minds are dark and silent. Some of us work with the head, some with the hand; some sing for the amusement of those who toil; some apply the lessons of the past; some prophesy of the future; some elevate the souls of their fellows above their daily employments, seeking to identify the spirit of man with the spirit of universal nature. These last be the poets; and of these was Ebenezer Elliott. But just as he overrates his doings he underrates his havings. 'My thoughts,' quoth he, 'are all exterior; my mind is the mind of my own eyes. A primrose is to me a primrose, and nothing more; I love it because it is nothing more. There is not in my writings one good idea that has not been suggested to me by some real occurrence, or by some object actually before my eyes, or by some remembered object or occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men, heard or read. If I possess any power at all allied to genius, it is that of making other men's thoughts suggest thoughts to me which, whether original or not, are to me new.' Why, this is just what all poets did and do. This is the work of genius in the world. Our very dreams are but pieces, travestied though they be, of our waking experience; and the loftiest creations of mind are built of materials supplied by the senses. Poetry reaches to the firmament, but her foot is upon the earth.

Another mistake of the Rhymers is of more consequence: it pervades his whole works, and goes at least a certain length in neutralising the good they are otherwise calculated to effect. 'When a labourer writes a poem,' says he, 'the fact is an incident in the history of poets—a class of persons proverbially unable to earn their bread; but if there is merit in the poem, why marvel at the slave-driver's wonder-cry? I never felt any respect for the patrons of inspired milkmaids and ploughmen, for milkmaids and ploughmen; if inspired, cannot long need patronage; but I know that, *unwilling to believe taught good of the poor, the rich, when a poor man's deed shames theirs, transform the individual into a marvel at the expense of his class; because, having wronged, they hate it.*' This is pithily expressed, as it is so likewise by Burns and a multitude of other poets and prose writers; but it is one of those originalities whose beginnings are lost in the shades of antiquity. That it had its foundation in truth there can be no doubt; and indeed it is at this day applicable as a truth to societies exhibiting the legal distinctions of hereditary freedom and slavery: but its point is not so easily seen with reference to the ever-undulating masses of a population like ours. In this country wealth and poverty are not prescriptive conditions. The poor man waxes rich, and the rich man poor; the heir of thousands of acres

sinks into destitution, and his estate becomes the property of the man of yesterday. Under such circumstances there may be antagonism of individuals, but there can be no rational antagonism of classes. The poor, smarting under the evils of poverty, may hate the rich to-day; but if the poor become rich to-morrow, are they to enter upon the inheritance of hatred along with the wealth their industry or good fortune has acquired? What is there in riches more than in poverty to make their possessor an object of detestation? Is not the presumption rather in favour, than otherwise, of the man of knowledge and refinement? Do we not, for instance, know it to be a fact established by statistics that crime diminishes in proportion to the diffusion of education? But this mischievous error, luckily, is all on one side. In the upper ranks of society people repel the charge of underrating their poorer brethren as they would that of some mean and base vulgarity; in the lower ranks they pique themselves on their rabid hostility to a class from which they are separated by mere social accidents, but by no legal or prescriptive disqualification. The cause of this difference is knowledge on the one side and ignorance on the other; and the difference will continue till the elevation of the lower level enables all to see that philosophical meaning which Burns himself missed in his own verses: 'The rank'—that is, the condition, external and adventitious, whether high or low—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp:
The man's the gowd for a' that!'

We have now come to the end of that portion of Elliott's life on which some light is thrown by his autobiography. 'The history of my manhood and its misfortunes,' says he '(your famous people have a knack of being unfortunate, and of calling their faults misfortunes), remains to be written. It would not, I have said, even if honestly written, be more instructive than an honest history of almost any other man; but when I said so, I forgot that it would be, in part, a history of the terrific changes of fortune, the alternations of prosperity and suffering, caused by over-issues or by the sudden withdrawal of inconvertible paper-money, in those days "when none but knaves throve, and none but madmen laughed—when servants took their masters by the nose, and beggared masters slunk aside to die—when men fought with shadows, and were slain—while, in dreadful calm, the viewless storm increased, most fatal when least dreaded, and nearest when least expected." I am not yet prepared—not yet sufficiently petrified in heart and brain by time and trouble—to tell a tale, in telling which I must necessarily live over again months and years of living death.'

But even if the tale were told, we have no mind to repeat it; for the circumstances of commercial disaster are neither interesting nor conclusive in the cases of individuals, in each of which, if closely examined, there may exist some extraneous influence. All that is necessary to say of the fortune of the Corn-law Rhymers is very little. He made two trials of business in Sheffield, in one of which he failed. The second commenced in 1821, when he had reached the ripe age of forty; but even then the struggle must have been great, as he is said to have started with a borrowed capital of £150. He never allowed his intellectual pursuits to interfere with business. He was a close shopkeeper, and an

acute buyer and seller; and the trade of the place being then in a prosperous state, he succeeded as a matter of course. Mr Howitt describes his warehouse as a dingy place, full of bars of iron of all sizes, standing in heaps everywhere around, so that there was only just room for passage—and in the midst a large cast of Shakspeare. A small room opening from this, but crowded likewise with iron bars, was at once the study and the counting-house of the Corn-law Rhymers; and there the scene of dirt and confusion was presided over by plaster casts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. Mr Howitt did not visit this home and haunt of the poet till Elliott had retired from business and from Sheffield; but Mr Stanton, an American writer, was more fortunate.

'I inquired,' says he, 'of a young man dressed in a frock besmeared with iron and coal for the head of the establishment. "My father," said he, "is just gone: you'll find him at his house yonder." I repaired thither. The Corn-law Rhymers stood on the threshold in his stocking feet, holding a pair of coarse shoes in his hand. His frank "Walk in" assured me I was welcome. I had just left the residence of Montgomery. The transition could hardly have been greater—from James Montgomery to Ebenezer Elliott. The former was polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, and his bland conversation never rose above a calm level, except once, when he spoke with an indignation which years had not abated of his repeated imprisonment in York Castle for the publication—first in verse, and then in prose—of liberal and humane sentiments, which offended the government. And now I was confronted with a burly ironmonger, rapid in speech, glowing with enthusiasm, putting and answering a dozen questions in a breath; eulogising American republicanism, and denouncing British aristocracy; throwing sarcasms at the Duke of Wellington, and anointing General Jackson with the oil of flattery; pouring out a flood of racy talk about church establishments, poetry, politics, the price of iron, and the price of corn; while ever and anon he thrust his damp feet in the embers, and hung his shoes on the grate to dry.' This was indeed a strange study, not for a political rhymers, but for a true poet, a worshipper of nature, full of grace and sweetness, and with a heart (apart from the accursed politics) overflowing with the milk of human kindness. His associates—all his life were rude unsophisticated men, and flowers, birds, woods, waters, winds, and sunshine. These could teach him none of the hypocrisies of society, and accordingly, in his look and conversation, you saw the man as he was. You saw a man of gentle manners, and an expression of tender and compassionate feeling; yet if roused by political discussion, every muscle of his countenance evinced the excitement; his cold blue eye fired with indignation, resembling, as a visitor said, a wintry sky flashing with lightning, and his dark bushy brows writhing above it like the thunder-cloud.

In Sheffield he grew and flourished exceedingly. He could sit in his chair and make his twenty pounds a day without even seeing the goods he dealt in, which were sold from the wharf as they arrived. In these prosperous days he built a handsome villa in the suburbs, at a place where he could mount the hills by a footpath at the back of his house, and see all Sheffield smoking or blazing at his feet, and then dive down by the opposite declivity into the valley of the Rivelin, made famous in his songs. Then came, as Mr

Howitt reports from his own lips, the operation of the corn-laws, and then the great panic and revulsion of 1837, which swept away a considerable portion of his little fortune. On this subject he himself writes to Mr Tait from Argilt Hill near Barnsley:—

‘In 1837, when the commercial revulsion began, I ought to have retired from all business, as I then intended, being aware that without free trade no tradesman could be safe. But my unwillingness to lead an idle life (which, being interpreted, means my unwillingness to resign the profits of business) tempted me to wait for the crash—a crash unlike all other crashes in my experience. . . . I lost fully one-third of all my savings, and after enabling my six boys to quit the nest, got out of the fracas with about £6000, which I will try to keep. Had I built my house on my land at Foxley, three miles from Sheffield, as I proposed to do in 1836, I should now have been liable to be dragged into public meetings, subscriptions, &c. and deluged with the visits of casual strangers, as I was at Upperthorpe. Here, out of the way of great temptations, and visited only by persons who respect me (alas, by how few of them!), I can perhaps live within my reduced income.’

Here, then—we mean at the beginning of his commercial disasters—we have reached the origin of the corn-law rhymes. They are no amusement of a poet's imagination, but stern and bitter realities. The flourishing days of Sheffield were gone by, and the reaction had come. Small dealers in bar-iron could no longer make £20 a day sitting on their chairs. The profits became smaller, and the competition more hungry and desperate. Credit received a daily shock from daily failures: suspicion, anger, and dismay were in every face, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in every heart. The name Elliott gave to this complication of disorders was Bread-tax; and since a name was necessary, it was the best possible name that could be devised. To prevent an impoverished people from purchasing bread wherever they can obtain it cheapest, because a class of that people—dealers in bread themselves—suppose it would militate against their pecuniary interest, is Monopoly in its most unpopular phase. It is true the question was industriously mixed up with the complications of our highly-artificial system of society; but rough common sense, throwing aside the refinements of dialectics, went straight to the visible, tangible, practical point.

But Bread-tax, although a poetical subject in the abstract, is anything but that when it comes home to men's business and bosoms in the form of hunger, and envired by the names of its abettors. It is then to poetry what politics is to political philosophy, and instead of the higher order of feelings supposed to be peculiar to the lofty rhyme, it leads to personal animosities and vulgar abuse. Elliott did not sing, but scream; he did not lament, but blaspheme: his verses were curses showered right and left with indiscriminate frenzy. No matter: they stirred the heart of the multitude, and roused the curiosity of the refined; and at length it was all on a sudden discovered that this Corn-law Rhymer—an unknown but voluminous author before then—was a true poet! The Corn-law Rhymer is the name by which he is known, just as Bread-tax is the name he gave to the complicated rottenness in our state of Denmark; but if he had written nothing

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

else than corn-law rhymes, the world would not come to his grave, as it does now, to question with eager sympathy, 'What manner of man was this?' Even in the Corn-law Rhymes, however, coarse and vulgar as many of them are, there is a touch of true poetic fire. We extract three specimens, all original, and all powerful—although the last we give merely as a grotesque curiosity:—

SONG.

Child, is thy father dead?
Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
God's will be done!
Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!

Father clamm'd * thrice a week—
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best—
Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
Groaned to be gone:
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest—
Yes, ye have one!

CAGED RATS.

Ye coop us up, and tax our bread,
And wonder why we pine;
But ye are fat, and round, and red,
And filled with tax-bought wine.
Thus twelve rats starve while three rats thrive,
(Like you on mine and me,)
When fifteen rats are caged alive,
With food for nine and three.

Haste! Hayoc's torch begins to glow—
The ending is begun;
Make haste! Destruction thinks ye slow;
Make haste to be undone!
Why are ye called 'my Lord,' and 'Squire,'
While fed by mine and me,
And wringing food, and clothes, and fire,
From bread-taxed misery!

* Hungered.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Make haste, slow rogues! *prohibit* trade,
Prohibit honest gain;
Turn all the good that God hath made
To fear, and hate, and pain;
Till beggars all, assassins all,
All cannibals we be,
And death shall have no funeral
From shipless sea to sea.

ARTHUR BREAD-TAX-WINNER.

Who is praised by dolt and sinner?
Who serves masters more than one?
Blucherloo, the bread-tax-winner;
Bread-tax-winning Famineton.

Blucherloo, the bread-tax-winner!
Whom enriched thy battles won!
Whom does Dirt-grub ask to dinner?—
Bread-tax-winning Famineton.

Whom feeds Arthur Bread-tax-winner?—
All our rivals, sire and son,
Foreign cutler, foreign spinner,
Bless their patron, Famineton.

Prussia fattens—we get thinner!
Bread-tax barterers all for none:
Bravo! Arthur Bread-tax-winner!
Shallow half-brained Famineton!

Empty thinks the devil's in her:
Take will grin, when *Make* is gone!
Bread-tax teaches saint and sinner,
Grinning flint-faced Famineton!

The writer of these strange and original rhymes was an author of twenty years' standing before he emerged from obscurity; and when at length he did so, it appeared to have been by the accident of his volumes falling into the hands of one or two persons who had the means of giving their opinions publicity. In 1832 he was noticed by Southey in the 'Quarterly Review,' by Carlyle in the 'Edinburgh Review,' by Bulwer in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and by Miss Jewsbury in the 'Athenæum;' but yet, *six* years afterwards, he writes to Mr Tait, 'the poor, you are aware, can neither buy nor understand my writings; and the rich, for whose salvation they were written, despise both them and me.' He was even then, however, on the flowing tide; and in 1840 a cheap collection of his works appeared, the success of which stamped him at once as a popular poet.

When the merit of the more serious poems is considered, there seems to be something remarkable in their history; but there can be no doubt that the social position of the individual influences, at least for some considerable space, the fate of his writings. If Elliott had been really a working-man, his literary fortune would have been made long before: but he was simply an ironmonger in a small but respectable business, carried on in a provincial town; and thus an idea of *vulgarity* was associated with his writings.

This is a terrible thing in a superfine society like ours. It takes genius of a very high order to overcome it in any reasonable time: unless, indeed, there is something grotesque and uncommon about the man himself, or his language and style. Let a respectable ironmonger, however, write with the pen of an angel, and if he has the misfortune to acquit himself in the performance like an educated person, and to have in society the reputation of an amiable man and a good husband and father, he will find it desperately uphill work. For our own part, we are not sure that those enviable rogues the ploughmen and blacksmiths have so much to boast of in their non-education. Southey makes the pregnant remark, that 'the greater number of those who are called uneducated poets in the present age have actually received more education in their favourite art than those upon whom the utmost pains of regular culture were bestowed fifty years ago.' By this he means that they have almost unlimited access to the best books, which could by no means be said of any former generation. It was not the grammar, or even its *key*, which made Elliott an author, but Shakspeare, Shelly, Byron: he was better educated than Shakspeare, because he had Shakspeare to read at will.

But we have still to complete our picture of the man before coming to the poet, and the following delightful letter to Mr Tait will assist us greatly:—

'I chose this place (as poets choose) for its beauty, which, as is usual in affairs of the heart, is invisible to all but the enamoured. Rising very early one morning, I took a beautiful walk of eighteen miles, through parks, wild lanes, and footpaths, reached the place, liked it, and returning the same day, resolved to buy it. Supposing the cottage which stood upon it, and which now forms a part of my house, to be worth £60, I gave £180 for the land, say £18 per acre. It was a wild land, having been a wood and fox cover; called on the maps Argilt Hill or Wood. I have laid out upon it (land and all) about a thousand guineas. If I am reasonable in expecting it to bring in £30 per annum clear, I shall not stand at more than twenty guineas rent; which cannot be said by every sage who perpetrates domestic architecture for his own particular inconvenience; and I have the poetical advantage of living in a house wretchedly planned by the bard. The advantages of the situation are—pure air and water, good roads without toll-bars, and the best and cheapest coal. It is true I cannot see the periodicals, read new books, buy a pork-chop or a fish by crossing the road, or get to a railway station without walking or riding three miles, or thence to Sheffield in less than three-quarters of an hour; but I have reason to believe that there will soon be a station within a mile and a-half of me, from which I shall be able in eight minutes to reach Barnsley, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. I claim the merit of having no bad neighbours; and, on the whole, it is just possible that I have not been quite so unwise in coming hither as I sometimes imagine.

'My family here consists of Mrs Elliott, my two daughters—or rather one daughter, for they keep house for one of my sons in Sheffield, month by month, in turn—a servant-maid, and a man who works for me occasionally: rid the corn-laws, and I shall not be without dim visions of a flunky. My establishment is illustrious for a St Bernard dog, and a Welsh pony, the

observed of all observers, which, in its green old age of twenty years, draws a small gig, both untaxed. I also run my only Sheffield carriage, the wheelbarrow, besides a pony cart; and I have set up a grindstone. Conceive of me, then, possessed of a mare, gig, and harness, which, with repairs, cost altogether £8, 10s.; a dog almost as big as the mare, and much wiser than his master; a pony cart; a wheelbarrow; and a grindstone—and turn up your nose if you like!

‘My eldest son Ebenezer, whom you saw at Sheffield, is a clergyman of the establishment, being at Lothedale, near Skipton, on a salary of about £140 per annum, and a house, better far than mine, rent free. He has married a lady of great merit, who has a fortune of a hundred a year, made safe to herself, and which is in Chancery. Perhaps a more simple-mannered, unassuming man never lived. He is no poet, and yet there is a touch of the poetic in all he does or suffers. If he opens his snuff-box to a stranger, he spills the snuff of course; and he gets on best when he stumbles. His mother thinks he has some resemblance to me.

‘My son Benjamin, unwarned by his father’s losses, is carrying on a steel trade at Sheffield in my old premises, where (as he thinks, poor fellow! for he is a greater hopper) he has some prospect; in any other country he would already have made an independency. He endures privations such as no man of his pretensions ought to endure anywhere, and such as no man will here endure if free trade be obtained before all is lost. He is a fine young man, upwards of six feet high, of superior abilities, and the highest moral worth—but, alas! not unindebted to his grandmother!

‘My sons Henry and Francis (as I wish them to do) are living as bachelors on the interest of money earned and saved by themselves, and increased by gifts from me. Henry is tall, handsome, and mechanical; he ought to have been apprenticed to engineering. Francis is tall and good-looking, but he has the misfortune to be a born poet; for my mother has transmitted to him through me her nervous constitution and body-consuming sensibilities. Is poetic genius, then, a disease? My seventh son Edwin is a clergyman of the established church, for which he may be almost said to have educated himself, and into which he has won his way by his own efforts. Less assisted by me than any of my other sons, he is now a rector in the West Indies, where he has, I am told, a better income than I have been able to secure after all my toils. He is a Lytton-Bulwer-looking person, not unlike a well-grown young clergy-justice, with forehead enough for three. At school he was remarkable for laughing hostility into kindness—a favourite wherever he went. We always called him the gentleman of the family. Having observed, when quite a youth, that fine folks ride, he broke upon his thrift-box, and with the contents (after drawing tears and kisses from his mother) bought an ass of a Tory’s son (all his associates were Tories), who sold it because it was starving. Edwin knew that he had nothing for it to eat; but the ass, accustomed to hope in despair, had expectations. It commenced business at my place in Burgus Street, by thrusting its lean neck through the kitchen window and eating a pound of butter. The servant lass, suspecting it to be a thief, kicked it into the street. From the street it got into the fields, and thence into the pin-fold. To prevent the lad’s heart from breaking, I paid 7s. 4d. for trespass, and released the famished creature. What then was to be done?

Mark the difference between the Tories and the toried! At last, after vast efforts in stockfeeding, I made a present of it to a small manufacturing freeholder who always voted blue. He fattened it by night in his neighbour's field, and then sold it to him for two guineas.

'My poor son John, the weakling—kind-hearted, intelligent, five feet four inches high, and almost blind—is druggisting at Sheffield in a sort of chimney called a shop, for which he pays £40 a year. He is engaged, almost without a moment's pause, from seven in the morning until ten at night in dealing out halfpennyworths of drugs; yet I, who have been accustomed to sell goods by tons, think that he is as likely to thrive as most of his neighbours, and believe that there are thousands of persons in Sheffield who would gladly change places with him. But what can our institution be worth, if it should turn out at last that my sons Henry and Francis, living poorly on the interest of their earnings, are wiser in their generation than the trade-troubled? The worst I wish the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham is, that they may be forced in my time to earn their living as my sons Benjamin and John earn theirs. Old as I am, I would engage to hop a mile without changing leg, or die rather than not, to see them at it; for their unholy legislation, I impute it, that of my six sons, the only two who could afford to marry may be said to be maintained by the labour of others.

'Of my thirteen children, five are gone—William, Thomas, Charles, and the two unchristened ones. They left behind them no memorial, and the inscription has departed from the grave of Charles. But they are safe in the bosom of Mercy, and not yet quite forgotten even here.'

When Mr Elliott became well known, he lectured occasionally on poetry and other subjects. The following is his frank estimate of his own powers as a lecturer:—'You ask if I am eloquent? Yes, when I have got the steam up. But I cannot manage details well, and consequently am not fit to lecture on the corn-laws. I have more thoughts than words; but I can condense long arguments into short phrases, and give, like a blow from a whip of fire, the result of thinking without the cold process.'

The first notice of serious illness we find in his letters is dated May 1838. 'I have been lately troubled,' says he, 'with a disease which the doctors tell me is not dangerous, although it may become so, unless I remove some of the causes of it. It is a spasmodic affection of the nerves, caused or exasperated by over-excitement of any kind, and particularly public speaking. Even lecturing, I am told, is injurious. I must then lecture no more.

'21st December 1839.—I am warned that I cannot speak at public meetings without great danger of sudden death. You are not aware, perhaps, that I have been for two years or more liable, after excitement of any kind, to dreadful breathlessness—a sensation of being hanged without a rope—resulting, I suppose, from a change at *head-quarters*. I have been better, however, since the great Chartist meeting here, when the hustings fell. Something gave way in my left side, or rather towards it, as if two fingers had been thrust down it inside.

'*Great Houghton, near Barnsley*.—If you print this article, I will accept

nothing for it. It is quite unworthy of the subject, and yet I have done my best. My mind is gone.'

This continued to torment him at intervals for six years, when a more serious complaint took its place.

'*Argill Hill, near Barnsley, 9th May 1849.*—Four years ago I had got rid of the breathlessness which often frightened me at Sheffield, and I thought I never was stronger; but I have since been two and a-half years ill of a bowel complaint, suffering intense pain by day and night, except when dozed with laudanum. About a month ago the disease was discovered to be that of which Talma died—stricture of the great gut, threatening enclosure. For some days I have been rather better; and if I recover, I shall certainly bestow my tediousness upon you in a Highland tour. *19th September.*—I have been for some months *very, very ill.*' Here these letters stop suddenly; and in little more than two months—that is, on the 1st December 1849—the struggles of their writer, first with ignorance, then with fortune, then with bread-tax, then with disease—touched and elevated throughout by gleams of poetry, and of pure, gentle, and beautiful feeling—terminated in death. This event took place on the 1st December 1849, at his own villa, Argill Hill, near Barnsley.

We have already given some specimens of the lyrical bitterness of Elliott, which a quarterly critic supposes to embody the vehemence of Churchill and the wit and point of Béranger. But this bitterness is only one element of his genius. The same writer who stings and curses all who differ from him in political sentiment, and who pursues them in fancy with a vengeance that extends to the other world, devotes his energies with equal earnestness to the task of refining and elevating the character of the poor and ignorant! This will appear a strange inconsistency if we do not bear constantly in mind that to his ardent imagination bread-tax was not simply a duty on the importation of corn, but social evil in the abstract. It was ignorance, tyranny, sloth, drunkenness, baseness of every kind; and its abettors trode with iron heel upon the very heart of industry, knowledge, and worth. Thus, when a visitor ventured to remark to him in his old age, that notwithstanding the faults of the landlords as a class, there were amiable individuals among them, the latent fire of the Corn-Law Rhymer blazed up, and starting from his chair, he paced the room in agitation, exclaiming, 'Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, and murderers! Sir, I do not like to hear robbers, thieves, and murderers called amiable men. Amiable men indeed! Who are they that have ruined trade, made bread dear, made murder wholesale, put poverty into prison, and made crimes of ignorance and misery! Sir, I do not like to hear such terms used for such men!' The gentler and nobler element, then, of his genius which we have mentioned is not an inconsistency. It is a holy compassion for the oppressed, a yearning after the welfare of the poor, an earnest longing to raise up those who have been cast down.

In the following singular piece we have a key to many of the Rhymer's rhymes. It is the complaint of a heart breaking for want of human sympathy, and taking hold, in the yearnings of its tender nature, upon household pets where there are no home companions:—

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POOR ANDREW !

The loving poor !—So envy calls
The ever-toiling poor;
But oh ! I choke, my heart grows faint,
When I approach my door !
Behind it there are living things,
Whose silent frontlets say
They'd rather see me out than in—
Feet-foremost borne away !
My heart grows sick when home I come—
May God the thought forgive !
If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
I think I could not live.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
Run out to welcome me—
She mewing, with her tail on end,
While wagging his comes he.
They listen for my homeward steps,
My smothered sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
May God the thought forgive !
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
Than, scorned and loathed, a king;
But man should live while for him lives
The meanest loving thing.
Thou busy bee ! how canst thou choose
So far and wide to roam !
Oh blessed bee ! thy glad wings say
Thou hast a happy home !
But I, when I come home—oh God !
Wilt thou the thought forgive !
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

Why come they not ? They do not come
My breaking heart to meet !
A heavier darkness on me falls—
I cannot lift my feet.
Oh yes, they come !—they never fail
To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God !
Wilt thou the thought forgive ?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone;
My home is comfort's grave;
My playful cat and honest dog
Are all the friends I have;

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

And yet my house is filled with friends—
But foes they seem, and are.
What makes them hostile? IGNORANCE;
Then let me not despair.
But oh! I sigh when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

In the following piece we see the hostility of ignorance overcome: the cat and dog are replaced by human beings; and the home of taste is the home of happiness:—

THE HOME OF TASTE.

You seek the home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Throned in his elbow-chair!
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
Beside his open door!
Why start!—why envy worth like his
The carpet on his floor!

You seek the home of sluttish—
'Is John at home?' you say.
'No, sir; he's at the "Sportsman's Arms;"
The dog fight 's o'er the way.'
Oh lift the workman's heart and mind
Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
Outbid the house of gin!

Oh give him taste! it is the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
And shows him how she smiled.

Another of these pictures, exquisite in their simplicity, may be supposed to be drawn for the same home of taste, although in reality we have called them all from different portions of the miscellaneous poems:—

SATURDAY.

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann—
Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,
Although we can't be fine.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard-door.

And polish thou the grate, my love;
I'll mend the sofa arm;
The autumn winds blow damp and chill;
And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
And string the pink tape on—
Mechanics should be neat and clean :
And I'll take heed for John.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books—
John loves to read ; and when he reads,
How like a king he looks !

And fill the music-glasses up
With water fresh and clear ;
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,
The *street* will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows ;
For in the leafless garden yet
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,
And mosses from the dell ;
And from the sheltered stubble-field
The scarlet pimpernell.

All this preparation is made for the father of the family, the poor mechanic who has got to the end of his week of toil, and is coming home—*home!*—not only to look like a king, but to be a king for two nights and a day. Do we say the *poor* mechanic? Why, there is no king in Europe so rich! He has earned his '*otium cum dignitate*;' it is his *right*, not inherited from dead men, but the achievement of his own power and will; and for the bows, and grimaces, and lip service of hollow courtiers, he is surrounded by loving looks, and sympathising hearts, and willing hands. But let us see this poor mechanic in his summer-house in the garden, where he receives visitors on state occasions:—

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Go, Mary, to the summer-house,
And sweep the wooden floor.
And light the little fire, and wash
The pretty varnished door;
For there the London gentleman,
Who lately lectured here,
Will smoke a pipe with Jonathan,
And taste our home-brewed beer.

Go, bind the dahlias, that our guest
 May praise their fading dyes ;
 But strip of every withered bloom
 The flower that won the prize !
 And take thy father's knife, and prune
 The roses that remain ;
 And let the fallen hollyhock
 Peep through the broken pane.

And sponge his view of Blacklowscall,
 Till bright on moor and town,
 The painted sun and stormy crest,
 O'er leagues of cloud look down.
 He rose at three, to work till four—
 The evenings still are long—
 And still for every lingering flower
 The redbreast hath a song.

I'll follow in an hour or two ;
 Be sure I will not fail
 To bring his flute and spying-glass,
 The pipes and bottled ale ;
 And that grand music which he made
 About the child in bless,
 Our guest shall hear it sung and played,
 And feel how grand it is !

But John, or Jonathan, or Tom, or Harry, whatever his name may be, is not alone in such sovereignty. There are plenty of true kings in the ranks of labour, and, alas ! plenty of slaves. The difference lies in taste and knowledge, and as these increase, the very meanest mounts, and mounts, till he ascends the social throne. On the occasion of a holiday, all are apparently equal, for all are exposed to the same influences ; but even the enjoyment here is proportioned to the condition of the mind that tastes it. A holiday, however, that gives the children of labour, not to the public house, but to the hills and fields, is a blessed thing. It is to many of them the beginning of good ; and the light of the sky, the freshness of the air, the song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, enter into and reanimate their withered hearts. What would Elliott have been without the ministering of these angels of nature ? A mere brawling demagogue—a fierce, factious, bloodthirsty malignant ! Well may he sing of the holiday which gives the mechanic to the influences of heaven !—

HOLIDAY.

Oh blessed ! when some holiday
 Brings townsmen to the moor,
 And in the sunbeams brighten up
 The sad looks of the poor.
 The bee puts on his richest gold,
 As if that worker knew—
 How hardly (and for little) they
 Their sunless task pursue.
 But from their souls the sense of wrong
 On dove-like pinion flies ;
 And, throned o'er all, forgiveness sees
 His image in their eyes.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
On marjoram and thyme,
And through his grated fingers sees
The falcon's flight sublime;
Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
Grow darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
O'er miles of mountains bright.
The little lovely maiden-hair
Turns up its happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart,
'Thou'rt welcome to this place.'
The infant river leapeth free
Amid the bracken tall,
And cries, 'FOR EVER there is ONE
Who reigneth over all;
And unto Him, as unto me,
Thou'rt welcome to partake
His gift of light, His gift of air,
O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
Our father loves us, want-worn man!
And know thou this from me,
The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
May wake to envy thee.
Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
As thy worn features tell;
But Wealth is armed with fortitude,
And bears thy sufferings well.'

But leisure is born of work : no man knew that better than Ebenezer. Not a walk did he indulge by the banks of the Rivelin, but was bought by a commensurate number of hours of steady application in the murky den of iron we have described ; and from the staple of his trade he has drawn a poetical image that suggests an important practical lesson :—

RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down to die !
Better rub than rust.
Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—
'Die when die thou must !
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust.'

In the grave there's sleep enough—
'Better rub than rust :
Death perhaps is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must ;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust.'

He who will not work, shall want ;
Nought for nought is just—
Wont do, *must* do, when he *can't* ;
'Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust.'

We now present a morceau of another and a more poetical kind, but still of a cognate nature with the foregoing, and we shall then turn to a new element of the genius of the Corn-Law Rhymer:—

A GHOST AT NOON.

The day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke;
In gloom I sat, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo! splendour, like a spirit, came,
A shadow like a tree!
While there I sat, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
I looked around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourned her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
'Like gathered flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose which she had set
Was fated ne'er to bloom!
The thrush proclaimed in accents sweet
That winter's rain was o'er;
The bluebells thronged around my feet;
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again!
A voice of comfort answers me
That God does nought in vain:
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave?

We come now, as we have said, to a new element, although one at least hinted at in the 'Holiday.' But let not the sequence and coherency of the whole be lost sight of, or you break up the genius of our friend Ebenezer into small inconsequential bits, incapable of great results. The political rhymer—the poet of taste and of the affections—and the worshipper and prophet of nature—these three are one. The three great qualities, the three great capacities, are molten into a single great quality, a single great capacity, each one, when largely considered, acting upon the others, infusing power into mere will, and giving energy to mere beauty, and grace to mere strength. Many there be in these last days (and some who assume higher rank than Elliott) who raise their voices in wrath or lamentation, and fancy they have done their errand when they have shown that there are things over which we ought to rave or grieve. But the heart of the brave Rhymer, though bitter as gall, was true and tough as

the steel he bought and sold. His teaching is of self-reliance, self-emanicipation. His philosophy declares that there is an inborn leaven in the human mind fit to elevate and expand—to dignify and crown it, as it were—beyond the control of mere material circumstances; and his poetry—of the kind we are now to consider—opens out to us a rich and gorgeous world, where the lord and the mechanic meet on terms of as perfect equality as they will do in the world beyond the grave. The kingdom of nature is a misnomer: nature is a republic. The sunshine, the sky, the stars, the clouds, the winds, the murmur of waters, the perfume of flowers—the innumerable sights and sounds in which God reveals himself to the human soul—all these are the inheritance of the very meanest among us. And they are an inheritance which consoles us for the want of every other, for it restores us to a sense of our own dignity, cast down by the buffetings and contumelies of the world. A mechanic in the crowded town plays his part as a drudge—proudly, it may be independently, as conscious of merely giving one thing in exchange for another: but still as a drudge. In communion with nature, his position changes. He is there the co-heir of his employer, and there he feels instinctively as a substantive fact that which philosophy has striven, with many words and in many tomes, to demonstrate—the natural equality of mankind. He who assists the working-classes to take possession of this inheritance—for it is not bestowed, but merely offered—is the benefactor of his species; and on this point Ebenezer Elliott is supremely worthy of our love and admiration. We have seen him teaching the mechanic that it is in his power, by the mere cultivation of *taste*, to elevate his position, and become an object of love and respect to all around him; and we shall now see developed in himself the highest of all tastes—the perception of the beautiful in the things of nature—and observe how it elevates and glorifies the being of the man to be able to discern and hold communion with the living soul of the universe.

The longer poems, in which alone this faculty is observable to any remarkable extent, are those on which his fame as a poet will depend. The finest of these, to our thinking, is the 'Village Patriarch,' and the 'Ranter' next. The 'Splendid Village' is a satire, but it has likewise its beauties; and the drama of 'Bothwell and Kirronah' has some fine pictures and some energetic feeling. But from 'Spirits and Men,' a piece, as a whole, of comparatively inferior merit, we extract the following, as it will exhibit our Rhymer in a new light as a poet, and at the same time recall to the reader the associations of those earlier years we have so rapidly run through:—

'Flowers, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
Haunts of my early days, and still loved well:
Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley's dell?
And where the sun; o'er purple moorlands wide,
Gilda Wharnccliffe's oaks, while Don is dark below?
And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side?
And where Time spares the age of Conisbro'?
Sweet flowers, remembered well! your hues, your breath,
Call up the dead to combat still with death:
The spirits of my buried years arise!
Again a child, where childhood roved I run;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue eyes,
Like happy children, cluster in the sun.

Still the wan primrose hath a golden core;
 The millfoil, thousand-leaved, as heretofore,
 Displays a little world of flow'rets gray;
 And tiny maids might hither come to cull
 The wo-marked cowslip of the dewy May;
 And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.
 I do not dream! Is it, indeed, a rose
 That yonder in the deepening sunset glows?
 Methinks the orchis of the fountained wold
 Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new.
 Do I not know thy lofty disk of gold,
 Thou, that still woo'st the sun, with passion true?
 No, splendid stranger! haply, I have seen
 One not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,
 Watching her lord. Oh lily, fair as aught
 Beneath the sky! thy pallid petals glow
 In evening's blush; but evening borrows nought
 Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—
 For thou art scentless. Lo! this fingered flower,
 That round the cottage window weaves a bower,
 Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,
 With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
 Enamoured of the thatch it grows upon,
 Might be the house-leek of rude Hallamshire,
 And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
 Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.
 Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends
 Its head on leaves with liquid diamonds set,
 A heavenly fragrance in its sighing sends;
 And though 'tis not our downcast violet,
 Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell
 That 'tis beloved by village maids as well.'

This 'burly ironmonger' had a passion for flowers—of all passions the most elegant and innocent. They glow in every page of his works, and perfume the very book. His picture of a mechanic's garden is delightful in its homely simplicity; but when the poor blind patriarch of the village comes to the spot where his early loves used to bloom, and bends fondly over them, and bids them

'Speak to a poor blind man. And thou *canst* speak
 To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
 His listening heart, and soothe, or bid it break?—

we—that is, if we be in good moral health and true manliness of nature—are startled into tears.

This Village Patriarch is not a narrative poem; it is rather a kind of Childe Harold—with a difference. The village is not the 'lone mother of dead empires,' but of dead friends, lost loves, withered feelings, forgotten customs, and neglected graves. Hear how the music swells from that group of women engaged in unwomanly toil:—

'Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
 Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
 From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street!
 There hapless woman at her labour bends,
 While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends;

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,
She sings—"I waited long, and sought the Lord,
And patiently did bear." A deeper wail
Of sister voices joins, in sad accord—
"He set my feet upon his rock adored!"
And then, perchance—"Oh God, on man look down!"

We are glad to break away from these melancholy voices; and lo, what is before us!—

'Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,
And eldest forests, o'er the sylvan Don,
Bid their immortal brother journey on,
A stately pilgrim, watched by all the hills.
Say, shall we wander where, through warriors' graves,
The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled, trills
Her Doric notes? Or where the Locksley raves
Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
Dream yet of ancient days? Or where the sky
Darkens o'er Rivelin, the clear and cold,
That throws his blue length, like a snake, from high?
Or where deep azure brightens into gold,
O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden? Or where rolled
On tawny sands, through regions passion-wild,
And groves of love, in jealous beauty dark,
Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted child,
Born in the waste, like headlong Wiming? Hark!
The poised hawk calls thee, Village Patriarch!
He calls thee to his mountains! Up, away!
Up, up to Stanedge! higher still ascend,
Till kindred rivers, from the summit gray,
To distant seas their course in beauty bend,
And, like the lives of human millions, blend,
Disparted waves in one immensity!'

But this fine poem, ennobling in its very sadness, does not want for a certain stern humour as well as personal interest. The rude grinder, for instance, is one of the most poetical of vagabonds; and the hasty, dashing, careless way in which the author alludes to his blackguard life, and the *certainty* of his untimely doom, if not the result of pure accident and long familiarity with the subject, is one of the finest things in literature:—

'Where toils the mill, by ancient woods embraced,
Hark how the cold steel screams in hissing fire!
But Enoch sees the grinder's wheel no more,
Couched beneath rocks and forests, that admire
Their beauty in the waters, ere they roar,
Dashed in white foam, the swift circumference o'er.
There draws the grinder his laborious breath;
There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends.
Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death;
Scorning the future, what he earns he spends;
Debauch and riot are his bosom friends.
He plays the Tory, sultan-like and well:
Wo to the traitor that dares disobey
The Dey of Straps! as rattan'd tools shall tell.
Full many a lordly freak by night, by day,
Illustrates gloriously his lawless sway.

Behold his failings! hath he virtues too?
 He is no pauper, blackguard though he be.
 Full well he knows what minds combined can do—
 Full well maintains his birthright—he is free!
 And, frown for frown, outstares monopoly!
 Yet Abraham and Elliot, both in vain,
 Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom;
 He *will* not live! he seems in haste to gain
 The undisturbed asylum of the tomb,
 And, old at two-and-thirty, meets his doom!

A grinder sits on a block of wood, which he calls his grinding-horse, and his grindstone is before him, turned on an axle by steam or water. To this he applies the article to be ground, and a spray of fire rises at every touch. But the fire is not the worst. The grindstone itself wears away in foam-like surges that fill the lungs, and in a certain number of years, calculated by statistics to a nicety, kill the principle of life. A dry-grinder does not reach thirty-five, but a wet-grinder may defy death for nearly ten years more. Of the former is the grinder of table-knives—of the latter the grinder of table-forks. See what a trifle involves ten years of a man's life! We do not think, while sitting at table, that the knives and forks before us are guilty of more human blood than swords and spears! Why should we? The men themselves—and they number between two and three thousand in Sheffield—*like* their fate rather than otherwise. This is a fact proved by the Report of Government Commissioners, and alluded to in the poem; for the Abraham and Elliot named there were the inventors of a preservative which the grinders will not use, although it is nothing more than a flue introduced into the wheel to carry off the dust. The men insist on their trade retaining its fatal noxiousness, because, if this were removed, there would be a greater competition of hands, their high wages would come down, and their deep drinking be cut short. Did Ebenezer include *this* in his Bread-Tax? Did he not feel that there are deeper depravities, more sickening horrors, in the very midst of us than can be amended by any political or fiscal reforms? Yes; the poet felt what escaped the rhymers; and he sought for the class of mechanics that moral emancipation without which no other can be of any avail.

But in the meantime the Patriarch waits. We must allow the blind old man to depart in peace; and here is an ending to his life and to the poem, to which an equal will not readily be found even among the finest masterpieces of genius:—

' And when the woodbine's clustered trumpet blows;
 And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
 In unison of sweetness with the rose,
 Joining the song of every bird that knows
 How sweet it is of wedded love to sing;
 And when the fells, fresh-bathed in azure air,
 Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
 Shall blush to Heaven, that nature is so fair,
 And man condemned to labour, in despair;
 Then the gay gnat, that sports its little hour;
 The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
 The redbreast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
 The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
 And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood

Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—
 Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
 The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
 But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
 Mourning the last of England's high-souled poor,
 And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
 And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
 Unaltered most; for they shall pass away
 Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
 Bound to the eternal future, as the past;
 The Patriarch died! and they shall be no more.
 Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
 The unutterable deep, that hath no shore,
 Will lose their starry splendour soon or late!
 Like tapers, quenched by Him whose will is fate!
 Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
 Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
 Ere long, oh Earth, will look in vain for thee!
 And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
 And, with his wings of sorrow and affright,
 Veil his impassioned brow and heavenly tears!

The 'Village Patriarch,' after all, has not enough of the definite to take a firm hold of the mind. It is remembered only like broken strains of suggestive music, all seeming to tend to some articulate and intelligible whole, but fainting, as it were, in their purpose, and at last dying away in lofty but indistinct wailings, and leaving behind an impression rather than a conception, a dream more than a memory. The 'Ranter' has been more popular, because it is shorter, and more easily grasped; but it is nothing more than a corn-law sermon, introduced by some exquisite touches of character and description that have nothing to do with the piece. The Ranter is a mechanic, who preaches on Sundays 'beneath the autumnal tree,' and the widow in whose house he lodges rises betimes on the particular day to light her fire, and spread her board

'With Sabbath coffee, toast, and cups for three.'

The third is her son, whom she climbs the narrow stair to awake, but hesitates before rousing 'the poor o'er-laboured youth,' on

'Whose forehead bare,
 Like jewels ringed on sleeping beauty's hands,
 Tired labour's gems are set in beaded bands.'

But he would chide her if she failed on an occasion like this, and the lad wakes up:—

'Up, sluggards, up! the mountains one by one
 Ascend in light; and slow the mists retire
 From vale and plain. The cloud on Stannington
 Beholds a rocket—No, 'tis Morthen spire!
 The sun is risen! cries Stanedge, tipped with fire;
 On Norwood's flowers the dew-drops shine and shake;
 Up, sluggards, up! and drink the morning breeze.
 The birds on cloud-left Osgathorpe awake;
 And Wincobank is waving all his trees
 O'er subject towns, and farms, and villages,

And gleaming streams, and wood, and waterfalls.
 Up! climb the oak-crowned summit! Hooper Stand
 And Keppel's Pillar gaze on Wentworth's halls,
 And misty lakes, that brighten and expand,
 And distant hills, that watch the western strand.
 Up! trace God's foot-prints, where they paint the mould
 With heavenly green, and hues that blush and glow
 Like angel's wings; while skies of blue and gold
 Stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow.'

This is all. Miles Gordon delivers his sermon; and at the conclusion his congregation disperse in tears, seeing in his wan and wasted features the token of swift-coming death. It is strange the fascination exercised by this simple piece; but the 'Ranter' follows us like the memory of a man, while the 'Patriarch' only haunts our slumbrous reveries like a spirit.

But let it not be supposed, from the inability of Elliott to do more than shadow dimly forth (as in the 'Patriarch') the majestic form of an epic, that there is anything vague or misty in his genius. On the contrary, he is pre-eminently practical. He is a copyist, as he tells us himself—but a copyist from nature. His pictures, characters, incidents, feelings, all are local; and *therefore* are they true, not only in individual truth, but as poetical generalities. He is 'an earnest, truth-speaking man,' as the 'Edinburgh Review' acknowledged, though with something of an air of condescension. 'No theoriser, or sentimentaliser, but a practical man of work and endeavour, a man of sufferance and endurance.' The same character is distinctly traceable in his personal history. His political misgivings never made him doubt his business. He amassed a pecuniary independence out of less than nothing, and died at last in a house of his own, on his own land. His whole life was a struggle. He conquered success in literature just as he did in trade, and after the scornful neglect of twenty years, became a popular author.

Perhaps the genius of the Rhymers may have received its peculiar tone and determination from the character of the scenery which surrounded him. Some notion of that may be gathered from the view from the Gospel-tree, described in our extract from the 'Ranter.' This is an ash-tree on the ridge of the hills to the east of the town. The Rivelin, so frequently alluded to, is one of five moorland streams that meet near Sheffield. With here and there steep banks and overhanging woods, brown in colour, as showing its peat origin, and impeded by masses of rock peculiar to the mountain-born, it would be in itself a striking feature in a striking landscape; but the forges starting suddenly out from the wooded nooks as you advance, with flames darting from their chimney-tops, and the blast roaring and the hammer resounding within, superadd a wild and extraordinary, but not inharmonious character. Here and there among the forges are the grinding-wheels we have alluded to: low buildings, provided with a huge external wheel turned by steam. Before the introduction of steam, these mills were met with among the hills wherever there was a stream of force enough to turn them; but now they form a principal feature only where the waxing river approaches the town, while further away, towards the moorland, their picturesque ruins are seen falling to decay.

Such was the picture that met habitually the eyes of the Rhymer. But to comprehend it fully, you must people these murky forges with the 'red sons of the furnace,' and these rushing mills with the desperate grinders, spurning with wild gaiety the means of life, mingling the groans of pain and the cough of oppressed lungs with Bacchanalian songs, and meeting deliberately the death to which they had deliberately sold themselves. Such was the pabulum of Elliott's poetic genius; and it is no wonder that it should have been impressed with a wild and swarthy character, solemnising his gentlest thoughts, and taming his most fervent hopes—all save the hopes which point to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

We may be thought to have passed over his political songs too lightly; but in an estimate of his character as a poet, they are in reality of little importance, while they are absolute contradictions to his character as a man. At the same time we are by no means insensible to the influence they exercised in that great question which still stirs in the minds of men, as the sea continues to heave after the storm is laid. Elliott was the pioneer of the Corn-Law League. For seven years before the organisation of that remarkable body, he saturated the people with his songs and diatribes, provoking everywhere scorn, anger, fury—but still discussion. He after all roused but a portion of the toiling classes, amongst whom some other objects became paramount to the exclusion of this grand question; and it was in the middle classes, who were not readers of corn-law rhymes, that the war against monopoly raised its first effective cries. The Rhymer lived to see the early dream of his life accomplished, but he did not live to see the results his poetical enthusiasm had predicted. The bread-tax repealed was not *his* bread-tax: it was only one devil cast forth out of a legion! There is no regenerating society by wholesale: nay, if all our political wrongs together were set right, it would do nothing more than prepare a clear stage for reform to begin.

This reform must come from within. Good men must and will have good institutions; but good institutions bestowed upon the mean, the ignorant, and the depraved, are of little worth. To refine and elevate this meanness, to enlighten this ignorance, and to amend this depravity, are a far higher task than that of the Corn-Law League; and Elliott's delightful poetical lessons to the mechanics will thrill through their hearts and ennoble their natures long after his political rhymes are forgotten. And these simple lessons will not be confined to their simplicity; for through this preparation his true and lofty poetry will steal into their souls—a consolation, a hope, and a joy for ever.

Elliott's publications, so far as they are known to the reading world, are as follows:—I. Corn-Law Rhymes. II. Love, a poem. III. The Village Patriarch, a poem. IV. Poetical Works. V. More Verse and Prose by the Corn-Law Rhymer, in two volumes. The last, though prepared by the poet himself, is a posthumous publication, and exhibits the prevailing merits as well as defects of the other volumes. In the 'Year of Seeds,' more especially, there are passages not surpassed in his best works.

We have now, in the confined space allotted to us, shown something of the consanguinity between the poet and the man—almost as it is painted by himself in the subjoined epitaph. It was for that we have thus dis-

quieted thee to bring thee up. And now, stout Elliott! brave Ebeneser! return to your rest, and may the flowers you loved in life perfume your grave!—

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
And honoured in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more,
Ill could he praise the rich who take
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

END OF VOL. I.

CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

VOLUME II



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CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE SANITARY MOVEMENT.

THE first half of the nineteenth century has been pre-eminently a period of contrasts — great and impressive, often startling, at times inexplicable. Twenty years of war have been followed by thirty years of peace, in which human capabilities have developed themselves to an unprecedented extent. England, in her plenitude of power, has surpassed the achievements of the mightiest of bygone nations. In her mastery over physical elements rude nature has been conquered; and art, science, and mechanical ingenuity have risen to a pitch of refinement which, but that we have grown up among the results, would appear as the exaggerations of untamed fancy. Whatever can contribute to pleasure, comfort, luxury, convenience, is infinitely multiplied and realised: we see it in halfpenny steamboats, penny postage, express and excursion trains, and the electric thought-flasher—all telling of energy and progress. And yet, side by side with all this wealth of power and enterprise we find elements of weakness, of degeneracy, of perdition even, which are not to be paralleled in countries the most barbarous, among people the most untutored.

Of all the great undertakings by which the era is signalised, there is perhaps none which so clearly stamps a character of real and essential progress as the Sanitary Movement; for the result of this, mediate and immediate, is a positive, a cumulative good; a social, moral, and—shall we add?—intellectual amelioration of a most beneficial nature—one which we believe destined to effect great results in the material advancement of a people. Its ultimate effect, whether so intended or not, lies beyond the pecuniary advantage—the pounds, shillings, and pence: it recognises the existence of claims and sympathies—intimate relations between all phases

and grades of society. It matters not that those who held the might and controlled the capabilities had to learn their rudiments of duty and responsibility in a severe school; that their attention was compulsory rather than spontaneous; that motives of not exalted character were brought into play: it was something gained when the conviction was established, that it would be no longer safe or politic to ignore the existence of 'masses' of population, for the multitudes proved their kin from time to time by fatal evidence—in the communication of mortal disease. Distress and misery could not seize on the destitute ranks without foraying, so to speak, for victims among those in happier positions. And slowly and painfully the great truth forced itself into notice—that negligence and ignorance were costly as well as criminal; that 'classes' might be 'dangerous' in more senses than one; that interests involving other than temporal consequences were recklessly slighted, flung away as worthless.

It matters not, we repeat, in what way the impulse originated; the prime fact remains, that it was felt and obeyed, and inspired the inquiries—What are we to do? and, How are we to do? One obvious course was to try backward and trace effects to their causes; to discover why the groundwork of opulence, luxury, and health, should be indigence, misery, and appalling mortality. Here ever-increasing wealth; there ever-grinding poverty. Hope and ever-widening knowledge on the one hand; despair and foulest ignorance on the other. Extremes meet; and, as we have seen, lofty and lowly are brought together by grim compensations.

Were it necessary, we might go back to ages long anterior to our own historical period, and show that certain leading principles have been recognised and acted on by the wise as essential to health and vigour of body, which principles could not be departed from without risk or penalty. But such a survey is incompatible with our present scope; we need not even insist on Hippocrates or Galen; our purpose will be efficiently attained by taking the philosophy of Bacon as our retrospective limit, as the primary text. 'There is a wisdom,' writes the master, 'beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like, and try, in anything thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little.' Add to this what he says on habitations, and we have the pith of the whole matter.

Although during the eighteenth century a few examples were given of the advantage of treating health on principle, it was reserved for the present generation, as already mentioned, to bring the vast accumulation of unconnected experiences to bear with comprehensive force on the whole question. The carrying out of the New Poor-Law may be regarded as the starting-point of the inquiries which led to the Sanitary Movement: medical men of enlightened minds were authorised to collect evidence on certain social phenomena said to favour pauperism; and this evidence, when logically collated, presented an amount of proof altogether irresistible. Still, the knowledge of the facts was confined to a very limited circle—of those especially interested either in the economical or the scientific bearing. The doctrine was broached that disease was not inevitable; that its physical causes were removable. Hence in 1839 the further inquiry autho-

raised by government in England, Wales, and Scotland, which embraced the condition of the labouring population in towns and rural districts—their dwellings, relative to cost and comfort; wages and expenditure; and means of cleanliness and decency everywhere, whether public or private. With respect to dwellings, the assistant commissioners were instructed to ‘inquire as to the comparative health and condition of the inmates, and whether the advantage of improved dwellings has been observed to have any salutary influence on the moral habits of the inmates; whether the increased comforts of his house and home have tended to withdraw the labourer from the beer-shop, and from the habits of improvidence to which it leads; whether residents in separate and improved tenements are superior in condition as compared with the labourers who hold merely lodgings, or who reside with other families in the same house.’ Thus a moral object, the vital principle of the whole, was kept in view; and to this we owe whatever of good has as yet resulted from the science of sanitation.

An idea of the specific obnoxious influences may be formed from the queries addressed to medical practitioners, and others who assisted in the preliminary investigation. It had been remarked that certain localities in town and country were always infested by contagious febrile disease, and it was desirable to know ‘Whether the surrounding lands are drained or undrained? Whether there is a proper supply of water for the purposes of cleanliness of the houses, persons, and clothing? Whether there are good means of ventilation with a due regard to warmth? Whether there are proper receptacles for filth in connection with the cottages? Whether such residences are unduly crowded, and several families or persons occupy the space which would properly suffice only for a less number? Whether there are any inferior lodging-houses crowded by mendicants or vagrants? Whether there is a gross want of cleanliness in the persons or habitations of certain classes of the poor? Whether there is a habit of keeping pigs, &c. in dwelling-houses, or close to doors or windows?’ These are but a few out of the whole number, but they exhibit the general scheme. Out of the replies furnished on the several points, Mr Chadwick, in 1842, produced his valuable ‘Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain,’ in which the whole mass of evidence for the first time was most ably discussed. This treatise, as it may be called, on sanitation and social economy, was followed in 1843 by a supplementary report ‘On the Practice of Interment in Towns’—of burying the dead in the midst of the living, of which more by and by. The judicious spirit in which these two works are drawn up is such as will long preserve the reputation of their author among the most eminent of sanitary reformers. In June 1844 appeared the ‘First Report of the Health of Towns’ Commission on the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts.’ The objects of the inquiry on which this report was based were generally the same as those quoted above; in fact all later evidence may be considered as an elaboration of that published by Mr Chadwick in 1842. The new investigations confirmed the former facts both in cause and effect. The sceptical could no longer claim the privilege of doubting that ‘defective drainage, neglect of house and street cleansing, and ventilation, and imperfect supplies of water, contribute to produce atmospheric impurities which affect the general health and physical condition of the population, gene-

rating acute, chronic, and ultimately organic disease, especially scrofulous affections and consumption, in addition to fevers and other forms of disease.' In reply to the official series of sixty-two queries, returns were obtained from municipal and other public officers in fifty towns, including the large seats of manufactures, seaports, and 3,000,000 of the population; besides which, each town was visited by an authorised inspector for the proper verification of the facts. Defects in the law of sewers, instituted in the reign of Henry VIII., were pointed out, and amendments suggested. The chief and most obvious use of sewers had been strangely overlooked or disregarded. 'In some of the larger and most crowded towns,' observe the Commission, 'all entrance into the sewers by house-drains, or drains from water-closets or cesspools, is prohibited under a penalty. In other places, including a part of the metropolis, the entrance of house-drains is commonly deemed the concession of a privilege.' So if a man wished to take measures for the promotion of health in his household, he could only do so under favour! It further appeared, almost without exception, that in all structural arrangements there was no plan: every builder built as to him seemed best; and houses were 'run up' without the slightest regard to drainage, decency, or real comfort for the expected tenants. The statements might well stagger belief: although a few cheering facts stood out amid the overwhelming weight of discouragement; and wherever remedial measures had been applied, although isolated or imperfect, great good had followed. Here was sufficient ground for a recommendation of powers, while, to avoid the burthen and vexation of new and increased rates, the principle was suggested of 'spreading the expense of the outlay over an extended period, so that the cost might be repaid within a reasonable time, with interest, by an annual rate.' The evidence showed that an addition might be made to topographical nomenclature: if the provinces could boast of 'Montpeliers' and 'Vales of Health,' and towns of 'West-Ends' and stately 'Malls,' so could the one and the other lay claim to 'Fever districts'—and permanent ones, for in them fever was as persistent as in the pestilential swamps and jungles of the torrid zone. The aspect of towns, taking the metropolis as a type, was too much after the manner of social usages—a sham. The main thoroughfares, showy, spacious, passably clean, such as might be required by a highly-civilised community, which would impose on a casual visitor or inquisious citizen, but which only served to mask a 'behind the scenes' of quite another character. The long tall rows of houses concealed deformities worse than hideous, with here and there a vomitory, truly such—the only means of communication between the hidden regions and the stately avenues. Few who passed in the hurry and strife of business or pleasure could imagine so repulsive a background to the brilliant picture. Except the unhappy dwellers in these dismal haunts, none entered but a hasty pedestrian seeking a short cut, or the dispenser of charity, or minister of religion. Here were grim Death's harvest-fields; here the mortality was double that of the population in 'more favourable circumstances.' Not only more deaths, but more living disease; rapid mortality; an accelerated ratio of births; and multitudes of infants coming into existence, year after year, apparently for no other purpose but to die off as fast as possible. Then, again, the liability to fever and fatal sickness on the part of adults was directly the reverse of what the young who chanced to

survive required. The more children, the more orphans. Taking a fixed number of parents, the attacks of fever on those between twenty and thirty years of age fell but little short of the total at other ages. From twenty to forty is the most susceptible period; and it is precisely during this time that parents are swept away, leaving orphan families to swell the already overgrown ranks of famine, disease, and crime.

In 1845 the Commission published their second 'Report,' which entered minutely into details, tracing the evils before specified into their remotest ramifications, still taking as types the same fifty towns. There is not much of variety in the evidence: one example may stand for the whole. The differences consist in degree and intensity, not in character and quality. Degeneracy is degeneracy, find it where we may; and the overcrowded rooms in country villages are not less unhealthful and fatal to their occupants than those of densely-populated towns. One notable feature about this report was the practical data it established for the carrying out of preventive or remedial measures in the twenty-nine distinct postulates or recommendations by the Commission. These, in brief, are—to place all local sanitary bodies under supervision of the crown; to provide plans and surveys before undertaking new works; to purchase the rights of mill-owners and others, where mill-dams were obnoxious to public health; that all building arrangements should be brought under statutory regulation; that one administrative body should have control over the paving, lighting, and cleansing of towns, the drainage, sewers, cesspools, &c. and the furnishing of water—the supply of this indispensable element to be constant, and laid on without stint to public baths and washhouses, and to numerous fire-plugs in the streets; the rights of existing companies to be purchased whenever desirable; to denounce and abate nuisances by summary process; to provide that factories and steam-boats shall consume their own smoke; wide and airy thoroughfares to be opened in close neighbourhoods, and the width of streets to be determined by law; cellar dwellings, with certain exceptions, to be prohibited; no houses to be built without the conveniences required for health, cleanliness, and decency; public buildings and schools to be systematically ventilated; lodging-house keepers to be licensed, and placed under magisterial surveillance; and last, though not the least important, it is recommended 'that local administrative bodies have power to appoint, subject to the approval of the crown, a medical officer properly qualified to inspect and report periodically upon the sanitary condition of the town or district, to ascertain the true causes of disease and death, more especially of epidemics, increasing the rates of mortality, and the circumstances which originate and maintain such diseases, and injuriously affect the public health of such town or populous district.'

Here was a good basis of operations for a sanitary campaign; as will by and by appear, these initiatory proceedings went beyond the 'blue book:' they produced results. It is so much the habit for provincial towns to model themselves after the metropolis, that to commence the rectifying process with London seemed a matter of paramount necessity. Accordingly, in 1847, we had the 'First Report of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission,' with evidence bearing strongly on the cholera question, its causes and consequences, and, by its reasoning, driving in the wedge of improvement a little further. A second and third Report followed in 1848, suc-

ceeded by two Reports from the General Board of Health in 1849, containing forcible evidence on sources of atmospheric contamination and disinfecting processes; and lastly, the 'Report on General Scheme for Extramural Sepulture,' in February 1850. With this voluminous aggregate of information we rest for the present.

We have now, as succinctly as may be, to show how the case has been made out; in how far it is established by the testimony. We may take each village, town, and city throughout the kingdom as central points to so many circles—each circle, as you pass from circumference to centre, exhibiting all the deplorable phenomena attendant on ignorance of natural laws, or on their evasion. Let us begin with an outlying example or two: the first taken from romantic Devon, the county par excellence for invalids, the delight of tourists. Who that has resorted thither will not remember the pleasant aspect of Tiverton, crowning the slope of a hill? Yet defilement lurks within, and health is endangered by offensive open drains and sewers, by which 'the whole town is more or less deteriorated.' And further, 'many of the cottages are built on the ground without flooring; some have neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or to let in the rays of the sun, or supply the means of ventilation.' Imperfect construction is not the whole of the evil: lack of space, of proper accommodation, necessitates overcrowding, and overcrowding leads to consequences which revolt the better feelings of our nature, and which might with propriety remain unrevealed, were it not that the true way to repair errors is to acquaint ourselves with their entire results. Families of six, eight, or more individuals sleep in one room—the majority not unfrequently in one bed: father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters, and young children. Well might one of the witnesses exclaim, 'How could it be otherwise with such families than that they should be sunk into a most deplorable state of degradation and depravity?—or that abhorrent crimes should be committed without compunction?—that unchastity should find the "cunning woman" ready to aid in concealing the shame, or rather the fruit of immorality?' Parish after parish, county after county, all tell the same tale of miserable hovels, called cottages by courtesy, inhabited by a sunken population—children devoured by disease; pure air an impossibility; all order, decency, and delicacy lost in overwhelming squalor. Between Bristol and Bridgewater in the Axbridge Union, the tenements, 'instead of being built of solid materials, are complete shells of mud, on a spot of waste land, the most swampy in the parish.' The medical officer of the Chippenham Union (Wiltshire) 'during three years' attendance on the poor of the district, had never known the smallpox, scarlatina, or the typhus fever to be absent.' The royal town itself is no exception: 'of all the towns visited by me,' writes the reporter, 'Windsor is the worst beyond all comparison.' Everywhere we find something to deplore or condemn. But if the south was bad, the north was no whit better: Dorsetshire had its parallel in Northumberland. Even at the risk of repetition, we cannot forbear quoting a passage from the evidence descriptive of the 'cottages' provided for the use of farm-labourers in the latter county, which, be it remembered, is in England, not in Ireland. The description is by the Rev. Dr Gilly, vicar of Norham. 'The dwellings,' he

says, 'are built of rubble or unhewn stone, loosely cemented; and from age, or from badness of the materials, the walls look as if they would scarcely held together. The wind rushes in through gaping chinks; the chimneys have lost half their original height, and lean on the roof with fearful gravitation. The rafters are evidently rotten and displaced; and the thatch, yawning to admit the wind and the wet in some parts, and in all parts utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looks more like the top of a dunghill than of a cottage.'

'Such is the exterior; and when the hind comes to take possession, he finds it no better than a shed. The wet, if it happens to rain, is making a puddle on the earth floor. (This earth floor, by the by, is one of the causes to which Erasmus ascribed the frequent recurrence of epidemics among the cotters of England more than three hundred years ago.) It is not only cold and wet, but contains the aggregate filth of years, from the time of its being first used. The refuse and dropping of meals, decayed animal and vegetable matter of all kinds, which has been cast upon it from the mouth and stomach—these all mix together, and exude from it. Window-frame there is none: the windows do not open. There is neither oven, nor copper, nor grate, nor shelf, nor fixture of any kind: all these things the occupant has to bring with him, besides his ordinary articles of furniture. Imagine the trouble, the inconvenience, and the expense which the poor fellow and his wife will have to encounter before they can put this shell of a hut into anything like a habitable form! This year I saw a family of eight—husband, wife, two sons, and four daughters—who were in utter discomfort, and in despair of putting themselves in a decent condition, three or four weeks after they had come into one of these hovels.'

Again: 'How they lie down to rest, how they sleep, how they can preserve common decency, how unutterable horrors are avoided, is beyond all conception. The case is aggravated when there is a young woman to be lodged in this confined space who is not a member of the family, but is hired to do the field-work, for which every hind is bound to provide a female. . . . Last Whitsuntide, when the annual lettings were taking place, a hind, who had lived one year in the hovel he was about to quit, called to say farewell, and to thank me for some trifling kindness I had been able to show him. He was a fine tall man, of about forty-five, a fair specimen of the frank, sensible, well-spoken, well-informed Northumbrian peasantry—of that peasantry of which a militia regiment was composed, which so amazed the Londoners (when it was garrisoned in the capital many years ago) by the size, the noble deportment, the soldier-like bearing, and the good conduct of the men. I thought this a good opportunity of asking some questions. Where was he going? And how would he dispose of his large family (eleven in number)? He told me they were to inhabit one of these hinds' cottages, whose narrow dimensions were less than 24 feet by 15, and that the eleven would have only three beds to sleep in: that he himself, his wife, a daughter of six, and a boy of four years old, would sleep in one bed; that a daughter of eighteen, a son of twelve, a son of ten, and a daughter of eight, would have a second bed; and a third would receive his three sons of the age of twenty, sixteen, and fourteen. "Pray," said I, "do you not think that this is a very improper way of disposing of your family?" "Yes, certainly," was the

answer: "it is very improper in a Christian point of view; but what can we do until they build us better houses?"*

The dwellings of those whose labour lies below the surface exhibit a similar degree of wretchedness: the 'lodging-shops' of the miners of the north are such, that in comparison the wigwams of the prairie Indians are palaces. In a room 15 feet by 18 were fixed two tiers of seven beds each, each bed being occupied by three or four men or boys, according to circumstances. There was no opening to the external air; fumes of cooking were continually rising from the kitchen beneath; yet here slept from forty to fifty men, succeeding each other in relays during the twenty-four hours—hot, dirty, and dusty. 'Though the beds,' states the reporter, 'had not been occupied for the three nights preceding my visit, the smell was to me utterly intolerable. What the place must be in the summer nights is, happily for those who have never felt it, utterly inconceivable.' And this is said to be 'a fair sample of all the lodging-shops in the country.' Heaven help the lodgers! One of the miners declares the rooms to be unfit 'for a swine to live in,' where fifty men slept in sixteen beds, with 'not a single flag or board on the lower floor; and there were pools of water twelve inches deep. You might have taken a coal-rake, and raked off the dirt and potato-peelings six inches deep.' In such circumstances as these, we can hardly expect the moral virtues to flourish. Poor humanity sinks very low when not upheld by the higher sustaining influences.

Deeper yet: pass from the country into the towns. In the evidence from Lancashire, it is affirmed by Mr Wood—'I have met with upwards of forty persons sleeping in the same room, married and single—including of course children, and several young adult persons of either sex. In Manchester I could enumerate a variety of instances in which I found such promiscuous mixture of the sexes in sleeping-rooms. I may mention one: a man, his wife, and child, sleeping in one bed; in another bed two grown-up females; and in the same room two young men unmarried. I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister, sleeping in the same bed together. I have known at least half-a-dozen cases in Manchester in which that has been regularly practised—the unmarried sister being an adult.' Overcrowding, either in public lodging-houses or in private dwellings, is attended by physical as well as moral debasement. A degenerating process has been observed among the wretched beings who throng these places, whereby they sink into the form and habits of the monkey tribes. 'The state of society' in the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens is said to afford no inapt specimen of what actually exists among the degraded and indigent of our population. A London magistrate makes a statement which presents another aspect of the downward tendency. 'I have often said,' he observes, 'that if empty casks were placed along the streets of Whitechapel, in a few days each of them would have a tenant; and these tenants would keep up their kind, and

* The fact at the same time must not be concealed, that the proprietors of cottages experience great difficulty in getting their tenants to live in more than one room—at least such is the case in Scotland, where a family, old and young, will persist in crowding into a single apartment, for the sake of heat and sociability, rather than divide themselves among the beds of two separate rooms.—ED.

prey upon the rest of the community. I am sure that if such facilities were offered, there is no conceivable degradation to which portions of the species might not be reduced.' Some appalling forms of the degradation here alluded to were witnessed in many parts of the country during the construction of railways, by the herding together of troops of brutalised 'navigators' in towns and villages already too thickly populated.

With such a state of things, every degree and tone of improvidence and debauchery would inevitably be associated. Where not an idea existed of the laws of health, over-eating and over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors were sure to prevail; while cleanliness, either of person or of habitation, would be altogether disregarded. What would be the effect of such a polluted mass underlying the other grades of society? In proportion to the degradation, so is the disposition to mischief and violence. Here lie the seeds of crime, the materials for mobs and riots, the instruments of the demagogue and the enemies of order. Here is the plague-spot of modern civilisation; and until it shall be removed our prosperity will be equivocal, and our progress uncertain.

The evils which in rural districts are to a certain extent scattered or sparse are highly concentrated in towns. A dirty cottage is bad, but a dirty street is worse. Like begets like; and from Penzance to Inverness the rule applies without reserve. Glasgow, the wealthiest mart of Scotland, is spoken of by Mr Chadwick as 'the worst he had seen in any part of Great Britain, both in structural arrangements and the condition of the population.' Everywhere five great wants are imminent—want of water, want of air, want of sewers, want of drains, want of exercise-grounds—combined causes of uncleanness, stagnation, and damp. It is proved beyond a doubt that fevers and other fatal diseases are generated by atmospheric impurity. Rheumatism is induced by damp. Scrofula, tuberculoma, consumption, are especially diseases of civilisation. The more people crowd together, and shut out light and air, the more liable do they become to these and other maladies. No effectual comprehensive measures have ever been taken to prevent this evil, although it has been frequently complained of. A proclamation by Elizabeth in 1602 set forth 'that such great multitudes being brought to inhabit in such small roomes, whereof a great part being very poore, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow that if anye plague or other universal sickness should by God's permission enter among these multitudes, the same would spread itself.' Overcrowding and want of air produce similar effects on the lower animals: rabbits kept in constantly impure air, by way of experiment, became consumptive. It is the same with cows when kept in unventilated stalls. Priestley found that a mouse kept in unchanged air grew weak, and almost lifeless; and that, on putting a second mouse into the same air, it instantly died. 'There can be no doubt,' says Sir James Clark, 'that the habitual respiration of the air of ill-ventilated and gloomy alleys in large towns is a powerful means of augmenting the hereditary disposition to scrofula, and even of inducing such a disposition *de novo*.' Physiologists show that those distressing maladies, goitre and crétinism, are due to noxious local influences, chiefly to a stagnant atmosphere; and, as is well known, the complaints are most prevalent

in deep valleys, in which the circulation of air is intermittent or languid. In an ill-built village near Amiens, composed of damp and dismal houses, the inhabitants at one time died of scrofula as sheep of the rot, or cattle of murrain: a fire broke out, and swept away a number of the miserable dwellings; they were replaced by others, built more in accordance with the requirements of the human animal; and in these no cases of scrofula have occurred. Granting that the habits of the whole village may have changed somewhat for the better, the fact still remains, that improved structural arrangements neutralise, if they do not destroy, the causes of mischief, and contribute to the permanence of health. Even without seeking for aggravated cases, we might rest with the professional allegation that impure air, among other ill effects, causes deafness: in short, want of ventilation untunes—if such a word may be accepted—the individual, and leaves him an easy prey to sensual excitement.

Habitation appears to exert a paramount influence on health quite independent of education, and of what have been often urged as the best preventives of social deterioration—abundant work and high wages; for in New York, where there is always employment for those determined to exert themselves, with good pay, and schooling gratis, 33,000 of the population live in alleys and cellars. In the latter, according to Dr J. Griscom, a trustworthy authority, 'fevers, rheumatism, contagious and inflammatory disorders, affections of the lungs, skin, and eyes, and numerous others, are rife, and too often successfully combat the skill of the physician and the benevolence of strangers.'

'I speak now,' he continues, 'of the influence of the locality merely. The degraded habits of life, the filth, the degenerate morals, the confined and crowded apartments, and insufficient food of those who live in more elevated rooms, comparatively beyond the exhalations of the soil, engender a different train of diseases sufficiently distressing to contemplate; but the addition to all these causes of the foul influences of the incessant moisture and more confined air of underground rooms, is productive of evils which humanity cannot regard without shuddering.'

But atmospheric impurity is not confined to the domiciles of the wretched: in the abodes of royalty, in the drawing-rooms and chambers of the noble, in the halls of the learned, in the temples of pleasure or of worship, ventilation is the exception, not the rule. Architects and builders seem to have been profoundly ignorant of the physiological fact, that man carries a pair of lungs beneath his ribs fitted only to inspire oxygen and nitrogen in their purity. Stand for a moment at the open door of a carriage in which some five or six of the titled and well-born have been riding for an hour closely shut up, and you shall know what a noisome atmosphere really is. Go into a crowded Protectionist or Financial Reform meeting, when the excitement is pretty well up—enter a church or chapel in the middle of the sermon—thrust yourself into a theatre at half-price—or even into the meeting-rooms of any one of our learned or scientific societies—and the sense of foul impurity shall smite you as the breath of pestilence. Your instinctive impulse to flee from the sickening influence at once suggests the remedy. Society, from base to apex, has yet to be indoctrinated with the true principles of the reciprocal relations between vital functions and physical elements.

Again: look at the houses of tradesmen, their shops and workshops; if the evidence is to be believed, they are fertile generators or aggravators of consumption. Dr Guy, who has paid much attention to cause and effect in connection with this disease, contends that consumption is not, as is often urged, a national disease, further than as promoted by national habits. Mr B. Phillips shows also, by a comparison of fifteen different countries in the four quarters of the world, 'that there is no European country, at least in so far as our information extends, in which the people are more free from the disease than England and Wales;' and that it 'is much less prevalent in the present day than it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.' We may have scurvy and ague among us again, and call them national diseases if we will. In London, as in most large towns, business is the primary consideration: provided the shop be spacious, all sorts of injuries and inconveniences may be tolerated in the rest of the house. Dust and gas contaminate the air of the shop, yet here, and in a gloomy den at the rear, the occupant passes his days. At night, he sleeps in an upper apartment in an atmosphere vitiated by the emanations from below. In such circumstances the vital functions inevitably become languid; the lungs weary for oxygen in its freshness and purity, and at length assume the abnormal state which favours the insidious formation of tubercles. The less of muscular action, the greater the susceptibility to the disease; for which reason artisans are longer-lived than tradesmen. Then climate is blamed; but Dr Guy asserts that 2500 of the annual deaths from pulmonary consumption in the metropolis are, so to speak, *wasted*, caused by 'deficient ventilation.' The force of this argument may be estimated when we consider that change of air, removal to a healthful situation, frequently effects a cure.

Workshops are still more insalubrious. The man sacrifices to Plutus as well as the master; or perhaps it would be more charitable to say he is under the same imperative necessity of supplying his stomach daily with a certain amount of food. Means of living the aim, though health, morals, and life are sacrificed in the acquisition. The evil extends through a wide range of trades, but exhibits itself most markedly among sedentary occupations. Milliners, dress-makers, and tailors, appear to be especially unfortunate. Many of the garments worn by the well-dressed portion of the community are in too many instances fabricated under circumstances sickening to contemplate. Men are found working in rooms the noisome atmosphere of which could only be matched by that of a felon's cell ere Howard commenced his jail visitations. Reeking hot they sit, often stripped to the skin, to preserve something like a feeling of comfort in the heated temperature; and if more floors than one, becoming more pestilential the higher you ascend. You have the positive, comparative, and superlative—discomfort, disease, death! The present writer will not easily forget a visit he once paid to the workshop of a tailor on the South Bridge, Edinburgh. Some thirty men were at work in the crowded room; the offensive odour from scorched cloth, interfused with exhalations from human lungs and skin, was nauseating in the extreme: to penetrate beyond a foot or two, or to remain, was impossible, and the risk of suffocation or a swoon was only to be escaped by a precipitate retreat. But the horrid taste, the feeling of contamination, was not to be got rid of; nothing

short of a bath and an hour's walk on the Calton Hill could remove it. The experience, though transient, has left a painful impression of the miseries to which the working population subject themselves, either from their own ignorance or that of their employers.

We pity the negroes toiling under the hot sun of the tropic or the torrid zone; we interfere by force in favour of those imprisoned in the foul holds of slave-vessels; we convert prisons into penal palaces; and shall we not do something for those whose toil feeds the ever-multiplying resources of the country? Let the principle be recognised, that we have no right to exact the sacrifices now made—let means be taken to provide efficient and practical remedies—and then education may combine its elevating influences, which, failing these, serve but to aggravate the sense of misery.

It is obvious that ventilation, to be complete and effectual, must derive its aerial currents from a pure source. But the atmosphere of large towns is anything but pure: the Registrar-General calls it a 'disease mist;' and not the least to be dreaded among causes of contamination are intramural graveyards—the burying of the dead in the midst of the living. We have already alluded to Mr Chadwick's Report on Interment in Towns; it contains a body of information from trustworthy sources on the question at large—the deadly effects of animal decomposition, the generation of miasm, the spread and communication of morbid matter. The presence of animal exuvæ in the soil is injurious in more ways than one: superiorly, by the evolution of gaseous products; inferiorly, by percolation through the contaminated soil, and the consequent tainting of springs and wells. Evidence to this effect may be found in impromptu burial-grounds: fields of slaughter have sometimes proved as fatal to the survivors as to the slain. 'At Ciudad Rodrigo,' as Sir J. Macgregor states in his account of the health of the army, '20,000 dead bodies were put into the ground within the space of two or three months; this circumstance appeared to influence the health of the troops, inasmuch as for some months afterwards all those exposed to the emanations from the soil, as well as obliged to drink the water from the sunk wells, were affected by malignant and low fevers and dysentery, or fevers frequently putting on a dysenteric character.'

'In the metropolis,' continues the Report, 'on spaces of ground which do not exceed 203 acres, closely surrounded by the abodes of the living, layer upon layer, each consisting of a population numerically equivalent to a large army of 20,000 adults, and nearly 30,000 youths and children, is every year imperfectly interred. Within the period of the existence of the present generation, upwards of a million of dead must have been interred in these same spaces.'

From seven to ten years, less or more, according to temperature, nature of the soil, and other circumstances, are stated as the period required for the decay of a human corpse; during all this time gases more or less deleterious are evolved. The quantity of carbonic acid is so great, that graves twenty feet in depth have become filled in the course of a single night; in some instances Dr Reid has drawn off this gas by a ventilating process; in others, the diggers have suddenly died by incautiously descending into the fatal pit. It is no uncommon occurrence for meat on the premises of butchers in the vicinity of Westminster

Abbey to acquire an offensive taint in the course of a few hours. Want of space is the prime cause of this noxious influence; the 'seven years' required for decomposition, though recognised in theory, are disregarded in practice. The abominations, the ill health endured by those who live close to London churchyards, almost exceed belief. The deeds perpetrated in the Spa Fields burial-ground, which attracted public attention in 1845, will long be remembered. For a length of time coffins were dug up and burned with their contents, to make room for new interments; the long hair of women was cut off for sale; and dentists were supplied with teeth from the exhumed corpses! We do not object to cremation; we think it the best mode of disposing of the dead; but that a state of things should exist which leads to the committal of enormities so atrocious as those above referred to, is not to be tolerated. It is one that calls for the speediest and severest exercise of governmental authority.

It may be painful to question the propriety of restraining the exercise of human sympathies, especially when evoked by deep affliction; but when we find the practice of retaining corpses for a long time unburied, surrounded by a bereaved family or other inmates, productive of harm, we are compelled to obey a sense of duty, and declare the practice to be as mistaken as it is mischievous. The evil becomes most flagrant among those of narrow means—the multitudes of the working population who inhabit one, or at most two rooms. Frequently when death has been the consequence of some loathsome disease, the body has been kept for days at one side of an apartment, on the other side of which the family have been living, cooking, and taking their meals. Here also injurious consequences ensue, moral as well as physical, as instanced in a striking passage of the Report. The corpse is never absent from the sight of the survivors; 'eating, drinking, or sleeping, it is still by their side; mixed up with all the ordinary functions of daily life, till it becomes as familiar to them as when it lived and moved in the family circle. From familiarity it is a short step to desecration. The body, stretched out upon two chairs, is pulled about by the children; made to serve as a restingplace for any article that is in the way; and is not seldom the hidingplace for the beer-bottle or the gin if any visitor arrives inopportunately. Viewed as an outrage upon human feeling, this is bad enough; but who does not see that when the respect for the dead—that is, for the human form in its most awful stage—is gone, the whole mass of social sympathies must be weakened—perhaps blighted and destroyed?'

The remedy for this particular evil forms part of the proposed remedial plans which we shall have presently to notice. Immediately, or within a few hours after death, as peculiar circumstances might warrant, the body should be removed to a building, to be erected in the precincts of all cemeteries, and there lie under proper custody until the time of interment, which should in all ordinary cases be within three days. Speedy removal of a corpse after death need not involve the apprehension of burying alive. In any and every case where suspended animation was suspected, the body would be placed in an apartment specially contrived, so that the slightest indication of returning consciousness should be at once attended to. The difficulties in the way of such a reform as this are great, though not insurmountable: long-established custom and a host of prejudices are

to be overcome besides the sympathies of sorrow. The popular notion is, that prompt removal of a corpse would be 'cruel;' and we can only look to knowledge and enlightenment for rectification of the error; to show that the lower a people are in civilisation, the more unnecessary attentions do they bestow on mortal clay; that it is the animate spirit which we love, not the perishable carcase; that vain pomp is worse than useless. Large sums are lavished on funeral trappings which would prove of lasting benefit to those who have to pay for them, and the incongruity of the emblems with the present condition of society is lost sight of. Those accustomed to witness the return of 'mourning-coaches when the funeral's done,' will estimate the array at its true value, especially when contrasted with an unobtrusive ride to the cemetery, there to assume the funeral garb, and having paid the last solemn duty to the departed, to return with a chastened spirit that seeks not to attract the vulgar gaze.

Then the expense! Funerals afford grand opportunities for plunder. The number of undertakers in London is estimated at from 500 to 1000; many of them merely receive orders, on which a commission is obtained; while a second, and sometimes a third party, does the work, so that three profits have to be paid. One of these middlemen 'got' a new suit of clothes for himself out of the 'remuneration' from a common mechanic's funeral. A labourer's funeral costs from £3 to £5; working tradesmen pay from £10 to £12; people of 'moderate respectability,' £60; a clergyman's widow was charged £110 for her husband's funeral, she having ordered 'what was respectable;' while to gentlemen and the superior ranks the cost is from £200 to £1000. From detailed statements, collected with a view to ascertain the fair and honest cost of interments, it appears that a 'walking funeral,' exclusive of burial fees, can be undertaken at specified rates—'For a labouring-man, £1, 10s.; for a labourer's child, 15s.; for a tradesman, £2, 2s.; for a tradesman's child, £1, 1s.; for a gentleman, £6, 7s. 6d.; for a gentleman's child, £3, 10s. The expenses of hearses and carriages would depend on the distance, and would make from one to two guineas each carriage extra.' This is near the rate of charges made for interments in Paris, and admits of the funeral being conducted in a solemn and decorous manner: economy in this respect not involving shabbiness. The 'proximate estimate of the expense for the total number of funerals in England and Wales, in one year,' is stated as £4,871,943. The useless and excessive outlay in this large amount, if applied to sanitary arrangements, would constitute an immediate and effectual means of preventing many of the evils complained of. The necessary structural reforms in ordinary dwelling-houses may be made at a charge of £1, 5s. 10d., or less, payable as instalments over a period of twenty or thirty years. In Liverpool alone, with proper precautions, £30,000 might be saved in funeral expenses yearly.

One point cannot be too strongly urged—and that is the necessity for prohibiting at once and for ever the practice of burial in towns or in close proximity to human habitations. Cemeteries of large extent may be laid out on waste lands adjoining railways, so as to be readily accessible; and the building of dwelling-houses within a mile of these restingplaces of mortality should be rigidly forbidden. To provide for the 50,000 annual deaths in London, and allow ten years to elapse before disturbing the same

ground, 444 acres would be required—an area equal to that of three of the West-End parks put together. We need not go far for precedents: extramural interment is the rule on the continent, as it was among the primitive church. On the continent, too, and in the United States, we find the appointment of a public-health officer an essential part of sanitary police. In times of distress and disease among the poor, this official would act as referee, and be at hand to give advice and assistance: his presence would operate as a check on burial-club murders and secret poisonings. Inquests on sudden but natural deaths would be unnecessary; and his supervision would be a means of protecting the poor from extortionate charges at funerals, and from 'the various unforeseen contingencies that occur to perplex and mislead the prostrate and desolate survivors on such occasions.' We are led to believe, from the Report on Extramural Sepulture, mentioned in a former part of this paper, that the burial-in-towns' grievance will not be suffered to exist much longer. It is proposed to obtain two acts, one for London, the other for the country. The present practices, as urged above, are not to be permitted; fees are to be reduced, and not more than one corpse is to be buried in a grave. A site on the banks of the Thames (said to be at Erith) has been surveyed for a general cemetery, eligible in all respects for the purposes required. It can be reached by steamboat from London Bridge in about an hour, or by railway. Reception-houses for the dead are to be built in various localities near the river, so that corpses may be at once removed from among the living.

Carelessness of infantile life is a prominent characteristic of some of our densely-populated manufacturing towns; to meet this, the Registrar-General recommends the establishment of dispensaries for the young. 'How pitiful,' he observes, 'is the condition of many thousands of children born in this world! Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns of England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, and manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture, where Percival wrote, and Dalton lived—13,362 children perished in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind. These "little children," brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers, to breathe the subtle, sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more cursed distillation than "hebenon"—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid—which, like Hope, should "come to all"—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral!'

The fatal practice of giving opiates to children here alluded to is one that prevails, especially in Lancashire: nearly every town is implicated in the melancholy result. 'Godfrey's Cordial,' 'Mother's Blessing,' 'Infants' Preservative,' and other similar deleterious compounds, are sold by hundreds of gallons as 'quietness' for children; and in this way numbers are slept to death. According to Dr Lyon Playfair, 'the mother goes out to her work in the morning, leaving her child in charge either of a woman who cannot be troubled with it, or with another child of perhaps ten years old. A dose of *quietness* is therefore given to the child to prevent it being

troublesome.' Again at dinner-time and in the evening is the deadly potion administered, until the victim of parental ignorance dies, or becomes deformed or idiotic. And what is worse, the death is frequently intentional: the child is 'entered' at sometimes a dozen burial-clubs, and the wretched parents sell the life of their offspring for the insurance money.

It is interesting, painfully so in the present instance, to mark the parallelism between cause and effect in places remote from each other, and in different states of society. The assistant-surgeon at Allahabad complains of certain 'savage customs' prevalent in that city, whereby 'at or about the second month of its infantile life every child is made to take opium, wine, or any other narcotic drug to lull it to sleep. This unnatural and cruel practice has gained so firm a footing, in this city in particular, that even the rich mothers, who can easily afford maid-servants for their children, nay, who have them already, indulge in it frequently. If for a time they abstain, it is with no very good or great results. The ample opportunity afforded to the mother by this inhuman course, and the very few number of times she is required to suckle the child, induce her soon to overlook the evil and dangerous consequences, and to resume the task of destruction.'

Next to want of pure air, we may consider the want of pure water—of a full and steady supply of the indispensable element—a prominent cause of disease and demoralisation. Efficient drainage and sewerage depend on a copious supply of water: without water, alleys, streets, and roads cannot be kept properly clean; for want of water, thousands of the population are dirty and filthy in person and habitation. Want of water in constant pressure increases the risk of fire, and keeps up the rates of insurance. In crowded districts, where every room of nearly every house is separately tenanted, a scarcity of water is severely felt, and uncleanness is inevitable. The labour of descending flights of stairs to fetch water from a 'stand-cook' is too great to admit of a free and sufficient use of the precious fluid. Equivocal vegetables, purchased from unsavoury hucksters, are cooked without any process of washing; and after the boiling of 'morbid meat,' the liquor is made to do duty in other domestic operations. Two or three instalments of under-clothing are washed in unrenewed water, which then, instead of being thrown away, is used in scrubbing the floors and stairs. Hence noxious exhalations, and the foul smells which cling to the abodes and the persons of those to whom the epithet 'great unwashed' has been applied. How are people to wash without water? We are not Mussulmans, that we should make-believe to perform ablutions with 'invisible soap and imperceptible water.' When people become accustomed to dirt, when its presence is either unperceived or unfelt, there is no limit to the downward tendency. Perhaps the most repulsive feature connected with the want of water is the foul condition of the *lieux d'aisance*: it is hard to conceive the depravity of sentiment which tolerates the presence, the contact even, of human *egesta*—which makes no effort to avoid or remove the most loathsome of excrementitious matters. Apart from the horrible physical contamination, the moral contamination is conspicuous. Each degree of squalor finds its peculiar *locus*. Let any one perambulate the Canongate, Cowgate, and their purlieus, in the Old Town of Edinburgh, at early morn, at mid-

day, and again in the evening, let him note the habits and characteristics of the population therein domiciliated, and then extend his explorations to the 'back streets' of the New Town. He sees an essential difference: bad as the one may be, the other is worse immeasurably—in fact beyond the reach of adjectives to qualify. So of Glasgow, so of Liverpool, so of Manchester, so of Sheffield, so of London, and of every other place where ignorance or cupidity has stifled the disposition to improve.

From a calculation made on the basis of the last census, there are in London 300,000 cesspools, whose contents form an exhaling surface of 2,700,000 feet, nearly 62 acres, or 17,550,000 cubic feet. This, in the words of the authority, 'is equal to one enormous elongated stagnant cesspool 10 miles in length, 50 feet in width, and 6 feet 6 inches in depth, which would extend through London, from the Broadway at Hammersmith to Bow Bridge over the river Lea—a distance of 10 miles. If such a gigantic cesspool of filth were to be seen, it would fill the mind with horror; but, as is shown above, a vast number of small ones, which, added together, equal it in extent, is dotted all over the town; in fact it may be said that the ground, in old districts more particularly, is literally honeycombed with the barbarous things.' The atmospheric pollution which such a hoarded conglomeration must necessarily produce can hardly be less fatal than the paludal miasma of the Campagna, or of the equatorial regions of Western Africa. If not in itself a cause of disease, it aggravates the effect a thousandfold. With our improved social habits, we no longer allow our streets and kennels to be defiled with the excretæ of a population; the operations of nightmen are viewed with increasing disgust. Why, then, should we be content to live—to go through our daily avocations—expand ourselves in domestic or intellectual enjoyments—pour out our hearts in loving sympathies, with a pestiferous accumulation of putridity but a few inches below our feet? If the nuisance were irremediable, we might resort to fumigations and counteracting perfumes, as did our forefathers, and endeavour to be thankful that things were no worse. But the remedy is as simple as the evil is offensive. With an ample supply of water properly distributed, and applied in dwelling-houses and underground, all these noxious matters may be at once carried away. In a well-constructed sewer, the continuous flow of a small stream of water effects by simple and innoxious means a transport and removal which now cost so dear in every sense of the word.

The reservoirs at the Fairmount works, by which Philadelphia is supplied, contain 22,000,000 gallons. The water is distributed through 97 miles of iron pipe. The daily consumption in 1848 was 4,275,352 gallons, for which the receipts were nearly 117,000 dollars. Three water-wheels lift the quantity required at a daily cost of four dollars, and two men, working 12 hours alternately, do all the duties connected with the supply, which, besides private service, includes 851 fire-plugs, and 319 'public hydrant pumps.' New York, too, has its aqueduct 40 miles in length, 8 feet high, and 7 wide, which will convey 30,000,000 gallons daily; the distributing reservoir holds 21,000,000 gallons, and there are more than 180 miles of pipe laid throughout the city. Boston also will be abundantly supplied when the aqueduct which is to bring water from Cochituate Lake, twenty miles distant, shall be finished. The source will

afford 10,000,000 gallons every day: the capacity of the reservoirs is 70,000,000 gallons. Such undertakings are worthy of all praise.

London is supplied with water by eight principal companies, and two or three minor ones, who furnish, according to Mr Fletcher's calculation, as read before the Statistical Society, 330,000,000 hogsheads yearly; being 10,140,500 cubic feet per day, or at the rate of 30 gallons for each individual of the population. Yet it is notorious that there are in London 70,000 houses, occupied by more than half a million of inhabitants, which have no supply whatever. It is in this class of dwellings that the miserable make-shifts take place alluded to above, as exhibited most markedly in the east of London, where some hundreds of 'stand-cocks' scattered over the 'low neighbourhoods,' with an intermittent supply, afford but scanty means for comfort or cleanliness.

The thirty gallons per day to each individual is thus shown to be practically a fallacy. Yet were it true, certain essentials would still be lacking. We want water, but good water, sweet and wholesome—not diluted mud or sewer refuse. The Thames, in its course of 160 miles, receives the refuse outpourings of 223 cities, towns, and villages; the metropolis discharges its pestilential tribute to the noble river through 130 sewers, to the amount of 30,000,000 gallons daily, or 130,000 tons. Among a population of 2,000,000, the mere daily ablutions must contribute largely to the causes of contamination; add to this the excrementitious matters, 'the washings of foul linen, the filth and refuse of many hundred manufactories, the offal and decomposing vegetable substances from the markets, the foul and gory liquid from slaughter-houses, and the purulent abominations from hospitals and dissecting-rooms,' and an idea may be formed of the quality of the fluid which no inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants of London are doomed to drink, to use for all domestic purposes every day of their lives, unless, indeed, they abjure the impure element altogether, and consume it as disguised by brewers, distillers, and licensed victuallers.

The Lambeth Company, which distributes water over a large part of the low, flat district on the south of the Thames, take their supply from the river near to Charing-Cross Suspension Bridge; they pump it at once, without any intermediate process of filtration, into the cisterns of their customers. Now it is worthy of remark, that during the late visitation of cholera the deaths were more numerous on the Lambeth side of the river than in any other part. The maximum mortality fell in Rotherhithe, a district supplied with water from the Thames near Chelsea Hospital. The whole of this peninsulated region lies low, as before stated, some feet below high-water mark—a fact not to be lost sight of in theorising on the relation between impure water and choleraic phenomena. But when we find the more elevated districts—supplied by the New River, and the companies deriving their supplies from Hampstead and from the Thames at Kew and Hammersmith, sources of *comparative* purity—escaping almost intact, we cannot resist the inference that bad water induces an abnormal condition in those who drink it favourable to the encroachments of disease. From time to time, a panic has seized the public mind on the subject of Thames water; and companies have filtered on a large, and individuals on a small scale, hoping to obtain a drinkable beverage

In 1828, a committee of medical and scientific gentlemen appointed by parliament drew up a report on the water question. We have quoted from this report above. As regards the mechanical cleansing, they considered 'it obvious that water receiving so large a proportion of foreign matters as we know find their way into the Thames, and so far impure as to destroy fish, cannot, even when clarified by filtration, be pronounced entirely free from the suspicion of general insalubrity.' Analyses of water engaged the attention of Berzelius during some of the latter years of his life: that great chemist found it impossible to divest water, once contaminated by human excretæ, of its noxious principles.

The subject is a fertile one, commercially as well as physiologically. Since the Reports of the Health of Towns' Commission were published, many schemes and projects have been put forward with a view to a pure and efficient water-supply. Artesian wells, and distant lakes and streams, are talked about as available sources; but no one plan has yet appeared which combines all the requisites. Forcible objections are urged against increasing the already too numerous associations of irresponsible companies. One great controlling and administrative authority would appear to be the essential principle of true sanitary reform.

In addition to the vitiating causes already indicated, the monster smoke-nuisance is a pre-eminent grievance. Manchester, Stockport, and others of our northern manufacturing towns are flagrant examples of a prejudicial excess of smoke. Wherever the fuliginous vapours abound, there vegetation languishes, in most cases perishes—the deadening influence extending even to outlying suburbs. That which is fatal to vegetable life would, by analogy, be fatal also to animal existence: some things which may be taken into the stomach without harmful consequences, are eminently injurious when brought into contact with the lungs. People have eaten decomposing animal substances, and lived, when the gases evolved in the process of decomposition would have destroyed life. The air of large towns conveys to a person fresh from the country, and in a normal state of health, a sense of suffocation. This feeling is experienced by town-dwellers themselves in rainy or damp weather. The carbon of the smoke then becomes saturated, and sinks, and the subsidence of the murky canopy prevents that ventilation which in clear open weather takes place in a greater or lesser degree. In Manchester, the rain-water is harder than that of springs in the neighbouring hills—an anomaly only to be accounted for by the carbonaceous overcharge in the atmosphere. Hence the busy seats of manufacture, whose inhabitants, above all others, require energy, activity, and spirit, are compelled to work at a discount, and the industrial barometer is depressed in proportion to the aerial surcharge and debasement. But the working population are not the sole sufferers. 'Even upon the middle and higher classes the nuisance of an excess of smoke, occasioned by ignorance and culpable carelessness, operates as a tax, increasing the wear and tear of linen, and the expense of washing, to all who live within the range of the mismanaged chimneys. In the suburbs of Manchester, for example, linen will be as dirty in two or three days as it would be even in the suburbs of London in a week.'

Londoners will hardly be reconciled to their own smoky annoyance by

the knowledge that a greater exists two hundred miles to the northward. It was a subject of complaint a couple of centuries ago. The Earl of Strafford, writing to one of his friends after an illness, says, 'I recovered more in a day by an open country air than in a fortnight's time in that smothering one of London.' 'As the air is,' says old Burton, 'so are the inhabitants—dull, heavy, witty, subtle, neat, cleanly, clownish, sick, and sound.' The quaint humorist was nearer the truth than he perhaps thought. To say nothing of breweries, distilleries, and their countless rivals of all degrees, the twelve gas companies of London burn 180,000 tons of coal in the twelvemonth—no small item in the sooty aggregate. In fact the veriest smoke-denouncer of the present day would need but to reproduce honest John Evelyn's complaint, as set forth in his 'Fumifugium.' In his day even the evil was already obnoxious; for he speaks of the 'hellish and dismal cloud of sea-coal,' and of the chimneys of brewers and traders, whose 'belching sooty jaws do manifestly infect the air more than all the chimneys of London put together.' Plants and flowers, too, would no longer grow where the fumes penetrated. The author of 'Sylva' took part in preparing an act to suppress the nuisance; but nothing came of it, and the same negative result has continued down to our own day.

A twofold necessity would seem to exist for purification of the air in towns, seeing that not only are the lungs of the community defrauded of their fair and natural quantum of oxygen, but the water is deteriorated in quality by absorption of impurities from the atmosphere. Dr Angus Smith, in a report on the air and water of towns, read to the British Association, shows the deterioration to consist in more than the increment of carbonic acid, and to be due to organic matter, which all animals throw off in expiration. He has collected condensed breath from the inside of windows in crowded rooms, and submitted it to chemical analysis. 'If allowed,' he observes, 'to stand some time, it forms a thick, apparently glutinous mass; but when this is examined by a microscope, it is seen to be a closely-matted confervoid growth, or, in other words, the organic matter is converted into confervæ, as it probably would have been converted into any kind of vegetation that happened to take root. Between the stalks of the confervæ are to be seen a number of greenish globules constantly moving about, various species of volvox, accompanied also by monads many times smaller. When this happens, the scene is certainly lively and the sight beautiful; but before this occurs, the odour of perspiration may be distinctly perceived, especially if the vessel containing the liquid be placed in boiling water.' It is worthy of note that even after many days of rain, this organic matter may still be detected in a town atmosphere.

The doctor's summing up ought to be widely known. We reproduce some of his conclusions here—they may serve as sanitary texts. *Imprimis*, that the pollution of air in crowded rooms is really owing to organic matter, not merely carbonic acid; that this may be collected from the lungs or breath, and from crowded rooms indifferently; that it is capable of decomposition, and becomes attached to bodies in an apartment, where it probably decomposes, especially when moisture assists it; that this matter has a strong animal smell, first of perspiration, or, when burnt, of compounds of protein; and that its power of supporting the life of animalcules proves it to contain the usual elements of organized life.

Next he explains the chemistry of filtration, and alleges that 'water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a very large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.' Small filters do their work imperfectly; the larger they are the better. The vapid, spiritless taste of water in large towns is caused by the water purifying itself from the noxious matters which it receives from sewers and drains by percolation or otherwise. The corrective recommended for this absence of living flavour is the addition of a small quantity of acid. Again—'The slightly-alkaline state into which the soil is put at certain periods of the year, give it a facility for emitting vapours.' Here we seem to have a glimpse of one of the manifold operations of telluric chemistry: it would be interesting to learn whether any, or what condition of the soil favours the development of cholera; or whether the diffusion of ammonia in the atmosphere, by facilitating the evolution of organic particles in hot weather, has any part in the phenomena of epidemics.

It would far exceed our limits to dissert at length on all the causes which deteriorate public health, to the prejudice of public and private economy and morals. Most of them have been brought forward directly or indirectly, and we can only particularise one or two others before approaching the subject of remedial measures. Perhaps but few persons, until of late, had ever thought that dirt and impurity involved such fearful consequences, such an amount of sorrow and suffering. Dirt, danger, disease, death, form an alliterative series fraught with highly-important considerations which compel attention. It costs more *not* to have paved streets, drains, and sewers, and a constant supply of water in the house, than to have all these conveniences. In Manchester, Leeds, and other towns, as shown by concurrent testimony, the more a street is neglected by the municipal authorities, the more will it be neglected by those who inhabit it. If a street be kept clean, there is a hope that the dwellers therein will follow the cleanly example; but it is manifestly a delusion to expect purity to flourish in a swamp of impurity. Classify the fever patients in hospitals, you will find that nine out of ten come from the unpaved and undrained districts. Dr Baron Howard remarks, that in such quarters 'whole streets are unpaved, and without drains or main-sewers; are worn into deep ruts and holes, in which water constantly stagnates; and are so covered with refuse and excrementitious matter, as to be almost impassable from depth of mud, and intolerable from stench.' This is said of Manchester, where, 'of 687 streets inspected by a voluntary association, 248 were reported as being unpaved, 112 ill-ventilated, 352 as containing stagnant pools, heaps of refuse, ordure, &c. . . . Of the 586 streets of Leeds, 68 only are paved by the town—that is, by the local authorities; the remainder are either paved by owners, or are partly paved, or are totally unpaved, with the surfaces broken in every direction, and ashes and filth of every description accumulated upon many of them. In the manufacturing towns of England, most of which have enlarged with great rapidity, the additions have been made without regard either to the personal comfort of the inhabitants or to the necessities of aggregation. To build the largest number of cottages on the smallest allowable space, seems to have been the original view of the speculators; and the having the houses up and tenanted,

the *ne plus ultra* of their desires. Thus neighbourhoods have arisen in which there is neither water nor out-offices, nor any conveniences for the absolute wants of the occupiers.' Here we have a significant hint—one out of many—that 'cupidity of proprietors' is justly chargeable with a great amount of public misery.

In all this there is not only loss of character, health, and life, but loss also of a source of revenue to towns, and of materials highly valuable to the agriculturist. Assuming that 15,000 tons of solid excrementitious matter are daily cast into the sinks and sewers of London, and that each ton is worth 10s. when converted into *poudrette*, or marketable manure, there is in the present waste of such materials a daily loss of more than £7000, and this superadded to the often-urged obnoxious consequences of such waste. If we draw up a debtor and creditor account in this, as in any other part of the subject, the balance is always against the hitherto imperfect arrangements. Wherever improvement has been attempted, although on no grand comprehensive scale, the result has proved favourable. In Aberdeen the streets are swept daily at a charge of £1000 yearly; the refuse is worth £2000. In Perth, again, the cost of cleansing is £1300 annually, while the value of the sweepings is £1730. With our increased knowledge of the chemistry of agriculture, and of the necessity for maintaining a due balance between the animal and vegetable kingdoms—between the physical and the organic—it is little creditable to us, as a people apt to avail ourselves of all promising means of trade, that the most valuable of fertilising substances, the richest in nitrogenous principles, should be poured forth as worthless. Our area of waste lands would soon be diminished were a proper economy of manures once established. In the cities and towns of China, tubs and tanks are placed in the streets for public use, and at the close of each day are emptied into barges, which, by means of the numerous canals, convey the prized freight to all the farms of the district. Here we see a rational appreciation of useful elements: whatever system of sewerage may be adopted, it must, to be thoroughly efficient, provide for a proper conservation and employment of the animal refuse. Its distribution in a highly-diluted state to wide districts, by means of pipes laid underground, has been recommended; but taking all circumstances into consideration, we believe that its conversion into the solid form, or as *poudrette*, would be the more desirable process, and the most available for general transport. The invigoration which commerce is destined to feel under the relaxation of restrictive laws will doubtless stimulate ingenuity to some acceptable solution of the difficulty.

Another instance of combined waste and noxiousness is to be found in intramural slaughter-houses. In this, as in so many other nuisances, modern civilisation is remarkably tolerant. That which the Plantagenets and Tudors regulated by statutory enactments, is now left in a great measure to legislate for itself. There are 4000 butchers in London; and to supply the vast demand ever concentrated in the metropolis, nearly two millions of animals of all sorts are sold at Smithfield in a year. A cattle-market within the walls, nay, in the heart of a large and densely-populated city, is one of those civil incongruities which, familiarised by long custom, we look on as matters of course; and yet a few moments of calm reflection, aided

by common sense and pecuniary disinterestedness, would convince any one of the egregious mistake. Smithfield was once outside of London—the natural situation for a quadrupedal Exchange; in fact out-of-town cattle-markets will complete the amelioration to be commenced by out-of-town cemeteries. The city corporation derive an annual profit of nearly £4000 from the present market, the area of which is scarcely one-fourth of what is really needed to afford proper accommodation to the herds and flocks of live-stock, the 160 salesmen, the 900 licensed drovers, and the multitude of buyers, whose purchases form an annual aggregate of £7,000,000.

The other markets of London—north, south, east, or west—are reproductions of the Smithfield nuisance on a smaller scale: most of them are infested by slaughter-houses—a very scandal to social police. Whether on the surface, or, as is frequently the case, in an underground cellar, the emanations from the noisome garbage taint the meat exposed for sale at the stalls, and add to the already existing overcharge of atmospheric impurity. From fifty to sixty sheep, or ten to twenty cattle, are slaughtered daily in some of these reeking vaults. We may, however, hope that the nuisance here specified, as well as others, will ere long be looked back on as errors of the past; for by the Report of the Commission of Sewers for the City of London, published a few weeks since, we learn that slaughter-houses within its jurisdiction are now licensed, and cleansed in accordance with the regulations, and that other local evils are in process of mitigation or removal. We gladly record this step towards essential efficiency in corporate supervision.

Putting the physical and economical advantages against the 'interests,' there is no valid reason why such nuisances should not be abated—the rather as the precedents for such a step are as complete as could be wished. The two cattle-markets of Paris are many miles distant from the city; all animals intended for consumption in the capital must be killed at one or other of the five abattoirs, or slaughter-houses, built at some distance without the walls. These edifices were erected in 1810, in obedience to a decree by Napoleon, and were so perfect in their arrangements, as to have never been improved on. The regulations for securing entire cleanliness are admirable, and are enforced rigorously on the butchers and killers employed on the premises: a task greatly facilitated by the ample space afforded and the means for thorough ventilation and circulation of the air. The original cost of the abattoirs was £680,000; the revenue derived from them in 1846 amounted to £47,608; while the expenditure being £4958, a net profit remained of nearly £43,000. Abattoirs are not altogether unknown in England: there is one about three miles from Liverpool, which, while remunerating the proprietors, has relieved the town, though not so completely as could be wished, of a mischievous source of annoyance. The inhabitants of the great port of the Mersey will find but little good in half-measures; nothing short of entire prohibition of intramural slaughtering will meet the necessities of the case. Norwich also has its abattoir, on too small a scale, however, to be efficiently remedial as well as profitable.

The removal of the metropolitan cattle-market is no new question; it was eloquently discussed in speech and writing nearly a hundred years ago; and the government Commission lately appointed to collect evidence, and report on the Smithfield case, will find much work already done to their

hands in Mr Gwynn's statements, published in 1766, as well as in the memorial presented to the Lords of Council for Trade in 1808. In reply to the latter, the Lords determined to suppress the existing market, and remove it to a site of not less than twelve acres beyond the walls. Unfortunately this praiseworthy decision was not acted on, chiefly because of supineness on the part of the authorities, and opposition of interested individuals; and it was not until 1828 that attention was again drawn to the subject. However, in parliamentary phrase, the parties took nothing by their motion. In 1835 Mr Perkins erected a spacious and well-provided cattle-market at Islington, with a view to divert the trade from the heart of the city, and thereby abate a nuisance both dangerous and disgusting; but the undertaking proved a failure, and until within the past year not a hoof was lodged in the roomy receptacles. The decision of the Commission now sitting will doubtless be a final one: we trust it may also be the right one, and that through them sanitation may yet gain somewhat in completeness.

Such, so far, may be considered as the essential grievances obnoxious to public health, and the cause of unparalleled evils, physical and moral, social and individual. But the conclusions have been disputed; they have been questioned as theoretical, and unsupported by fact. A very slight acquaintance, however, with the history of medicine, coupled with that of interior national economy, will satisfy all the inferences as to cause and effect. Ample confirmation is afforded by the annals of every people whatsoever, that their wellbeing and advancement depended not less on obedience to laws of health than to political laws. Mr Walker furnishes a case in point:—‘In ancient Egypt,’ he states, ‘plague was unknown. Although densely populated, the health of the inhabitants was preserved by strict attention to sanitary regulations. But with time came on change, and that change was in man. The serene climate, the enriching river, the fruitful soil remained; but when the experience of two thousand years was set at naught—when the precautions previously adopted for preserving the soil from accumulated impurities were neglected—when the sepulchral rites of civilised Egypt were exchanged for the modern but barbarous practices of interment—when the land of mummies became, as it now is, one vast charnel-house—the seed which was sown brought forth its bitter fruit, and from dangerous innovations came the most deadly pestilence. The plague first appeared in Egypt in the year 542, two hundred years after the change had been made from the ancient to the modern mode of sepulture; and every one at all acquainted with the actual condition of Egypt will at once recognise in the soil more than sufficient to account for the dreadful malady which constantly afflicts the people.’

Here we find one of the remarkable instances in which it is possible to assign a primary habitat to a disease on distinct grounds. The plague is peculiar to countries bordering on the Mediterranean; but its breeding-place is a district on the coast of Egypt adjacent to Alexandria. In former times the Egyptians were very cleanly in their habits: they made openings in the walls of their rooms to promote ventilation, and kept up a continual descending current of air in their chambers by means of the *mulqaf*, an apparatus constructed on the roof of their houses; still used by their descendants, but much less effectively. Now, the great mass of the popula-

tion live huddled together in miserable dwellings. The system of burial among them is most imperfect: the grave is generally not more than eighteen inches in depth, and in many instances the body is covered only by a thin coat of sand. There are thirty-five burial-grounds in Cairo, each one a centre of pestilence. Dogs and hyenas prowl about them at night, and feast on the corpses; millions of flies, generated by heat of climate and putrefaction, infest the air during the day, and sometimes by contact communicate plague to the passers-by. Egypt is not alone in this desecration of burial-grounds: in some parts of Ireland dead bodies are not unfrequently exhumed and devoured or mutilated by packs of ferocious dogs.

Again: one of the assistant-surgeons under the medical staff of India directs attention to the *takias*, or burial-grounds, of which there are 300 in and about the populous city of Benares. They are, to quote his own words, 'productive of mischief . . . and as the poor do not mind to bury the dead deeper than they think it necessary, a few years' rains expose them to the action of the atmospheric heat and air. . . . Effluvia from putrid dead bodies, under favourable circumstances, have been known even in Europe to nearly depopulate a number of villages; and that in India they will produce similar effects, but of an aggravated nature, is matter of no surprise.' Here we have a definite effect arising out of a definite cause; but other phenomena are not so easily explained. It would be interesting could we know why scarlet fever should have originated in Arabia in the sixth century, and why no record of hooping-cough exists prior to 1510, when it prevailed fatally in Paris, and has subsequently destroyed great numbers in all parts of the world. Cholera, too, is peculiar to India, in which country it has been known and dreaded from the most ancient times. Influenza also, which comes at all times and seasons, choleraic in character, and equally mysterious—what is it? These are instances where our science is at fault. That the obnoxious principle lies in paludal poison or marsh miasm, is generally agreed on; but opinions are divided as to the nature of the miasm. One side pronounces it 'a product of vegetable decomposition; the other an exhalation from the earth, favoured by the condition of the marsh.' Others, again, assign the cause to some as yet undiscovered phenomena of telluric chemistry—some æriform product of decomposition infused into the air immediately above the surface of the earth. But however ignorant we may be of the real causes of zymotic and epidemic diseases, we know that filth, uncleanness, and an impure atmosphere, are positively favourable to their outbreak and to the virulence of their ravages. The filthy condition of towns in England in former times is scarcely to be imagined: the unpaved streets were made the receptacles for filth and refuse of all descriptions. Cities and towns were thus converted into human jungles not less malarious than the swamps of India. Renewal of air was never regarded as a vital necessity, and fearfully at times was the ignorance punished. In our judicial records will be found more than one mention of a 'black assize.' At Oxford in 1577, three hundred individuals who had attended the court, as well as the judge and sheriff, died from malignant fever within forty-eight hours of the opening of the proceedings. The disease was communicated by the wretched prisoners who had been shut up for months in the noisome cells of an unventilated prison; and a similar instance occurred in London

at the Old Bailey in 1756, when the lord mayor, the two judges, besides several persons of note, and many others also, met their death. Cause and effect were never more markedly exhibited. The history of epidemics as regards our own country alone is appalling; the lives swept away in the oft-recurring visitations of the destroyer must be counted by myriads. To go back but two centuries: Howel, writing in 1648, says, 'in and about St Paul's Church horse-dung is a yard deep;' and more than one writer of the days of the second Charles complains that the sulphuretted hydrogen exhaled from the filth and refuse which then defiled the streets of London turned silver black. No wonder that with such a congenial *nichus* prepared for its reception, the pestilence of the East should have ravaged the West. But then, as now, the great plague found its victims among the 'lower orders;' of those in high positions, and among the wealthy, but few comparatively died. Even when no such dread calamity prevailed, the waste of life was startling to a competent observer: Sydenham has left it on record, that in his time from 1000 to 2000 persons died every year in the metropolis of ague and intermittent fever—diseases which seldom occur in the present day except in low, marshy, undrained localities. Had the great plague not been followed by the great fire, London would have suffered again and again from the same causes—want of cleanliness, space, and air. Sir Christopher Wren's noble plan for rebuilding the city, which may even yet be studied with advantage, provided amply for street ventilation; but how imperfectly the benefit was realised, will long remain as a signal instance of shortsightedness and cupidity. Perhaps the sash-windows, which 'came in' with William III., may have assisted in the subsequent gradual ameliorations.

The development of typhus is remarkable: its action is most fatal in northern latitudes; in the south it rarely appears, or very mildly. It is constant in England: jail fever, hospital fever, putrid fever, ship fever, are only other names for the one fell malady—typhus. It is both infectious and contagious; it is not generated in the miasm of churchyards, in the atmosphere of dissecting-rooms, in effluvia from noxious trade-operations, though all these prepare the way for its fatal attacks. It is pre-eminently the disease of the poor and the destitute. Many practitioners who visit exclusively among the wealthier classes never see a case of it. Dirt, privation, bad food, and overcrowding, are powerful predisposing causes; and where these are combined, the contagion plays and riots with human life as the wild winds of the equinox with the fallen leaves of autumnal forests. 'I once went,' states Mr Bowie in his evidence, 'into a room where a woman was lying in typhus fever, a small underground apartment, the window of which opened into a confined area or yard. To this situation she had been confined several days: the window and door were closed; none of the excretions had been removed. On entering the room, I was almost suffocated; the stench was unbearable. I rushed to the window, and threw it open before I could speak a word. After paying my visit, when I got into the street I was seized with headache, giddiness, and sickness. I was so ill the next morning that I was unable to rise, and was confined to bed for several days afterwards. No dead locusts putrefying in a stagnant pool in Ethiopia could have produced a worse smell, or created a more poisonous atmosphere, than existed in that room.' In

addition to all other distressing circumstances, the mere pecuniary cost of typhus is an important item in the general sum of suffering. Liverpool expends annually £2400 on cases of typhus fever alone; an amount which, properly applied, would go far towards the entire suppression of the disease. This is a case in which the remedial efficacy of ventilation cannot be too strongly insisted on: it is perhaps the cheapest that can be had recourse to. Varro and Hippocrates knew its value; they both effected cures during the prevalence of epidemics by causing openings for ventilation to be made in the walls of sick-chambers. And there is a passage in one of the letters addressed by Erasmus to Wolsey's physician which would apply with almost equal force at the present day. 'The English,' says the learned Hollander, 'are totally regardless concerning the aspect of their doors and windows to the east, north, and south; then they build their chambers so that they admit not a thorough air, which yet, in Galen's opinion, is very necessary.'

The ancient Romans, with their practical good sense, took measures, extraordinary for the period, to maintain the standard of public health. The first aqueduct for supplying Rome with water was constructed as early as 313 B.C. The huge sewer or *cloaca maxima* is attributed to Tarquin, who also drained the unhealthy swamps which surrounded the seven-hilled city. These swamps are now left to take care of themselves, and the consequence is a perpetual malaria. Roads were gravelled and streets paved by the Romans at an early period, and aediles appointed to have charge over baths, sewers, temples, aqueducts, streets, and roads. At one time during the republic there was a contract by the censors to pay 1000 talents, nearly £200,000, for the repair of the sewers—no mean evidence of the importance attached to the underground channels. The emperors outdid the republic. Agrippa once more repaired the sewers, and turned seven rivers into them with such effect, as to render them navigable. He also built 170 public baths at his own cost. The whole number of these edifices in Rome was nearly 1000. One of them was so spacious, that 3000 bathers could be accommodated at once. Under Augustus the whole city was laid out in *vici* or blocks, each of 250 dwelling-houses; the height of houses was fixed at seventy feet; and the law required that a space of five feet should be left between one house and another; and crooked and narrow streets were straightened and widened.

To turn to another part of the world: when the Spaniards first invaded Peru and Mexico, they were much astonished to find that the 'barbarians,' as they called the natives, were far advanced in those social arrangements commonly considered as inseparable from modern civilisation. Aqueducts, carried 'over hill and valley for several miles,' bore abundant streams wherever luxury or necessity required. The city of Mexico was supplied from a source in a hill a league distant by means of earthen pipes as large as a man's body. There were two rows of pipes, so that if one needed repair, the water could still flow through the other to the capital, there to be distributed to the fountains and reservoirs for the service of the population. And further, as recorded by Mr Prescott:—'A careful police provided for the safety of the city. A thousand persons were said to have been employed daily in watering and sweeping the streets, so that a man—to borrow the language of an old Spaniard—"could walk through them

with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands." The population numbered 300,000; thus 1 in 300 was employed in the work of cleanliness. If such arrangements—the arts of peace—were made the subject of especial attention by the Romans, and by the barbarians of America, we have the less excuse for neglecting them in our more advanced state of enlightenment.

The visitation of influenza in 1847, and of cholera in 1849, may, if rightly viewed, be taken not only as a warning, but as an index of what has not been done, and of what has to be done. The reports of the General Board of Health published in the latter year embody a large and valuable mass of facts and suggestions on the whole subject in connection with quarantine and the prevention of diseases. With regard to the first of these questions, it appears from the evidence that quarantine regulations, such as have hitherto prevailed, are a mistake, productive more of harm than good; that on the arrival of a ship in port, the immediate removal of the sick to airy quarters provided for their reception on shore is the best means of arresting the progress of disease. Science and philosophy are brought forward in support of these views. 'There has been much confusion of terms,' states the report, 'in respect to the use of the words contagion and non-contagion. We have had instances of professional men who avowed their belief of the contagiousness of typhus, and stated that they had experienced it in their own persons. When asked for the evidence on which the belief was founded, they have usually related some circumstances showing, not the contagiousness, but the infectiousness of the disease. Contagion is a term applicable to a different set of circumstances. According to the hypothesis of contagion, no matter how pure the air, no matter what the condition of the fever ward, if the physician only feels the pulse of the patient, or touches him with the sleeve of his coat, though he may not catch the disease himself, he may communicate it by a shake of the hand to the next friend he meets. If this were so, the track of a general practitioner who attended one patient labouring under a specific epidemic disease would be marked by the seizure of the rest of his patients; and if any disease of common occurrence really possessed such powers of communication and diffusion, it is difficult to conceive how it is that the human race has not been long since extinguished. It is not in human power to take from any disease the property of contagion, if this property really belong to it; but it is in our power to guard against and prevent the effects of any contagion, however intense; and it is equally in our power to avoid communicating to common disease an infectious character, and aggravating it into pestilence. Strictly, contagion, as the word implies, is capable of being communicated only by actual contact; while the influence of infection, as far at least as regards the diffusion of the exhalations of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, is represented to be limited to the distance of a very few yards.'

It may not be uninteresting to follow what is here advanced concerning contagion with some particulars as to the genesis and development of cholera, as communicated by Dr S. Davis of Patna to the Statistical Society:—'During the eight years,' he observes, 'of my residence here, I have seen several severe visitations of cholera and remittent fever, the

former usually making its appearance at the commencement of the hot winds. There is often in April and May an indescribable but well-understood state of the atmosphere, accompanied with variations in the wind, and a hazy and sultry appearance, that is favourable to the production of the former very frightful disease. During such weather you find vegetation blighted by impalpably small animalculæ, which elude the perception of the naked eye, but are easily discovered by the aid of the microscope. I have long thought that cholera, and some other diseases, have their origin in animalculine blight; and late writers have brought together so many facts bearing on the subject, that this opinion gains ground with me daily; nor is the circumstance of diseases spreading more in crowded cities than in smaller localities at all contrary to this theory, since there are so many more points of attraction and deposit. The state of the atmosphere is without doubt greatly modified by the locality over which it ranges; and in situations favourable to the production of disease, it is not unreasonable to conclude that a peculiar state of it is attended by a vivifying influence which brings into existence poisonous animalculine exhalations capable of producing maladies in those who may be obnoxious to it, either from congenital or induced debility, or other idiosyncrasy.'

The enumeration of evils in many instances serves to suggest the remedies. If it be objected that we have left too little space for the discussion of the latter, we should find a sufficient answer in the fact, that more than one responsible 'board' or 'commission' is at work on the whole subject. Our summary of the recommendations embodied in the *Health of Towns' Report for 1845* will already have conveyed an idea of the essential points; and a brief abstract of the several acts of parliament, all more or less consequent on the general sanitary inquiry, may appropriately serve to complete the scheme. We shall take them chronologically. An act passed in August 1844, to take effect in January 1845: it regulates and prescribes the height of houses in proportion to the width of streets; the dimensions of courts and backyards of dwelling-houses, so as to insure free access of air for ventilation. It provides for duly-proportioned windows, without providing for the repeal of that egregious legislative blunder which perpetuates a window-tax. Dangerous trades or occupations are to be carried on at a distance of forty feet from any house; and those offensive or noxious—blood, bone, tripe, or soap-boiling, fell-mongering, tallow-melting; slaughtering of animals—are not to be within less than fifty feet of any dwelling, or forty feet of any public way. And farther, in thirty years from the date of the act, 'it shall cease to be lawful to continue to carry on such business in such situation.' This enactment, however, contains a saving clause, to be applied in special cases. The act also embodied a clause prohibiting the use of cellars as dwellings under certain conditions. Those persons who live in London will remember how the builders started into unwonted activity towards the close of 1844; houses were built or commenced on every spare spot of ground, whether suited to the purpose or not; and the result is, that several of the leading thoroughfares, especially on the 'Surrey side,' are completely spoiled by unsightly projections, whose form is anything but that which constitutes a convenient dwelling. It is not presumptuous to predict that the buildings thus erected by over-

hasty enterprise will some day have to fall before the sanitary reformer. Liberty of the subject is a great privilege, but not to be tolerated when it prejudices the common-weal.

The act to encourage the establishment of public baths and washhouses was passed in August 1846. On requisition of any ten rate-payers a vestry meeting may be convoked, at which two-thirds of the number present may decide to erect baths and washhouses, and charge the cost on the poor-rate. The resolution is to be sent to the Secretary of State, and the arrangements to be under the supervision of government commissioners. A code of by-laws is also enacted, to be observed in such establishments for the proper maintenance of order, decency, and economy. In June of 1847 came an act for consolidating the provisions for lighting, cleansing, and improving towns. It provides for the appointment of surveyors and inspectors of nuisances; for plans of districts, or places where pipes or drains are to be laid, to be drawn and engraved on a scale of sixty inches to the mile; for the management, alteration, and construction of sewers; no unauthorised drains to exist under penalty of £20. The commissioners are empowered to drain houses or buildings, to construct ash-pits and privies, and recover the cost from any proprietor refusing to comply with the regulations. Cesspools and drains may at all times, after notice given, be viewed by the inspector. The paving of streets to be also subject to the same control. No new streets to be laid out without authority, and to be not less than thirty feet wide if a carriage-way, or twenty feet if not a carriage-way. Streets to be named and numbered; gates to open inwards; projections to be removed; and, where a wider thoroughfare is required, houses, when rebuilt, to be set back; the fixing of water-spouts, erection of public clocks, and licensing of slaughter-houses, also to come under the same authority. With the proviso of four weeks' special notice, 'the commissioners may purchase, hire, or build slaughter-houses and knackers'-yards—places for public recreation—and public bathing-places, washhouses, and drying-grounds; but in any building provided for baths, the number of baths for the working-people must not be less than double that for the higher classes.'

Another act for promoting the public health passed in August 1848. It applies to all parts of England and Wales, except some metropolitan districts, and provides for sanitary improvements. One-tenth of the poor-rate payers in any town may petition for an inspector to visit and report on the state of the locality; or, if on an average of seven years, the Registrar-General finds the deaths to exceed 23 in 1000, the Central Board may then, on their own responsibility, send down an inspector, and issue a provisional order according to circumstances. Vaults, cellars, or drains, must be made according to fixed regulations; no house to be built or repaired below the ground-floor without proper covered drains communicating with a sewer, or without ash-pits and privies; the latter conveniences, especially, to be provided at workshops where above twenty of both sexes are employed at the same time, under a penalty of £20, or £2 a day on default. Lodging-houses are to be registered and limited as to number of inmates; cellar dwellings are prohibited unless seven feet high, three feet being above the street, and properly drained, and provided with all essential conveniences. Nuisances may be summarily abated, and overcrowded

vaults and burial-grounds may be closed when necessary. The act further confers powers on local authorities, and prescribes penalties. The whole of the provisions were further confirmed and extended by additional acts passed in 1849.

What more is wanted? is a question that naturally arises after perusing the legislative enactments. Herein are embodied all the essentials of efficient sanitation. But opposition is strong, whether based in selfishness or ignorance; and 'the greatest good of the greatest number' must be conquered inch by inch from shortsighted opponents. Opposition was offered to Philip Augustus when he wished to pave the miry streets of Paris; the parliament of the Protectorate were opposed in their measures for getting rid of brick-kilns within the precincts of London; and who is there that will not remember instances of opposition to sanitary improvement within his own experience? The assault has, however, been made, and although the advances are lamentably slow, eventual success must be achieved. Besides the Commissions mentioned more than once in the course of the present Paper, and the General Board of Health, there is the New Sewers' Commission. Talent and ability are not lacking, and the sooner these qualities are manifested in real practical efforts the better for all parties. If the plans for the sewerage and drainage of London be not yet matured, we see no reason why the surface of the streets should not be properly cleansed. The withdrawal of the opposition to the general introduction of Mr Whitworth's street-sweeping machine would be an important step in the right direction, and tend greatly to promote individual cleanliness. Whatever system of drainage may be adopted for the metropolis, we for our part should like to see it combined with Mr Martin's plan for diverting all the sewerage from the river, and constructing a broad public terrace-thoroughfare on each side from Vauxhall to London Bridge, whereby a good view of the noble stream would be obtained, as well as an airy promenade for the pent-up citizens. We would not have water, taken from the Thames in or near London, drunk on any terms; but we would have the river saved from its present overwhelming pollution—a measure the more necessary, when it is considered that the surface of the stream within the limits of the metropolis is 2245 acres. The fouler the water, the more noxious the exhalations—a fact which hitherto has not received all the attention it deserves.

If our remarks throughout have been more especially applied to London, it is that we hope to see the capital city become a model for the whole kingdom: she may, however, take lessons from without as well as within. In some instances we are indebted to cholera for ameliorations which ought to have resulted from foresight. Since the visitation of the epidemic, Birmingham has been favoured with a 'constant supply' of water, to the great comfort and convenience of the inhabitants, many of whom now dispense with the encumbering and insalubrious water-butt. The 'toy-shop' town, too, is well swept; not a court or alley but is purged by the scavenger's broom at least once a week, while in the leading thoroughfares no accumulations of dirt are permitted.

How much is involved in the great question which we have here endeavoured to discuss in a practical and philosophical spirit! All human inte-

rests are in some way concerned. Legislative policy, political economy, the amenities of civilisation, are unsound and imperfect, unless based on true social economy. Education without sanitation must be *ex necessitate rei*—inefficient and unsatisfactory: it is not easy to elevate minds familiarised with filth and squalor. There is an essential dependence between physical and moral purity. If the substratum of society is to be uplifted, perhaps no means would be so permanent and effectual as its sudden introduction into an improved class of dwellings. A great point is gained when people become sensible that a degree of responsibility rests upon them—that they have a character to lose. And to this point—unless experience be fallacious—we can only arrive by means of the combined ameliorating influences of sanitation and education.

There is much in the question to task and interest the restless spirit of invention and enterprise, which now, as ever, characterises the British people. The meteorologist, by his studies on climate and temperature, may render valuable service to the physician in framing an extended code of laws of health. The mechanician, the engineer, the artisan, will here find scope for their highest ingenuity: we want the simplest and best modes of building, of fitting interiors, of constructing streets, of warming, lighting, and ventilating. All these are prime desiderata, waiting their realisation in some coming Newton of sociology. All human sympathies may find exercise in the work. It is better to train and lead than to punish; better to coerce by moral than mechanical influences. Reputation, too, is to be won, and 'glory' achieved, in this aggressive movement, not less brilliant and far more lasting than that won by cannon and cohorts. Happily our hands are less fettered than formerly: to some extent we can

‘Cut Prejudice against the grain:’

we have outlived the notion, that the calamitous results of human error and social ignorance are the direct and inevitable inflictions of Providence, to be submitted to with Mohammedan fatality. The philosophy of cause and effect has cleared the question of most of its difficulties; and we can but trust that far-reaching views will be combined in its solution with soundness of judgment and promptitude of action, and that a liberal spirit will animate all parties in the furtherance of so grand and benevolent a work.

WASHINGTON AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.

THE nature of the series of events which forced the British dwellers in America to oppose an armed resistance to the aggressive measures of the ministers of the English crown, and the characters and motives of the distinguished men who conducted that resistance to a successful issue, are still strangely misrepresented, alike by persons who maintain the divine right of the colonial office to administer the affairs of Englishmen—provided they live a great way off—after its own good pleasure, and by those who regard the issue of the memorable struggle as a great blow struck for the common liberties of mankind. The example of its chief hero, Washington, is to this hour absurdly pleaded by every man who fancies that the violent subversion of existing governments is the sole means of establishing improved and lasting ones. To the heroes of such convulsions—and the remark ought now to strike the ear as the expression of a mere truism—the illustrious American bears not the faintest resemblance, any more than he does to Mahomet or to Napoleon Bonaparte. Neither he nor his great associates, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, Knox—not even excepting Thomas Jefferson, subsequently the idol of the ultra-democracy of the States—were in any fair sense revolutionists; nor were they republicans, in our idea of the term. Though native-born Americans, they were, by breeding and tastes, English gentlemen: nothing at first was more distressful to their feelings than a repudiation of monarchical principles, nor did they finally resign these principles till after all chance of accommodation with the British crown had passed away. Republican institutions, in the essential meaning of the phrase, they had indeed lived under for upwards of a century—Rhode Island, for instance, perhaps the most democratic state in the Union, though the differences between the constitutions of the various states are unimportant, is still governed by Charles's charter of 1663—and those institutions they were thoroughly resolved to defend; but, provided they practically enjoyed self-government, they, and the people whom they represented, were anything but anxious that the apex of the political column should be surmounted by an elective president in place of the hereditary monarch. Their position was throughout purely a defensive one: they stood upon the ancient legal ways of the constitution; but being firmly resolved to resist, at whatever cost or sacrifice, the unlawful violence with which they were menaced, and having accepted the appeal to arms forced upon them by the madness of successive British ministries with profound regret, if without

mistrust, they determined, to use the words of their great chief, 'never to sheathe the sword they had been compelled reluctantly to draw in defence of their country and its liberties till that object had been accomplished, but to prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.' And so little of wild theory mingled with the practical and sober aspirations of those thoughtful and earnest men, that when the contest was terminated, and they were free to choose any form of constitution they pleased, they decided on changing as little as possible—well knowing that for the present to firmly and permanently influence the future, it must itself remain connected with, and lean upon, the past. The difference between the British and American forms of government—allowance being made for the disturbing effects of certain social influences—is, after all, much more nominal than real. Trial by jury, Habeas Corpus, inviolability of domicile, the independence of the courts, the subjection of every act of the executive to the ordinary operation and restraints of the law—a point so fatally overlooked by our continental neighbours—the distribution of power, by confiding local self-government to popular bodies thoroughly independent of the central authority—these, and other safeguards which constitute the essence of British freedom, were, and are, jealously preserved by our transatlantic brethren. The defenders of the liberties of America erected a noble, and—regard being had to the requirements of their geographical and social position—possibly in some respects an improved, political edifice, compared with that beneath which they had been reared to the moral height and dignity of freemen; but that their work will endure when other, and, in appearance, more symmetrical structures shall have crumbled into dust, is chiefly because they were modest enough and wise enough to build upon the old and tried foundations.

It may be doubted, too, whether the term 'hero,' which has slipped from our pen, ought to be applied to George Washington—a man plain of speech and purpose, of gentlest affections, and quiet, domestic tastes; having neither the start, the swagger, the curt pomposity, nor the varnished mask and glittering plumes of the historic hero, who, ever preceded by flourishes of innumerable brazen instruments, is industriously paraded on the world's stage, till, the remorseless hand of Time having stripped him, bit by bit, of his tinsel glories, the blindest worshipper perceives what a poor humanity it was, after all, that had been audaciously tricked out for the admiration and observance of mankind. Neither had he, though impetuously brave and daring, as was abundantly proved—not only at the fatal massacre at Monongahela, but on numerous other occasions—that love and admiration of war and fighting which distinguish the conventional hero. His sword, with him only a means, and a sad one, to a righteous and otherwise unattainable end, was much more joyfully sheathed than drawn; and with war, he fervently desired that all its glorious and hateful memories might expire. Washington, too, appears to have had a deep sense of the responsibility he was under to his Creator for the right use of the faculties and opportunities confided to him. Upon the arrival of the intelligence in Virginia that all hope of inducing the English ministry to abandon the illegal and tyrannous course upon which they had entered was at an end, and that war was consequently inevitable, he, we find from his diary, 'went to church; and fasted all day.' Finally, having obtained supreme

power, triumphed alike over foreign aggression and domestic faction, he quietly put off the glittering burthen, and ascended—for surely we must call it so—to the dignity of private life, feeling only surprised, in the noble simplicity and unconscious greatness of his nature, that men should admire as a sacrifice that which he esteemed not only an imperative duty, but an unspeakable relief. Whether, with these qualities and deficiencies, Washington is fairly entitled to the appellation of 'hero,' either in the genuine or conventional sense of the term, we must leave the reader to decide. It must be, we suppose, a matter, after all, of feeling and of taste—precisely as may be the comparative splendour of the brilliant fire-wonders of our pleasure-gardens, and that of the calm and silent stars, upon which perhaps a Vauxhall audience, and others who might be named, would differ in opinion. Still, as the word 'hero' is down, it may remain.

Thus much premised, we may, without danger of misconception, proceed to mete out equal justice to the assailants and the defenders of the British states of America during the revolutionary war. A retrospective glance at the chief incidents of that great event must be at all times interesting, especially to Englishmen, the present generation of whom may possibly be called upon to meet and decide a question akin to that of which the barbarous and sanguinary solution cost their country, between seventy and eighty years ago, so terrible a sacrifice of blood and treasure. The question of colonial connection and independence is fortunately no longer exclusively viewed through the blinding mists of a vainglorious and spurious patriotism. Experience has effectually disposed of some of the grosser fallacies proclaimed in those days by the wisdom of our ancestors. It would scarcely be possible now, one would hope, to call down the applauding shouts of the Commons by Lord North's declaration, so loudly cheered in 1775—'that absolute sovereignty over our colonies is a question virtually interwoven with not the increase, but the maintenance, of commerce with them.' Neither, we imagine, are there many persons in this age and country, however nervous and impressionable, that would feel greatly alarmed at the repetition, by any tongue however sonorous and eloquent, of the Earl of Chatham's oracular counsel to his admiring peers—'When the power of this country ceases to be sovereign and supreme over America, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, and embark for that country.' As we have unquestionably outgrown such puerilities as these, we may reasonably hope that others of less transparent, but not less real, absurdity will in time pass away from the national mind; and that, warned by the errors of the blundering past, a more honourable, a more rational determination of the vexed question of colonial dependence and imperial dominion may in future be arrived at; and that, should the necessity arise, the last grasp of the hand exchanged by this country with any of its giant children, in token of merely political separation, will be a pledge of goodwill and hearty sympathy—the precursor and sign of a true and real alliance of interests, purposes, affections, cemented by community of origin, of language, of literature, and of religion.

A consummation this devoutly to be wished; and no means seem more likely to assure it than to place vividly before the public eye the consequences resulting from the adoption of a different policy. Sad task! For

there is no passage which an Englishman, jealous for the honour of his country, would more gladly tear out and efface from its heroic history than the story of the American struggle for independence. This feeling of regret is not caused by the failure of the attempt to subjugate the British people inhabiting America far from it. The separation of England and the United States is now felt to have been one, sooner or later, of necessity. No one in the present day pretends that the restless, enterprising millions of North America could be safely or satisfactorily governed by any amount of wisdom which might happen to be enthroned in Downing Street; and assuredly no sane Englishman can regret the rapid growth in numbers and resources of a kindred people, who exchange, and, we venture to say, will continue to exchange, the rich surplus of their varied climate and fertile soil for the products of the skilled industry of Great Britain; nor is it caused by any emotion of wounded national pride or vanity; for if he have made himself master of the subject, he knows that at no period have the military qualities which distinguish the British race been more conspicuously and brilliantly displayed than throughout that disastrous conflict. His regret is, that the silly sophistries of pretended statesmen, aided by the illusions of a blind and narrow patriotism, should have induced the English people to lavish their blood and treasure in the vain hope and purpose of bending their distant countrymen to a yoke themselves had, after many fierce and sanguinary struggles, cast off and trampled beneath their feet. Yet not wholly without redeeming lights is that dark and troubled picture. The heart swells with mournful pride, and the moistened eye kindles with a subdued exultation, as we mark the development upon a distant soil of the old spirit which has placed an island, almost lost amidst the storms and tempests of the Northern Ocean, in the van of civilisation—the calm speech and the determined purpose, the resolution, at all hazards, to hold fast by the sacred rights bequeathed by a great ancestry. No spasmodic outbreak there of passionate, unstable discontent, no 'straw on fire' of hot, inconstant passion. We have counted the cost, they say, and had nothing so dreadful as slavery. They had been else unworthy of their name and race; for were not the *ance* of these people the descendants, the immediate descendants, of the men who had left the British shores during the intervals of triumphant despotism which occurred during the long struggle terminated by the Revolution of 1688?—men amongst whom, but for an accident, would have been Hampden, Cromwell, Ireton; the stubborn old Puritan breed, in short, with all its virtues and all its prejudices; Solemn-League-and-Covenant hill-side folk—the very last people, one should suppose, with whom a wise minister would seek to play a high prerogative game? The old fire had frequently blazed forth, too, in the new States. The authorities of Massachusetts sheltered Goffe and Whalley, who had sat in judgment upon Charles I., from the vengeance of his son; and when compelled to proclaim the Restoration, strictly forbade all rejoicings, even to the drinking the king's health. This feeling was probably strengthened, if not chiefly excited, by the savage deaths inflicted by the restored government upon that sincere, enthusiastic fanatic Hugh Peters, and the celebrated Sir Harry Vane. Peters, a native of Massachusetts, had been for many years a favourite preacher at Salem. A few hours before he was hanged, he bade his only child, a daughter, 'go home to

New-England, and trust in God there. Sir Harry Vane, who, spite of Cromwell's denigrative exclamation, was a great and sterling patriot, and mild tolerator withal upon religious matters—a rare virtue in those days—had been an exceedingly popular governor of Massachusetts, and there, as well as in Rhode Island, to which he had also been a great benefactor, his memory was held in honour, and his violent and illegal death it should seem, vindictively mourned. This State declared in 1692 that no tax could be valid without the consent of the local authorities; for the project of taxing the unrepresented colonies was, it must be borne in mind, no sudden inspiration of George III. and his advisers. It had been long contemplated, although, till Mr. Grenville, no statesman had been found mad enough to attempt to carry the design into execution. Sir Robert Walpole, not the most scrupulous or constitutional minister this country has known, when defeated in his Excise scheme, was urged by Sir William Keith, the governor of Virginia, to tax the American colonies. The wary baronet was wiser than his counsellor: 'I have,' he replied, 'seen England against me already; do you think I want New-England also?' In 1704 the protest of Massachusetts was renewed by New-York and other States. Nay, Virginia, where, and in the Carolinas, the British connection was the most ardently cherished, declared as early as 1651 that the right of taxation rested solely in the House of Burgesses; so thoroughly warned were the British ministers of the certain resistance they must encounter, it must not be forgotten, either by persons desirous of accurately measuring the extent of the wisdom and foresight displayed by these gentlemen, that the British colonists, at the time it was resolved to carry the long-meditated design into execution, had enormously increased in power and resources, and were placed in much more favourable circumstances for defence and resistance than at any former period of their history. The victory of Wolfe and other triumphs, sealed by the treaty of 1763, had relieved them of their late powerful and dangerous neighbours the French, and their allies the Indians. Their numbers were not much short of three millions, and the development of their commercial enterprise was so great in the whale fishery, for example—as detailed in 1775 before the House of Commons, as to cause Mr. Burke to exclaim, 'What in the world is equal to it?' Having attained this degree of growth and prosperity, it was resolved to tax them for the benefit of the imperial revenue, on the by no means invalid plea, that as great expenses had been incurred in expelling the French, and giving peace to the colonies, they should contribute something towards the imperial exchequer. At the same time, however, the colonists were told they could have no *representation* in the British House of Commons. And on this bigoted notion, that the House of Commons was already made up—complete—perfect—and could bear no fresh intrusion, the whole affair hinged. What a lesson is this fact calculated to teach!

Mr George Grenville, urged by George III.—who, it clearly appears from his since published private correspondence with Lord North, was throughout fanatical in his insistence upon the right and duty of England to tax America—gave the signal for confusion, tumult, and ultimate war, by passing, March 1765, with the concurrence of large majorities in both houses of parliament, a bill to impose stamp duties on the peaceful and

loyal colonists, who required nothing of this country but permission to love and respect her, and leave to contribute, by the recognised authority of their own representative assemblies, such expenses as it might appear England had incidentally taken upon herself on their behalf or in their defence. Happily the fortunes of Great Britain are beyond the power of acts of parliament to permanently damage—the spirit and energy of the people sufficing to redeem, though sometimes at a frightful cost, the mistakes of legislators. Were it not for the lamentable consequences which resulted from the doings of the different ministries that led and continued the attack upon the franchises and immunities of our separated countrymen, it would be amusing to remark their alternate rashness and cowardice, their bold words and childish acts, their high-sounding promises and important conclusions. A glance, though only a brief one, is instructive.

The American Stamp Duties Bill was of course indignantly rejected by the colonists. Mobs paraded the cities, bearing aloft the obnoxious act, surmounted by a death's head, and the words, 'England's folly and America's ruin;' lawyers bound themselves to the nation and each other to use only unstamped paper; women formed themselves into associations, pledged not to speak to, much less marry, any of the other sex who should presume to buy or use stamps; the entire people, in a word, entered into a solemn league and covenant to resist by every means in their power the odious edict. Well, the Grenville ministry quitted office, and the Rockingham administration, which succeeded, repealed the hated and unproductive bill; but at the same time deprived the repeal of all efficacy or value by a solemn reservation of the only point really in dispute—the right of parliament to tax the unrepresented colonies!

Another cabinet succeeded; and Mr Charles Townshend introduced and carried a bill, intended, doubtless, in the plenitude of the ministerial wisdom, to benefit *both* countries, by levying duties on British manufactured goods—glass, china, paper, painters' colours—imported into the colonies, besides a duty of threepence per pound on tea. This curious measure excited as fierce an opposition as the stamp act. The death of Mr Townshend caused the break-up of this ministry, of which the Earl of Chatham, it must be stated, was the nominal, though inactive chief. The Duke of Grafton next succeeded to power, or at least to office; and Lord Hillsborough, secretary of state, wrote to the governors of the American provinces to state that the cabinet intended introducing a bill for the repeal of the duties on 'paper, glass, china, and colours,' as 'contrary to the true principles of commerce.' After some delay, this promise was redeemed, but it was at the same time resolved that the impost upon tea should remain! Upon the firm maintenance of that threepenny duty both ministers and parliament resolved, as upon a thing necessary for the dignity of the king's crown, the integrity and prosperity of the empire, the supremacy of parliament, the safety of the constitution, and many other admirable things very elegantly dilated upon at the time, but scarcely worth recapitulating now.

The political scene again changes, and we find ourselves in the presence of Lord North's (son of the Earl of Guilford) cabinet. The opposition of the indignant colonists to the miserable and aggressive measures of the

British ministers continuing as vehement as ever, and merchants and manufacturers beginning to find, in consequence of the general refusal of the colonists to purchase any British commodities, that trade and commerce were rapidly declining under the expedients devised for their maintenance and extension, a stroke of remarkable financial generalship was resolved upon by the new administration. They granted such a reduction on the British duty on tea as enabled the East India Company to sell the article to the colonists at so reduced a rate, that the tax of threepence per pound would not raise the price to the consumer. This device was much applauded at the time. The partisans of the minister were confident that it would reconcile all differences; the Americans would of course surrender the principle so long contended for, if they could only save their pockets; and the king's government, by giving back with one hand what they snatched with the other, would prove themselves alike the able champions of the prerogative of the crown and the welfare of the people.

The success of this scheme did not at all correspond with the expectations of its promoters. The tea cargoes were in some ports forbidden by the authorities to be landed; and in Boston harbour, on the 18th of December 1773, a mob of persons, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the *Dartmouth* East India tea-ship, and threw its cargo overboard. This done, they retired without committing any other damage, or offering any violence or insult to the crew.

It was determined by the British ministry to visit the consequences of this outrage upon the entire community of the State in which it was committed. A bill was passed to fine the town of Boston to the value of the tea thrown overboard. This was seriously defended upon the precedents that London had been fined in the time of Charles II. because some unknown persons had slain Dr Lamb; and that Edinburgh had been amerced in a large sum for not having prevented the mob from hanging Captain Porteous. They might as well have adduced the law of the Conqueror, which levied a fine on any county or hundred where a Norman should be found slain. The essential distinction that London and Edinburgh, whether justly or unjustly, were punished by recognised authorities, was overlooked, or treated as of no importance. Boston was also deprived of its privileges as a port of customs, which were transferred to Salem. These measures, in the opinion of those who maintain the right of the English parliament to tax and bind America, may have some show of justice, but not even they can justify the subsequent acts of the minister, who, in his bill 'for the better regulating government in the province of Massachusetts,' entirely repealed the charter of William and Mary, and vested the nomination of councillors, judges, magistrates, and sheriffs in the crown, and in some cases in the governor. In other words, the ministry, with the aid of parliament, trampled under foot the constitution of Massachusetts, and erected an unmitigated despotism in its stead! It was also enacted that any person accused of treason, murder, or other capital offence, if alleged to be committed in defence of the measures of the British government, might, at the pleasure of the governor, be removed to England for trial—that is to say, as every lawyer knows, and knew, be withdrawn from all chance of punishment.

These outrageous proceedings, which it is impossible to palliate, much less to justify, were carried with a very high hand indeed. Mr Ballou, the agent for Massachusetts, was refused a hearing by the House of Commons; and the respectful prayer of the Americans resident in London, that honourable gentlemen 'would not drive a long-suffering and gallant people to the last resources of despair,' was treated with contemptuous indifference. The truth was, the ministry were determined to put down all resistance by force, and they replied only by a lofty and disdainful silence to every effort made to turn them from their fatal course.

The colonists were thoroughly persuaded that the outrage in Boston harbour was but a pretext eagerly seized upon by the ministry to carry into effect a long-since-foregone determination—that of restricting the general liberties of America. This suspicion derived countenance from the previous discovery of a number of letters written by Governor Hutchinson and Judge Oliver of Massachusetts to Mr Whately, a member of parliament, and secretary to the minister, Mr George Grenville. Hutchinson and Oliver urged upon the ministry that the colonists were not fit 'for what are called English liberties,' and recommended the adoption of measures to modify, in a despotic sense, the popular constitutions of the American provinces. This treasonable correspondence—it was surely nothing less in a moral point of view, coming from men who had sworn to respect and maintain those liberties?—had been placed in Dr Franklin's hands by a Dr Hugh Williamson, with an injunction to keep secret the source from which he obtained it. Franklin immediately transmitted them to America where their publication produced an immense sensation; and the impeachment of Governor Hutchinson was soon afterwards demanded. Dr Franklin, whose incessant and zealous efforts to heal the unhappy differences between the mother country and the colonies had been warmly and frequently acknowledged by the most eminent persons—amongst others, by Chief Justice Pratt, the judge who first held that 'general warrants' were illegal, and better known as Lord Camden—was summoned before the council relative to the demand of impeachment. The abuse with which the single-minded and amiable philosopher was assailed by Wedderburne, the attorney-general, afterwards Lord Loughborough, a man now only remembered because he *did* abuse Dr Franklin, is an amusing specimen of the virulence of a loose-tongued lawyer, salaried to exhibit simulated indignation. First charging Franklin with having obtained the letters by fraudulent and corrupt means—'unless, indeed, he stole them from the person who stole them'—Wedderburne thus proceeded: 'I hope, my lords, you will brand this man for the honour of his country, of Europe, of mankind. . . . Into what company will he hereafter appear with an unembarrassed face, or the honest expression of virtue? I ask, my lords, if the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American?' This rabid nonsense, according to Dr Priestley, threw the lords of the council into ecstasies of mirth: 'even Lord Gower laughed; and the only man who behaved with decency was Lord North.' Franklin listened to it all in silence, returning not a word; only, when he took off the court suit of Manchester spotted velvet which he had worn on the occasion, he mentally resolved never to put it on again; nor did he break that resolution till the 6th of February 1778, when he

signed at Versailles a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and the United States. Dr Franklin not long afterwards left England for America, disgusted with the conduct of the British ministry, and not very well pleased with that of the states he represented. By the cabinet he was condemned as a violent American; while some of the more not and impatient of his countrymen feared lest his partiality for England might prevent him from acting with sufficient vigour in the crisis which all could see was rapidly approaching. Other agents were appointed, and the catastrophe came swiftly on.

The intemperate proceedings of the ministry derived no countenance from the acts or speeches of the colonists. The language of the different assemblies was invariably respectful though firm. As late as November 1774, the first congress of the American people, assembled at Philadelphia, in its address to the king, thus unanimously expressed itself:—‘We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety; we wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour: your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great Britain, we shall always cheerfully and zealously maintain.’ Washington, in a letter to Captain Robert Mackenzie, gave the following testimony:—‘You are taught to believe that the people are rebellious, setting up for independency, and what not. Give me leave, my good friend, to tell you you are abused—grossly abused! Give me leave to add, and I think I can answer for it as a fact, that it is not the wish of any government here, separately or collectively, to set up for independency; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure. Jefferson himself thus wrote to Peyton Randolph, president of the first congress:—‘Believe me, my dear sir, there is not throughout the British empire a man who more cordially cherishes a union with Great Britain than I do; but, by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I accept that union upon the terms proposed by the parliament! and in this I believe I speak the sentiments of America. We want neither motives nor power to effect a separation—the will alone is wanting. So general indeed was the expression of loyal attachment to the parent country, and of a desire to remain at peace and amity with her, that Lord Camden remarked upon it with some surprise to Dr Franklin, and predicted that the tone of the colonists would soon change into a demand for independency. ‘Not,’ replied Franklin, whose almost fanatical anxiety to maintain what he deemed the ‘unity’ of the British empire—that ‘costly and beautiful vase’—is so well known—‘not unless we are scandalously treated.’ ‘It is precisely because I foresee that you will be so treated,’ rejoined his lordship, ‘that I make that prophecy.’

Many eloquent voices, it is consolatory to remember, were raised on behalf of those distant Englishmen, even in the parliaments which backed the insanity of ministers by such overwhelming majorities. Chatham, Burke, Fox, vehemently combated the right of parliament to tax America. Lord Chatham in a few striking sentences placed the matter in a clear and vivid light. He supposes the House of Commons to be enacting a ‘supply’ bill: ‘We, your majesty’s faithful Commons of Great Britain, give and grant to

your majesty—what? our own property? No; but the property of the Commons of America! And yet this nobleman, who placed the intolerable assumption of the parliament in so clear a view, with the same breath maintained, in the strongest terms, that parliament might bind the trade of the colonists, confine their manufactures, and exercise over them every right except that of taking their money without their consent. Strange obliquity of vision, that could not see how binding their trade, confining their manufactures, was as much taking their money without their consent as any direct means could be! The nervous eloquence of the noble earl, the conciliatory suggestions of Burke, arrayed as they were in gorgeous and sounding periods, made no impression on the infatuated ministry. They were determined to ride rough-shod over the colonies, and they confidently anticipated a certain and easy victory. Nothing in this wretched business appears more ludicrous than the notion which noble lords, generals, and other official personages entertained of the personal cowardice of the British colonists. Doubtless they must have had some theory of the enervating effect of the climate of America upon the Anglo-Saxon race; for if there was one point upon which they were all fully agreed, it was that the descendants of the Puritans, of the Solemn-League-and-Covenant men, would not fight! Cowardly, undisciplined, and incapable of discipline, the 'country gentlemen' were night after night assured the Americans were. General Burgoyne, who had dramatised Richard Cœur de Lion in a now forgotten operetta, and who afterwards made a splendid American campaign, ending at Saratoga, declared that a regiment of disciplined English soldiers might march without encountering any serious opposition throughout the length and breadth of the land. Another authority pronounced 'that four or five frigates would effectually settle the business.' My Lord Sandwich was quite jocular upon the subject. 'Suppose,' he said, 'the colonies abound in men—what then? They are raw, undisciplined, and cowardly. I wish, instead of forty thousand or fifty thousand of these brave fellows with which we are threatened, they would produce two hundred thousand. If they did, not run away, which there is little doubt they would, they would assuredly starve themselves into compliance with our measures.' Compare this vapouring with the long, dull, melancholy silence which pervaded the ranks of the 'country gentlemen' at the conclusion of Lord North's speech in the House of Commons, February 17, 1778, in the third year of the war, and after the surrender of boasting Burgoyne, in which the minister formally renounced the right to tax America, and restored the constitution of Massachusetts, whilst 'too late—too late,' surged through the dullest brain in the assembly, and avoid, if you can, a feeling of profound humiliation that such men should have had power to hound against each other two kindred peoples, whose great past, and, we will hope, still greater future, are so essentially and intimately blended and associated with each other. The 'country party,' however, though with much pouting, carried the 'conciliatory' measures of the minister with the same decisive numbers as they had his coercive bills; and the majority against the thirteen United States remained firm and intact, till the day they were formally recognised as 'a free, sovereign, and independent state.'

In common justice and candour, we must here record that this persistent

subserviency to ministers on the part of the great country party, to whose sound constitutional maxims we are taught to look in any real national extremity for practical wisdom and guidance, was once during these events in slight and momentary danger of interruption. It arose thus:—His majesty George III., in a speech from the throne, informed the Houses that, 'in testimony of his affection for his people, who could have no cause in which he was not equally interested, he had sent to Gibraltar and Port Mahon a portion of his Electoral troops.' This was of course done with the benevolent intention of liberating the British garrisons for war-service in the colonies. Strange to say, this paternal consideration of the king for his subjects, as Lord North termed it, the country gentlemen viewed with highly constitutional indignation. Ministers might send Hessians, Hanoverians, Pandours, Croats, to slay and trample the British people of America; they might even employ Indian savages, as they did, for that purpose. All that was proper and constitutional; but to partially garrison Gibraltar and Port Mahon with foreign troops was a violation of British liberties; and unless some pledge was given that this paternal act would not be drawn into a precedent, they, the country gentlemen, would deem it their unpleasant duty to withdraw a portion at least of their gracious countenance from the administration. An implied pledge *was* given: the Germans went to America, and all was well.

A plea in mitigation of the conduct of the British ministry is frequently set forth, which it may be as well at once to dispose of. It is this—that no human foresight could have predicted the issues of the war; and that, however untowardly events ultimately occurred, there was a fair and reasonable prospect of success at the outset of the contest. This excusatory plea will not bear a moment's serious examination. In the first place, no person acquainted with the requirements and exigencies of modern warfare could hope to overcome nearly three millions of people, three thousand miles distant, provided they were but moderately true to themselves, by any force which Great Britain or any other power could send against them. But apart from this consideration, let any person glance at the state of Europe at the time, and say whether the colonists had not a perfect right to calculate on the support of the chief powers in the event of a serious conflict with England? The recent 'glorious' peace of 1763—thanks to the triumphs of Wolfe in America, Clive in India, and the brilliant successes of the British fleets—had stripped France of Canada, the whole of Louisiana east of the Mississippi, and her possessions in the East Indies, besides various islands of more or less commercial value. Spain had also been humbled, and despoiled of Minorca and various colonial sovereignties. Victories, however splendid, ever create more enemies than they destroy, and who could doubt that these countries, humbled in their self-love, but untouched in substantial power, would seek to avenge their losses and defeats the instant a favourable opportunity presented itself? Then Holland had humiliations inflicted by the giant of the seas to wipe out; and the other secondary naval powers naturally regarded the maritime supremacy of Great Britain with envious dislike. The spurious liberalism of the courts of St Petersburg and Berlin, of Catherine the 'Great' and Frederick the 'Great,' who partitioned Poland, and patronised Voltaire,

was sure to display itself by a cheap, unmeasured sympathy for a people whose principles would, they knew, never reach the ears of the Prussian and Russian serfs, but whose arms might strike a good blow at an avowed rival. The great Frederick especially had a strong, if somewhat confused notion, like a still more modern conqueror, that the prosperity of Great Britain is somehow or other bound up with the power of keeping expensive garrisons over distant communities of Englishmen quite capable of guarding themselves. All this, which was clearly foreseen by the leaders of the colonists, but entirely unsuspected by the British ministry, speedily, as we are all aware, came to pass. France supplied a fleet and army, besides considerable sums of money. What motives of her statesmen for this act—whatever might have been the individual impulses of all those enthusiastic chivalrous men, such as Lafayette—are now well understood, and are as old and corrupt as human nature. Spain, prompted by the same feeling, lent, though hesitatingly, her armed assistance. Holland followed, and Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, with Prussia for a violent confederate part, sayed themselves in what was called an armed neutrality—that is, they diligently prepared themselves to strike in against Great Britain the instant she had become sufficiently weakened by the tremendous struggle to afford them a chance of success. Thus England, (strangely enough, could fight the despotisms of Europe arrayed against her in pretended defence of the liberties of America; but is very truth from the motives we have just indicated.) The ultimate issue of the strife would, in all human probability, have been the same, had no foreign power interfered; for, whatever helped the subsiding of their abilities afforded the colonists, their fresh and untried vigour, the disciplined and gallant, as they doubtless were, proved but of slight active assistance; indeed the last great incident of the war, was the attack and destruction of the French grand fleet by Sir George Rodney. Still, so vast an array of power necessitated gigantic and exhausting efforts on the part of this country, and the probability of such a combination ought to have been foreseen. The plea of Lord North, that he did not anticipate it, knowing as he did how fresh and recent were the wounds inflicted upon France and Spain by the victorious sword of England, is only another proof of his ignorance of the springs of human action, and his consequent deplorable incapacity as a statesman.

With the passing of the coercive measures for Massachusetts legislative action ceased, and the minister devolved on the armed force in America the duty of enforcing his paper decrees. That force, altogether inadequate to such a task, shut up in Boston, and commanded by General Gage, was surrounded and hemmed in by daily-increasing swarms of armed colonists, chiefly commanded by Colonel Putnam, an English officer settled in America, who had served with great distinction. Gage offered him, it is said, high rank in his old service if he would join the king's forces. This offer Putnam peremptorily declined; and the instant the news arrived that all chance of a peaceful accommodation was over, he joined the resisting colonists. The first encounter of the British soldiers with the armed countryfolk was upon the occasion of a small body of troops being pushed on to Concord to destroy some military stores there. The object was accomplished; but on the return of the detachment, the gathering country-

men pursued them with a fire so fierce and deadly, from tree, hedge-row, hillock, bush, that but for the opportune arrival of Lord Percy with a reinforcement and a few pieces of artillery, it is doubtful if the destroying detachment would have regained Boston. As it was, they re-entered it much harassed and diminished in numbers, and with their comrades remained quietly in their quarters till the morning of the 16th of June 1775, when the cannon of the *Liberty*, a sloop of war, awoke General Gage to the astounding discovery that a large body of colonists had been busy during the short summer night erecting a redoubt, and throwing up a breast-work on Breed's, or rather, as the mistake has become historical, on Bunker's Hill, at the entrance of the peninsula of Charlestown, and commanding Boston. This audacity was not to be borne, and the instant roll of the British drums mustered the soldiery in hot haste to force with the bayonet intrenchments upon which the fire of several ships of war, active and incessant as it was, made not the faintest impression. The troops, to the number, from first to last, according to the letter of General Gage to the Earl of Dartmouth, of about 2000, landed, under the command of Generals Howe and Pigot, at Moulton's Point. The Americans report their muster as common practice—at much less; but there seems little reason to doubt that, as regards numerical force, both sides were about equal—the British, however, superior by discipline, and in the constant use of arms; the colonists, by their intrenched position, and in the fatal accuracy of their aim. The attacking force, consisting of ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, and the 5th, 38th, 43d, and 59th battalions, formed into three lines, advanced slowly, but steadily, as on parade, against the silent colonists; they were commanded by Putnam, who was riding hurriedly up and down the intrenchments, iterating his command—(Not to fire till the whites of the soldiers' eyes could be seen; and then to aim at their waistbands, and threatening to cut down any man who disobeyed his orders. The troops, bating occasionally to afford time for the field-pieces to open on the enemy, gradually approached the intrenchments, which they knew could only be carried by the bayonet. Nearer—still nearer—and it seemed that the front line must have been paralysed by their mere appearance—for the fire of the artillery had been entirely thrown away—the rash colonists, trembling, doubtless, behind their hastily-constructed earth-works. Another moment, and these silent men raised, levelled, pointed their fatal rifles; a stream of fire burst forth, followed by a stunning crash; and as the smoke quickly whirled away, it was seen that that gallant front line had been rent into frightful gaps, and that the survivors, stunned, bewildered, scattered, were falling back in disorder upon the 5th and 8th battalions, who, with quickened step, were pressing forwards to retrieve and avenge the repulse and slaughter of their comrades. Again, as the soldiers approached within half pistol-shot of the breast-work, the rifle-volleys were poured forth—quick, deadly, annihilating! The third line had joined; but what men could withstand that fiery tempest? The soldiers who had escaped the carriage staggered back in utter disarray, beyond musket-shot, spite of the efforts of their officers, who were frantic with rage and shame at the failure of the attack. What would be said in England?—in Boston, where thousands of eyes were looking on at their discomfiture? At length the men were again marshalled into order, again ascended the hill, and were

again hurled back from before that impassable wall of fire; and there were not soldiers enough left to form another line! In this second attack an incident occurred which vividly illustrates alike the destructive nature of the conflict, and its fratricidal character. Major Small remained standing alone amidst the dead and dying, the only one of all that surrounded him who had escaped the fire of the colonists. 'I glanced my eye,' we quote the major's own words—'I glanced my eye towards the enemy, and saw several young men levelling their pieces at me. I knew their excellence as marksmen, and considered myself gone. At this moment my old friend and comrade Putnam rushed forward, and striking up the muzzles of their pieces, exclaimed, "For God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man: I love him as my brother!" We were so near to each other, that I heard his words distinctly. He was obeyed: I bowed, thanked him, and walked away unmolested.'

The failure of the troops was observed from Boston, and a reinforcement under the personal and volunteered command of General Clinton, who had but recently arrived from England, was immediately despatched. It consisted of four companies of grenadiers and light infantry, the 47th battalion, and a battalion of marines. On its arrival the troops were again formed. The men, by fatal experience, made aware that the nature of the work in hand, if it was to be done at all, admitted of no parade, encumbrance, or display, took off their knapsacks, to be lighter and readier for a rush. After a brief but spirited exhortation from Clinton, those indomitable soldiers once more sprang forward to attack the intrenchments, from which, without the power of resistance, they had been swept down like grass. The advance was this time as rapid as it was firm; and the instant they reached the boundary marked by the red heaps of slain and wounded men, the rifle-volleys again burst forth, swift, destructive, terrible as before, but not with the same result. The fierce shouts of the excited soldiery replied to the deadly volleys of the Americans, and with a wild rush they closed with their antagonists, and the battle of Bunker's Hill was—won! The colonists fled rapidly, but in tolerable order, across Charlestown neck, pursued by the fire of the *Glasgow* frigate, which, however, it would appear, was not very effective; and the victorious but astonished general had time and leisure to estimate the probable cost of conquering a country defended by a nation of such men as those who, in the few brief moments during which the contest really lasted, had wounded and slain 1124 out of, according to General Gage, 2000 gallant soldiers!—a destruction, in proportion to the numbers engaged, and the duration of the conflict, unapproached in any battle of ancient or modern times. There were also about 500 colonists killed and hurt; and there remained in General Clinton's power, if that could yield him satisfaction, a few score prisoners, the accents of many of whom testified at how comparatively recent a period they had left the Cornish and western coasts of England. They, and a few pieces of cannon of small calibre, were the trophies of his triumph.

General Gage sent home a glowing account of his victory by the *Cerberus*, Captain Chadds, the effect of which glorious news, arriving there on the 25th of July, was to cause troops to be assembled and hurried off with all possible speed to the assistance of the victorious general; and to silence for ever the senseless depreciation of the courage of the British colonists,

which had been so long and so freely indulged in by men who ought, one would suppose, to have known better. The news, too, soon afterwards reached England of the capture of the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which had cost so many lives to wrest from the French during the last war. They had been surprised by a mere handful of the absurdly-despised colonists. Two hundred and seventy Connecticut 'Green Mountain boys' under Colonel Allen, reinforced by a small party under Arnold, reached the lakes, and secured the forts without a blow, as well as the sloop of war *Enterprise*. 'In whose name,' demanded the officer commanding at Ticonderoga, surprised in his bed—'in whose name do you call on me to surrender?' 'In the name of the great Jehovah and of Congress!' was Allen's reply. 'The climate of America had not, then, it was quite manifest, spite of my Lord Sandwich, enervated the British race dwelling there!

The sword once irrevocably drawn, the colonists threw away the scabbard. The blood wantonly shed created an impassable gulf between them and reconciliation with the English crown, and in due time a 'Declaration of Independence' was promulgated by Congress, preceded by a long indictment against the British monarch, to the fulfilment of which the subscribers, all men of eminence in America, pledged 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.' Before, however, that celebrated manifesto was fulminated, Colonel Washington, appointed, by a unanimous vote of Congress, commander-in-chief of the American forces, arrived soon after the fight of Bunker's Hill at the camp near Boston. He soon afterwards conceived a plan for an attack on the British troops there, with a view to strike a great and decisive blow before the expected reinforcements could arrive from England; but his calculated and wise daring was overruled by the opinion of three successive councils of war—a result that Washington, both then and in after-times, bitterly regretted, and which determined him seldom again to permit his own decisions to be reviewed by war councils—an assemblage of fighting-men that proverbially never decide on fighting. He also remonstrated with General Gage upon his brutal treatment of the prisoners made in his great 'victory.' Gage, with whom Washington had served twenty years before in Braddock's fatal expedition, replied, 'That rebels taken with arms in their hands ought to be grateful for any treatment short of the gallows!' The first impulse of Washington's indignation on receiving this reply was to send off directions to retaliate on such English officers and soldiers as were within his power. His momentarily-disturbed equanimity happily soon returned, and long before his orders could be carried into execution, they were countermanded. He determined wisely, as justly, not to return evil for evil.

Whilst this Virginian colonel, checked in his military ardour by the more timid councils of his officers, is endeavouring to organise an army capable of measuring itself against the disciplined forces on their way to reinforce the victor of Bunker's Hill, we shall have time to present the reader with a brief sketch of his previous history.

The experience of England, it has been frequently remarked, as well as that of America, is opposed to the generally-received axiom, that a

scientific apprenticeship to the arts of war and diplomacy is an indispensable condition of great success in those national crafts. No bolder or more skilful soldier than he who turned the tide of victory at Marston Moor and Naseby, and few eyes more keen than those which marked the descent of the Scottish forces from the heights of Dunbar, can be pointed out in the long roll of educated military chieftains. Other instances might be easily adduced as conclusive, if not so striking, as that of Cromwell. It was the same with the great men of British America, who, at the sudden call of their startled country, sprang at once to the full altitude of eminent warriors, statesmen, and diplomatists; approving themselves at the very outset of their career a full match for the keenest and most practised of their trained opponents. Franklin displayed talents of the first order as a diplomatist both in London and Paris; Alexander Hamilton, and Thomas Jefferson, it will scarcely be denied, rank with the highest intellects that have devoted themselves to the study and elucidation of the complex questions of governmental and social policy; and finally, we have George Washington, a man eminently gifted for the duties of war and peace—eminent in council as in the field. What were these men, and others that might be named, before the necessities of the time called them to the front rank of their nation? Printers, agriculturists, land-surveyors, lawyers of small practice—militia soldiers of less! Nor do we find that the military chieftain of America manifested in his early days any constitutional predisposition to render the earth a chess-board, on which, with living men for pawns, he might thereafter play a bloody game for fortune and renown. When a boy, he neither delighted in playing at soldiers, like Charles XII., nor at mimic fights with snow-balls, like Napoleon Bonaparte. (The eldest son of Augustine Washington, a respectable planter, whose grandfather emigrated from Yorkshire in 1657, and settled in Westmoreland county, Virginia, he appears to have exhibited only the ordinary characteristics of a well-disposed lad—very tractable, very obedient to his excellent mother, early left a widow with five children. He was a tall, well-made, athletic youth, passionately fond of field sports, and daring, in a high degree by temperament, and withal modest, reasonable, very methodical in all things, fond of mathematics, and perfectly contented with his destined profession of land-surveyor—except during one brief period, when he appears to have been dazzled by the British naval uniform, and prevailed upon his Uncle Laurence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in that distinguished service.)

His mother disapproved of that step, and Washington at once abandoning his intention, almost immediately set off with his rule and compasses for the Alleghany Mountains. It was during his sojourn there that we first obtain a glimpse of a phase in this distinguished soldier and statesman's character which will come upon many readers with surprise: we mean his extreme susceptibility to the charms of the gentle sex. His first recorded love was, it appears from one of his early papers, a 'Lowland beauty.' What her name was, and indeed any particulars concerning her, except that she was a Scottish lassie, it is difficult to decide or ascertain. Washington thus writes of her from the Alleghanies to 'his dear friend Robin':—'My place of residence is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very

pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the house—Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fresh fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in her company, with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty, whereas were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow, and bury that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion; and I am very well assured this will be the only antidote and remedy.' Other letters are in the same desponding tone; and it moreover appears that he had never been able to muster sufficient courage to tell the lady of the mischief she was playing with his heart. It is fair to suppose that he adopted the remedy his letter to 'dear Robin' indicates, for we find him not very long afterwards in such full vigour of body and clearness of intellect, as to be selected by the governor of Virginia, Dinwiddie, for the delicate mission of ascertaining by personal inspection and inquiry the real position and intentions of the French forces—which, it was rumoured, were building a chain of forts intended to connect Canada with Louisiana, and thus confine the British settlements to the east of the Alleghanies. This commission, a striking proof of the high estimation in which the modest, retiring young man—he was little more than one-and-twenty years of age—was already held by men skilled in the reading of character, Major Washington—the militia rank conferred by the governor—discharged with remarkable discretion, courage, and sagacity. He easily penetrated the views of the French commander through all his artificial wrappings and disguises, and, thanks to his skill in drawing, brought away a complete plan of the fort—afterwards called Fort Duquesne—which the French were erecting on a branch of French Creek, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie. His conduct gave such entire satisfaction to the provincial authorities, that he was soon afterwards despatched on a similar errand at the head of a small body of the Virginian militia. Whilst engaged on this service, he had a sanguinary skirmish with a detachment of French soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Jumonville, in which that officer and a considerable number of his men were slain. This affair has been grievously misrepresented by certain French writers as a wanton and unjustifiable treachery. M. Guizot, however, in his essay on the character of Washington, fully exonerates him from all blame in the matter, frankly admitting that his conduct was entirely in accordance with the acknowledged usages of war. During this skirmishing campaign the young major of militia built Fort Necessity, and fought what has been rather ambitiously called 'the battle of the Great Meadows;' and altogether so distinguished himself, as to be promoted, on his return, to the rank of colonel, and not long afterwards he was appointed commander-in-chief of the local Virginian forces. Not a very extensive command certainly, but an unmistakable testimony of the high estimation in which his character and abilities were already held by his countrymen.

The next year he volunteered his services on the staff of General Braddock, who was about to march at the head of 2000 regular troops, to drive back the French from their new establishments on the western frontier. He had also with him a body of Virginian provincials, as they were sometimes called. Arrived at Wills' Creek, the general found that a very insufficient number of wagons had been provided by

the local authorities to enable him to proceed. We here obtain a glimpse of Benjamin Franklin, postmaster, who, waiting upon the perplexed general on matters relative to Pennsylvania, no sooner ascertained the state of affairs, than he volunteered to procure the necessary number of wagons without delay. His offer was gladly accepted. Franklin fulfilled his engagement, and the troops moved on. When near the scene of action, Washington earnestly intreated the general to take precautions against surprise. This counsel, coming from a young man supposed to be totally ignorant of military science, was contemptuously disregarded; and Braddock, confident in the valour and discipline of his troops to bear down all opposition, moved boldly on; the van led by Major Gage, who, twenty years afterwards, commanded in chief at Boston. Washington is reported to have said that he never witnessed a more splendid sight than the advance of the British troops on that fatal occasion: their fine soldierly appearance, their burnished arms glittering in the morning sun as they marched, with the celerity and precision of a parade day, along the southern bank of the Monongahela, the river running on their right. Arrived at a ford within about ten miles of Fort Duquesne, the troops prepared to cross over to the north bank of the river; and Washington again intreated that the Virginian scouts might be allowed to reconnoitre the wood and ravines in front and flank before the troops crossed. His counsel was spurned. Braddock gave the order to advance; and that which Washington foresaw happened. No sooner were the soldiers fairly across, than a deadly fire from innumerable foes concealed in ravines and thick woods opened on the front and flanks of the sacrificed troops. They were swept down by companies; and instead of allowing the men to close as they best could with their invisible foes, Braddock persisted in manoeuvring them as if he had been fighting a scientific battle in an open plain! Braddock fell at last; most of the officers were also slain, picked off by the rifles of the Indian allies of the French. Ultimately a remnant of the troops were extricated from their terrible position, and fled, unpursued by the victors. Washington, who, by the testimony of all, exposed himself in the most reckless manner, exhorting, commanding, rallying the men in every part of the tumultuous and terrific scene, escaped, as if by miracle, unhurt. His clothes were torn in several places by bullets, and he had two horses killed under him. Years afterwards, when his fame had found wider echoes than the backwoods of America afford, an Indian, who had expressed a wish to see the commander-in-chief, recognised him as the officer whom he had covered with his rifle twenty times at Monongahela, but always without effect, and whom he therefore at the time believed to bear a 'charmed life.' This may or may not be true—for such stories, it must be admitted, are easily invented—but certain it is, that if the advice of the young militia officer had been taken, the massacre at Monongahela would not have occurred; and it is equally certain that that officer daringly fronted the peril which his counsel would have averted.

Washington continued to serve in command of the Virginian forces till the peace of 1763, by which the French resigned all their possessions in North America, with the exception of the portion of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, afterwards purchased of France, at the instigation of

Jefferson, for the sum of sixteen million dollars. His name had become famous amongst his countrymen. An enthusiastic preacher, of the name of Samuel Davies, prophesied of him before crowded and approving congregations, as a man miraculously preserved to be a leader and lawgiver of his country. A still unconquerably-modest man withal, and possessed of no gift of ready eloquence whatever. When he took his seat, on being elected to the Virginian House of Burgesses, Mr Robinson the Speaker warmly congratulated him upon his appearance there. Colonel Washington hesitated, stammered, blushed like a school-girl: the words he should have spoken *would not* come. 'Be seated, Colonel Washington,' said the Speaker kindly; 'your deeds speak more eloquently than could any phrase of speech.' His intellectual superiority, however, notwithstanding his deficiency of talking power, never failed to manifest itself strikingly. Patrick Henry, on being asked whom he considered the greatest man in the first Congress, replied, 'If you mean for eloquence, John Rutledge of Carolina; but if you speak of information and sound judgment, unquestionably Colonel Washington.'

In 1759 Washington, then in his twenty-eighth year, married Mrs Martha Custis, a widow with two children, but still young. She was three months his junior, and, moreover, beautiful, and possessed of considerable landed estates, besides forty-five thousand pounds in cash—an enormous fortune at that time, and in that country. He now settled at Mount Vernon, and busily engaged in his favourite pursuit of agriculture. Previous, however, to meeting with the lady destined by the fates for his wife, he had fallen into another love-scape, which appears to have had no matrimonial result, from the same cause that in all probability deprived the 'Lowland beauty' of the honour of becoming the lady of the first president of the great western republic—namely, his excessive diffidence. The soldier who could face a battery of twelve-pounders without a perceptible variation of pulse, could by no dint of preparation muster sufficient courage to disclose his passion to the fair object of it. This time—it was in 1756—the lady's name was Mary Philipps, sister to his friend Mr Beverly Robinson's wife, and residing with her sister at New York. Washington looked, loved, lingered for many days about the spot, departed for Boston, returned, and was again received as cordially as ever. He departed again; not, however, till he had imparted his hopes and fears to a friend, who promised to keep him constantly informed of what was going on. This promise appears to have been faithfully and amply fulfilled; but in a few months intelligence reached Washington that a rival was in the field, and that some decisive step must be taken at once. Whether the future president of America was doubtful of success if he ventured, or whether the duties of the camp occupied his mind to the exclusion of Mary Philipps, does not appear. He never saw her again till she was the wife of Captain Morris, and himself the husband of Mrs Martha Custis, who possibly—we have no right to venture further, if so far—making considerate allowance, like the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, for Washington's want of oral eloquence, availed herself of a widow's privilege to suggest encouragement to her bashful wooer! One does not well see how else the marriage of the American commander-in-chief—a very happy one, for the wife was worthy of the husband—could have been brought about!

This, then, was the general, and these his antecedents, upon whom the American people had devolved the great and difficult task of successfully encountering the forces which an un-English administration had despatched across the Atlantic to put down English liberties in America. The battles and skirmishes which ensued between the disciplined forces of Great Britain and the raw levies of the colonists were almost invariably, as far as regarded the field of action, adverse to the Americans. Still, Washington, surrounded by difficulties and discouragements of every kind, sometimes in consequence of the sluggish co-operation of Congress, and the faulty mode of equipping the troops; at other times from causes impossible for Congress to adequately remedy—want of money, of clothing, of arms, stores of all sorts—abated not one jot of heart or hope. By masterly retreats he avoided, otherwise, certain defeats in the field, and when the national appetite flagged, and despair of ultimate success would temporarily cloud the bravest spirits, he would strike a sudden and impetuous blow, which, rallied the fainting energies of the people, and flushed with new hope the pale doubters of the justice and providence of God. In 1776 the campaign had been little else than a series of disasters and defeats. The British generals had conquered possession of the Jerseys, of Long, Rhode, and Staten Islands, and the subjugation of Pennsylvania appeared imminent and certain. A proclamation, by the brothers Lord and Sir William Howe, promising the king's pardon to all who should make submission within sixty days, had been issued, and by many of the wealthier classes had been complied with. It was a time of gloom and dismay, almost of despair. 'What will you do, the commander-in-chief was asked, if Philadelphia be taken?' 'Retire behind the Susquehanna, and if necessary, to the Alleghenies,' was the reply. At this moment, when, in the opinion of the timid and the wavering, all hope seemed lost, and English generals were waiting home that the subjugation of the colonists was virtually achieved, he struck a blow which not only restored the national pulse to its old vigour, but taught his taunting opponents that the conquest of America had yet to be achieved. He had retreated across the Delaware, when he ascertained that three regiments of Hessians, about 1500 men, hired from Germany to assist in putting down the British colonists, were posted, with a troop of British horse, at Trenton. On a bitter Christmas night Washington recrossed the Delaware, and fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon the astonished foreign mercenaries, captured 1000 of them, with 1100 or 1200 stand of arms, and six field-pieces: the British horse escaped, and the Hessians who were not killed or captured dispersed in various directions. Washington was again across the Delaware with his prisoners and booty, before the British general thoroughly comprehended what had taken place. The capture of the redoubtable Hessians, of whom immense things had been expected, cost the Americans, who were not at all superior in numbers to their enemies, two men killed, and two frozen to death!

As a proof of the vast moral ascendancy which the achievements and character of Washington had acquired for him, as well as of the consummate foresight and prudence which distinguished him—and not a little revelative, too, of hereditary Yorkshire blood and prejudice—we need only glance at his decision upon the proposed attack upon

Canada, by the expected—this was in 1778—French auxiliaries. According to the proposed scheme—the details of which were to be arranged in Paris by Lafayette and Franklin—a French fleet was to ascend the St. Lawrence, and a large body of French troops were to attack Quebec; Congress unanimously approved the project, as a powerful diversion in favour of the States—not so Washington. He earnestly reprobated against the entertainment of such a design in Canada; he wrote to Congress, if formerly belonged to France, and had been severed from her in a manner which is not humiliating to her, contributed nothing to her glory. Would she not be eager to recover the lost province? If it should be recovered by her, said she, not claim it; let the peace be rightfully belonging to her; and be able to advance plausible reasons for such a demand. He added various military and political arguments in support of his views, and concluded by suggesting, that as he could not write all he wished to say upon the subject, a conference with some of the leading members of Congress might be advantageous. This was readily acceded to; and upon the advice of the members to whom he detailed his reasons for objecting to the plan, it was at once and unanimously abandoned.

The objects of this Paper forbid us, if we had the inclination, to enter into further details of this interesting war. Suffice it to say, that at this time was there a chance of subduing the British people of America. In 1778, Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga, a treaty of alliance between France and the United States was signed; and Spain and Holland soon added themselves to the list of belligerents against Great Britain. Count D'Estaing arrived on the American coast with the first division of the French grand fleet, and Count Rochambeau followed with an army, among whom was the Marquis Lafayette. This division of the French fleet was, not very long afterwards, blockaded in Newport by Admiral Arbuthnot, and Rochambeau's army was obliged to remain there for its protection. The second division was blockaded in Brest, and never appeared on the American coast at all. Nevertheless, Lafayette skirmished with considerable success with the outlying forces of Cornwallis in Virginia and the Carolinas. Finally, Lord Cornwallis not being succoured, as he expected, by Clinton, whom Washington had thoroughly outgeneralled; surrendered at York-Town to the combined American and French forces commanded by Washington in person. This capitulation was contrary to the advice of many of the British general's subordinates—of Colonel Tarleton especially, from whom Jefferson had so narrow an escape at Monticello, and one of the most daring and successful officers in the service. He offered, if Cornwallis would allow him only two thousand men, to break through the enemy's lines, and join Clinton. Tarleton was probably right in a merely military point of view; but fortunately for humanity wiser counsels prevailed, and the surrender was accomplished. With this event the war, which had endured eight years, virtually ended. Sir Guy Carleton soon afterwards arrived from England to arrange the basis of a pacification; and peace, which Rodney's splendid victory deprived of a portion of its sting, was, after no great delay, concluded; his majesty George III. acknowledging the United States to be a free, sovereign, and independent nation.

Thus was happily, but, on the part of Great Britain, ingloriously, terminated the war of American Independence—a war begun in arrogance and folly, and concluded in bitterness and discomfiture, by a peace only redeemed from intolerable humiliation by the devotion of the gallant service whose traditional valour has ever shone most brilliantly when the clouds of danger have gathered thickest round the national fortunes. Beside the immense sums squandered during those eight years of fratricidal strife, the future industry of the country was mortgaged to the extent of upwards of a hundred millions sterling! And all for what—even supposing the object of the war to have been obtained? Merely to keep our own countrymen in such a state of tutelage and subjection as we would not ourselves submit to at home, and to render a connection, which, were a wise and friendly policy pursued, must necessarily be one of mutual honour and advantage, both worthless and degrading—a source of weakness to the parent country instead of strength, and profitable only to the class which provides us with governors, lieutenant-governors, field-marsals, and their apparently inseparable corollaries—loan-mongers and national debts!

The sword was sheathed; but the truly glorious portion of the task assigned by Providence to the man who had conducted the contest to a successful issue only now began. Peace has its victories far more renowned than war; and the laurels which Washington was destined to reap in that higher and better service will lighten round his brows when the breath of truth has withered the coronals of every conqueror that has plagued mankind from Nimrod to Napoleon. The dazzling prize, 'supreme power,' which men called 'great' have in all ages of the world, by absurd and lying pretexts of various patterns and degrees, induced their tools and dupes to win for them by their own sacrifice and humiliation, was early offered to the victorious leader of the American armies, and by him refused with calm contempt. Many well-meaning and intelligent Americans appear to have doubted at the time of the possibility of erecting a stable republican government. Franklin himself, judging from the remarkable sentence in his will, after the clause bequeathing his 'fine crab-tree walking-stick to his friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington,' would appear to have been secretly at least of that opinion. 'If,' wrote the philosopher, 'if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and *would become it*.' It is no marvel, then, that the officers, and the army generally—by all of whom Washington was almost idolised, and who had, or imagined they had, cause of complaint against the Congress—should have taken the same view of affairs, and cast about to raise their leader to a position not only, they might believe, essential to the permanent welfare of the country, but beneficial to themselves and humbling to their fancied enemies. This disposition of the troops and their officers was communicated to Washington in writing by a colonel of one of the regiments. Here is the reply:—'I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest misfortunes that can befall a country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes were more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, to banish such thoughts from your mind.' Thus did this single-minded man disdainfully thrust aside

the proffered toys of a childish and vulgar ambition. His reproachful rejection of their proposition seems to have at once annihilated the schemes and intrigues of the men who, from various motives, were still hankering for a monarchy.

Anxious to put off as speedily as possible the splendid harness he had so long worn, and deeming the blessed time had at length arrived when he might, without injury to the public service, retire into private life, Washington, who declined receiving from Congress any pecuniary recompense whatever for his services, bade adieu to his brother soldiers on the 4th December 1783 in the following simple and touching address:—‘With a heart full of gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and honourable as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.’ Not at all an eloquent man, one perceives, even now. He seems not to have in the least improved in the art of clothing poor thoughts in grandiose expressions: his speech is merely simple, sincere, to the purpose, like the man himself—nothing more. General Knox stood next to him, and with him the retiring commander-in-chief first warmly shook hands, afterwards with the others in succession—for every one of whom he had a kind wish or expression—and then tranquilly withdrew, and was soon on his unescorted road homewards.

Unescorted that is by soldiers, for the nation may be said to have lined the road along which he passed to formally surrender his power to Congress, which body had adjourned from Princetown to Annapolis in Maryland. He was compelled to travel slowly, in consequence of the enthusiastic felicitations, congratulations, addresses, and benedictions which greeted him from every city, village, and hamlet through or near which he passed—all requiring grateful acknowledgment and respectful reply. It was not till the 23d of the month that he arrived at the seat of Congress, and officially rendered back the great trust confided to him. ‘Having,’ said Washington amidst the solemn hush of the assembly—‘having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the scene of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here return my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.’ He then advanced and placed his commission in the hands of the president. Not a sound broke the sacred silence which accompanied this act, for a parallel to which, in its simplicity of greatness, the mind vainly stretches back through the wreck-strewn ages of the past; and it was not till several minutes after the unconscious hero had left the hall, that the members found vent for the emotion which oppressed them in ordinary applause and common mutual felicitations.

The next day Washington reached Mount Vernon, from which he had been absent within a few days of eight years and a-half, having during that entire period only visited his home as he hurriedly passed with Rochambeau towards York-Town, and again as briefly as he returned from that expedition. His delight at escaping from the turmoil of public affairs seems to have been intense. To General Knox he writes:—‘I feel now as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burthen on his shoulders, is eased of the latter—having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and from his house-top is looking

back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires where none but the all-powerful Guide and Disposer of events could have prevented him from falling. To Lafayette he thus expresses himself:—Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this being the order of my march, I will move quietly down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.

The state of public affairs did not, however, permit our hero to remain long in his beloved retirement, and he was not a man to consult inclination when duty spoke. He actively assisted at the settlement of the federal constitution of 1789, which he accepted without reserve; not because he thought it by any means perfect, but that, under the circumstances—the conflicting views and interests of several of the states with regard to negro slavery especially—it was the best that could be obtained. That constitution is essentially based upon the principle, that whatever power is not distinctly, and in terms, transferred to the central, or rather federal authority, remains with each state as an independent republic. This federal government is but an enlarged copy of each state government. The president of the United States corresponds to the governor of an individual state. The legislature of each state, like the general Congress, consists of a Senate and House of Representatives, with their respective and independent executives. From the first there were two great parties in America, called Federalists and Democrats—the one anxious to consolidate and enlarge the power of the general government, and the other desirous of maintaining and extending the principle of the distribution of independent political power over the country. Adams, the second president, Alexander Hamilton, and Knox, were the first chiefs of federalism; Jefferson, Peyton Randolph, Gallatin, the able and ultimately triumphant champions of a more ultra democracy. Many of the mistakes which Englishmen fall into, with respect to American legislation arise from not keeping in view the narrow limits to which the action of the federal government is confined. It possesses no such general powers as the British parliament. The southern states, for instance deny the right of Congress to levy a high protective tariff on foreign manufactured goods—a light duty for the purposes of general revenue is of course another matter—the effect of which would be to tax the Virginian planter for the benefit, real or supposed, of the manufacturer of the northern states; and the state legislatures of the south have not, as we know, hesitated to 'nullify' acts of Congress of that nature, and would no doubt do so again should the necessity arise; which, however, is not very probable. They also deny the right of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery—no such power having, as they contend, been conferred upon it. Unless this distribution and antagonism of independent power is borne in mind by the reader, the complications of American legislation will frequently be incomprehensible.

Under this constitution Washington was elected by acclamation the first president; and he, believing it to be his duty, accepted the great and onerous trust conferred upon him. His progress from Mount Vernon towards the seat of government to assume his high functions was one continued triumph. The people crowded tumultuously on his path, in-

looking with streaming eyes blessings on the head of the Father of his Country. It was a general jubilee of joy, of gratitude, of mutual felicitation: and yet this very people—a noisy portion of them at least—had not very long before been as eager to traduce and vilify this great man as they were now fervent in doing him honour. Washington, who had borne patiently with the people's mistakes, was not intoxicated with their homage. He knew both their weakness and their strength, and could excuse their follies for the sake of their virtues. He had always confidence in them; that, however temporarily misled by passion or prejudice, they would come right at last. Some time before his election to the presidency, when calumnies of all sorts were rife against him, and wild counsels, which, if embodied in action, would infallibly have brought ruin to the state, had obtained an ephemeral popularity, he thus expressed himself:—I cannot think that Providence has done so much for us for nothing. I cannot but hope that the good sense of the people will prevail over its prejudices. The Mighty Sovereign of the Universe has conducted us too long on the path to happiness and fame to abandon us in the midst. By our folly and evil conduct we may for a time wander from the way, but I have confidence there remains sufficient sense and virtue amongst us to regain the right road before we are utterly lost. We shall presently see this now much-lauded hero again exposed to popular odium and insult, and again behold him triumph over it by his former principles—clear rectitude and inflexible justice!

The first presidency of this illustrious man was unmarked by any incident of a disturbing character. His cabinet, in which were Hamilton and Jefferson, Knox and Randolph, testified how entirely he was uninfluenced by party prejudices, and desirous only of securing the services of able and honest men, to whatever section of politics they belonged. The business of the country was firmly and expeditiously transacted, and order gradually arose out of the chaos in which the war had left every department of public affairs. In 1793, during his second term of office, an event, or rather series of events occurred, which, but for the clear sagacity, the firm decision, the vast moral authority of the president, must have again exposed America to the calamities, physical and moral, of a war of the most tremendous and destructive character. The French Revolution had occurred, and M. Genet, the newly-appointed ambassador of that country—merely, as it seemed, because France, like America, had adopted a republican form of government—took upon himself the right, on landing at Charleston in Virginia, to direct the fitting-out and arming of cruisers to act as privateers against Great Britain, with whom the French republic was at war. This extraordinary gentleman had not as yet been even presented to the government, whose authority and functions he so audaciously usurped. Washington was not, however, a man to be bearded with impunity, and he issued orders to put a stop by force to M. Genet's proceedings. M. Genet, who appears to have laboured under the delusion that the bellicose oratory of the violent democrats, or rather anarchists, by whom he was encouraged and supported, was the expression of the deliberate opinion of the calm and sober majority of the American people, attempted to defy the president, and talked of appealing from the government to the nation. The ferment in the country was, there is no doubt, terrific, and might have frightened a man less resolute

in the right than Washington from his purpose. He, however, was as little disposed to yield to the despotism of a mob as of a monarch; and heedless of the storm of abuse and calumny with which he was assailed, steadfastly pursued the path which duty and the law of nations pointed out. The calmness of his resolution, as well as of his contempt for his vilifiers, he thus expressed in a letter to the governor of Maryland, who had urged him to prosecute the assailants of his fame and character:—‘I have some time since resolved to let my calumniators proceed without any notice being taken of their invectives by myself, or by any other, with my participation or knowledge. Their views are, I daresay, readily perceived by all the enlightened part of the community; and by the records of my administration, and not by the voice of faction, I expect to be acquitted or condemned hereafter.’ The recall of M. Genet was peremptorily demanded of the French executive, and the ports of the United States were closed by the authority and power of the federal government against the entrance of English merchant prizes; and when the British government demanded restitution of such captures as had already been made, the demand was promptly complied with and enforced. Washington, and all who abetted him, were of course furiously denounced as traitors and villains, as the friends and mercenaries of England—of that England which had desolated America by a war of which the wounds still bled and festered!

At this time, too, it unfortunately happened that the relations of the United States with this country were of a very unsettled and unsatisfactory character. Some of the frontier posts agreed to be surrendered by Great Britain had not yet been given up; British cruisers did not hesitate to impress seamen on board American vessels, under the plea, real or pretended, that they were Englishmen; and there were other points in the commercial intercourse of the two countries of an unsatisfactory and irritating nature. Washington despatched Mr Jay to England to negotiate a treaty which should place matters upon an amicable footing. In 1794 that gentleman returned with a commercial treaty, in which, though the British ministers had made some concessions, there were other, and, as Washington himself thought, important stipulations which had not been acceded to. The arrival of Mr Jay renewed the outcry in favour of France and against England. The articles of the treaty were carried by a tumultuous mob through the streets of Philadelphia, and burned before the doors of the minister and the British consul. Washington was at Mount Vernon at the time, but intelligence of these proceedings brought him instantly to Philadelphia. His cabinet, which had been previously much weakened by the retirement of Hamilton and Knox, was uncertain and divided; but he, regardless of the difficulties which beset him, acted at once, and with his usual vigour and decision. He sent the treaty to the senate, with a recommendation that they should accept it. That body, sustained by the undismayed attitude of the president, accepted the treaty, although only by the bare legal majority of two-thirds of their number, but stipulated for an important modification previous to its being signed by the president. Washington saw the danger of delay, and signed it at once without waiting for the required modification. Randolph immediately withdrew from the cabinet, and the popular indignation was of course tremendous. An immense number of addresses poured in upon

the president, all more or less menacing in their tone, and requiring him to desist from the course he had entered upon. Washington made the following reply to one of the most influential of the deputations that waited upon him; and his answers to all the others were the same in substance:—‘Without any predilection for my own judgment, I have weighed with attention every argument which has at any time been brought into view. But the constitution is the guide which I can never abandon. It has assigned to the president the power of making treaties with the consent and advice of the senate. It was doubtless supposed that those two branches of government would combine without passion, and with the best means of information, those facts and principles upon which our foreign relations depend, and that they ought not to substitute for their own conviction the opinions of others, or to seek truth through any other channel than that of a temperate and well-informed investigation. Under these circumstances, I have resolved on the manner of executing the duty before me. To the high responsibility attached to it I freely submit, and you, gentlemen, are at perfect liberty to state these as the grounds of my procedure. Whilst I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation I have received from my country, I can no otherwise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my own conscience.’ Not only was the firmness of the president assailed by public meetings and addresses, but the House of Representatives, by an immense majority, demanded that all papers and correspondence relating to the obnoxious treaty should be laid before them. This Washington civilly but peremptorily declined to comply with, on the plea that to do so would be injurious to the public service; and the fierce uproar redoubled, if that were possible, in rage and violence. The British ministers, however, fortunately yielded the modification required, and in their turn ratified the treaty. Still, the legislative action of Congress was required to give effect to the provisions of the treaty, and the struggle that ensued between the House of Representatives and the president was bitter and intense. At length, after a six weeks’ contest, the House, despairing of overcoming the firmness of Washington, yielded the point, and the enactments required to give force to the provisions of the treaty were carried by a majority of three.

The resignation of the secretaryship of state by Mr Randolph, though it added greatly to the immediate embarrassments of the chief of the executive, was not quite voluntary on the part of that gentleman. A letter which M. Fauchet, the French envoy who succeeded M. Genet, had despatched to his government, had been intercepted at sea by the English, and was, by order of the British government, placed in the president’s hands. A perusal of it rendered it evident that either M. Fauchet was grossly misleading the French Directory, or that Mr Randolph was mixed up with the French party in a manner totally inconsistent with his duty not only to the president, but to his country. Washington entered the cabinet, and placing the letter in the secretary’s hands, demanded an explanation. Randolph, exceedingly astonished, complained that the president ought to have spoken privately to him on the subject. Washington thought differently, and the secretary resigned his office, which step was of course attributed by the people solely to his disapproval of Washington signing

the commercial treaty with England before the required modification had been obtained. The vacant post was instantly filled up by Mr Pickens, and Mr Randolph appealed from the judgment of his president to that of the people. Having loudly proclaimed that papers necessary for his defence were withheld from him, more especially one addressed to him by Washington himself, the president sent him the following letter, which you may have no cause to complain of the withholding of any paper, law ever private and confidential, which you may think necessary in a case of so serious a nature, I have directed that you should have the inspection of my letter, as you request; and you are at full liberty to publish, without reserve, any and every private and confidential letter ever wrote to you—nay more, every word I ever uttered to you, or in your hearing, from whence you can derive any advantage in your vindications. The unfavourable impression conceived by Washington of Mr Randolph's integrity, spite of that gentleman's incontestable defence, was soon perceived in by the public, and was perhaps rather confirmed than weakened, by a written testimonial to his perfect innocence which he obtained from M. Fauchet. His position as a public man was gone for ever.

The popularity of the president did not long suffer eclipse. The sense and virtue of the country rallied in his defence, the clouds of prejudice and passion gradually expired in the increasing light of truth; and before his second presidency had expired Washington was again the idol—the 'father of his people.' Such magic is there in a name!

Amity with England in the vocabulary of the French government of that period, was synonymous with enmity to France, and war was loudly threatened by the chance, ephemeral rulers of that country. Washington was anxious to maintain peace between the two republics, though he would make no unworthy compromises to obtain it. He accredited (1797) three commissioners—Messrs Pickens, Marshall and Gerry to the Directory, with a view to the pacific arrangement of existing difficulties. The Directory, like M. Genet, seem to have been impressed with the notion that the opinions of the American people were opposed to those of the American government, and that they might therefore dictate their own terms. The commissioners were received in the most abridging haughty manner; and M. Talleyrand had even the effrontery to inform them that, as a preliminary to any possible negotiation, '*De l'argent, beaucoup de l'argent!*'—('Money, plenty of money!') must be forthcoming. The grave Americans laughed in the fantastical ex-bishop's face, and then quietly assured him it was not by that mode the United States negotiated peace. They soon afterwards returned to America, and preparations for war commenced in good earnest.

In the meanwhile Washington's second presidency had expired; and firmly declining to be a third time elected, he withdrew to Mount Vernon, as spotless in integrity, as pure in heart, as unselfish in his patriotism, as on the day that he first pledged for the deliverance of his country his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour. The following anecdote related by Bishop White is very instructive and significant:—On the day before President Washington retired from office a large company dined with him. Among them were the foreign ministers and their ladies, and other con-

spirited persons of both sexes. During dinner much hilarity prevailed; but on the removal of the cloth, it was undesignedly put an end to by the president. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company with a smile in nearly the following words: "My Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness. There was an end of all pleasantries! I happened to turn my eyes in the direction of the lady of the British minister, Mrs. Liston, and tears I saw were rapidly coursing each other down her cheeks."

Behold the man, ye crowned and ermin'd train,
And learn from him the royal art to reign;
No guards surround him, or his walks invest;
No curiaa disdain his noble breast;
His the defense which despotism can find;
The love, the prayers, the interest of mankind;
And ye what spoils his far-famed arms have won,
What cities sacked, what hapless realms undone?
Though Monarchs' field supports no vulgar fanie,
Though captured York shall long preserve his name,
Louds not these a nobler scene behold,
Where cultured fields fast-ripening into gold;
There, as his toil the cheerful peasant plies,
New marts are opening, and new spires arise;
Here commerce smiles, and there a group are seen
The useful arts; and those of sprightly mien
To cheer the whole the Muses tune their lyre,
And Independence leads the white-robed choir.
Trophies like these, to vulgar minds unknown,
Were sought and prized by Washington alone;
From these, with all his country's honours crowned,
All ages in council-brass must renowed;
All of a piece, and faithful to the last,
Great in this action as in all the past,
He turns, and urges as his last request,
Remote from power his weary head to rest.

But no permanent rest could, it seems, be allowed the now aged veteran; he must perform his wish, harness on his back. The new president, Adams, preparing hastily for war with France, wrote to Washington, begging him to accept the post of commander-in-chief of the Army. "Your name," observed Mr. Adams, "will be a host." Washington could not refuse; but he accompanied his acceptance of the office by the condition that Hamilton should be his second in command: no higher compliment could have been paid that gifted man. The different modes by which the troops of France and Great Britain should be encountered he thus expressed:—"In the last war it was necessary to wear out the English veterans by a desultory, harassing warfare, but we must meet and fight the French soldiers step by step." Fortunately the advent of the First Consul to the direction of affairs removed all apprehension of war. Napoleon Bonaparte was too wise to add America to the list of the foes of France; and an equitable arrangement was soon effected; not, unfortunately, however, till a naval engagement had taken place between the United States frigate *Constellation*

tion and the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, in which the latter, after a spirited action, was captured by Commander Truxton.

The news came too late to reach the ear of Washington. The last scene of life's strange and always tragic drama had arrived for him: A brief illness, the immediate cause of which was his being caught in a shower of rain whilst out riding on his estate at Mount Vernon, terminated his eventful career on the 14th of December 1799. He expired surrounded by his weeping family and friends, his servants amongst the most sorrowing of those friends. He suffered considerably, but no murmur of complaint or impatience escaped him. 'I am dying hard,' he observed with a faint, pale smile to the physician in attendance, 'but it will soon be over.' Thus calmly and resignedly passed away that childlike, giant man; and, his earthly mission well accomplished, he slept peacefully with his fathers, having lived sixty-eight years.

'Let me be buried privately, and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains,' was one of his last injunctions. Those who have disobeyed that solemn command have done so vainly; for Time alone can write his fitting epitaph—that future and advancing Time, in whose clear day the grim and fantastic shadows mistaken for true heroes in the darkness and twilight of the world are destined to pass away and be forgotten, but which light from heaven will only add new lustre to the aureole of moral beauty, dignity, and worth which encircles the brows of the great American.

The will of George Washington contains, as we read it, not only a great lesson for the world, but an especial admonition to his countrymen. The admonition is contained, veiled if you will, in the first paragraph after the general bequest to his wife, in which, with so much solemn earnestness, he decrees the freedom of all his slaves at the death of Mrs Washington, lamenting that he durst not order their immediate liberation because of the misery that would result to themselves in consequence of their intermarriage with the dower slaves, over whom he had no control. He further orders, that when the time for freeing them shall have arrived, those amongst them that may from age or infirmity be incapable of supporting themselves, shall be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs: the children he directs to be educated and provided for till they are twenty-five years of age. 'These dispositions,' he writes, 'I solemnly and pointedly enjoin on my heirs to see religiously fulfilled.' To us it appears evident that Washington bitterly felt and lamented the foul blot which negro slavery—the sad inheritance, we must not forget, bequeathed by the vicious policy of former governments—stamps upon the glory of the stars and stripes; and that, possessing no power to abate the evil by legislative action, he was desirous of showing by his own example—recorded in the most solemn document man can frame, for it is his last—how necessary he esteemed it, if his countrymen would not continue to give the lie to their professions of natural freedom and equality, to rid themselves, at the earliest moment it could be done, without creating a greater evil than it was intended to abolish, of an institution inconsistent alike with real safety and true greatness. The lesson to the world, and especially to conquerors and their

dures and tools, is the oft-quoted passage in which he bequeaths his swords to his nephews:—‘These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its liberties; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed till the object be accomplished, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.’ Words which, whilst they express his and every just person’s abhorrence of aggressive war, must ever stir as with a trumpet the heart of every man compelled to arm in defence of home, freedom, and country.

There is not much requiring remark in the after-career of any of the distinguished associates of this great man; their public acts were for the most part modelled upon his. Adams and Jefferson, the second and third presidents, by a remarkable coincidence, both died on the same day, the fiftieth anniversary of ‘Independence’—one at the age of eighty-four, and the other ninety-one years of age. The last days of Jefferson were unfortunately embittered by pecuniary difficulties. The inscription on his tomb, written by himself, records that he was the author of the ‘Declaration of Independence,’ and the ‘Virginian Statute of Religious Freedom,’ and the ‘Father of the University of Virginia.’ No mention is made of his having been president of the United States. Franklin died some years before Washington. The quaint epitaph composed for himself by the calm-minded philosopher, though familiar to most readers, will always be worth quoting as long as the absurd notion shall linger in the dark holes and corners of the world, that a belief in the immortality of the soul is inconsistent with a knowledge and love of natural science:—‘The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book with its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.’ Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by the notorious Colonel Burr. The mention of this person’s name reminds us of an anecdote connected with Washington, which rests, we believe, upon his (Colonel Burr’s) authority. It was reported in America that George III., on being told by some one that the newly-appointed American commander-in-chief once asserted that ‘he loved the whistling of bullets,’ had remarked that the Virginian officer said that because he had heard so few. Many years afterwards Washington was asked if he could ever have made use of such an expression? ‘I think not,’ replied the veteran; ‘but if I did, it must have been when I was *very* young!’

Here this brief summary of an important chapter of the world’s history naturally concludes; and we may, without rendering ourselves justly obnoxious to the charge of passing rash judgments, draw the following conclusions from the premises:—*1st*, That admiration of the conduct of the leaders of American resistance is perfectly consistent with the highest respect for monarchical institutions, inasmuch as the liberties which those leaders armed to defend were liberties enjoyed under charters consecrated by successive English monarchs; *2dly*, That the resistance of the British colonists was strictly a *defensive* one, and the real

revolutionists therefore the British ministers, who made unlawful war upon an unoffending, loyal, and peaceable people; *3dly*, and *lastly*, That the very worst use to which the valour and resources of the British people can be directed, is an endeavour to subject distant communities of Englishmen to a yoke they would not themselves endure at home, or to set about converting, by the employment of violence and insult, a kindred and friendly people into a jealous and hostile one. The hateful memories of former unjust violence towards the American States are now happily passing away, and the old influences arising from identity of race, language, and ancestral achievement, are resuming their natural sway. It is the inclination—whatever incendiaries may say or sing—as well as the duty and interest of this country, to aid that return to old feelings of mutual friendship and respect; for assuredly if there is one nation in the world on which Englishmen ought to look with pride, it is America; just as it is equally natural and true that the 'Old Country' is the only kingdom in Europe which our American brethren regard with affection and esteem.

EDMUND ATHERTON:

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

THE quiet village of Enfield in Warwickshire, situated within easy riding distance of the town of Coventry, is nestled in one of the pleasantest spots to be found even in that county of sylvan nooks and corners. Wood and river, hill and dale, combine to gladden and diversify its tranquil loveliness, its peace-breathing solitude. With what a courteous majesty do the grand old woods, in which the hamlet lies, as it were, enframed, wave welcome to the traveller who passes their green portals! They see—wise, ancient trees are they, which have looked upon and beckoned to the foolish world for centuries—that he has just come up from the hot, stifling cities, of whose daily-increasing turmoil and uproar the tainted and unquiet winds unceasingly inform them; and they, with their leafy fans, strive to free him from the heat and dust they know he must have contracted there. The river—a hard-worker in other localities—a carrier of great burthens—takes holiday here: prolongs his stay by many a devious winding through green meads margined by the pensile willow, which stoops down to kiss and glass itself—as mourning beauties love to do—in his clear mirror; and murmurs, as he departs over the pebbly boundary, sad but musical regrets that he must perforce pass on to return and disport himself there no more for ever!

So calmly-beautiful is the village in its ordinary working-day aspect; but on the day to which I would more especially direct the attention of the reader, the holy stillness of the Sabbath rested upon and deepened its quiet peacefulness. The rustic worshippers had issued forth of the village church, where God's words of peace had been expounded to them, into the temple of his works, where every sight and sound, tree, stream, and flower, was eloquent with the same inspired message. Surely, then, amidst an unsophisticated, sequestered community, nurtured by such divine homilies as these, there could be found no hearts tainted, corrupted by the vices, the fierce and evil passions, which seethe and ferment in the crowded cities of the world?

He that thinks so is little read in the human heart. Observe that somewhat straggling group of four persons walking slowly up the declivity yonder in the direction of the rather pretentious cottage, whose new

red-brickedness, but that it is almost wholly concealed by the trees which surround it, would be so vile a blot on the fair landscape. One of them is an old man—at least his hair is gray, and his face deeply furrowed; a fair girl holds him by the arm; and two young men—farmers, or farmers' sons, of rather a high class apparently—walk with an air of unquiet bashfulness by their side. Well, the strongest, fiercest passions that ever stirred and ruled the human heart are raging in the breasts of three at least of that small group. Avarice, stronger than death; love, tumultuous, unreasoning, headlong; black envy, hatred, jealousy, despair, reign there in scarcely-disputed mastery, preparing the as yet unconscious, unapprehensive actors for their parts in one of those terrible dramas which passion, uncontrolled by conscience, sometimes exhibits for the warning and instruction of a startled community; and the memory of which will long linger amid the quiet haunts of Enfield and the surrounding neighbourhood: for the story, reader, which I am about to relate is in its essentials strictly *true*; as far, at least, as absolute truth may be predicated of any record in which imperfect or scanty information on minor points, however industriously sought and carefully collated, may have led to error with respect to incidents of slight prominence or of secondary interest.

I.

The gray-haired man I have pointed out was Amos Leveridge: his age might have been about fifty-five or fifty-six; but worldly care, a ceaseless, eager pursuit of gain, had bowed his form and blanched his locks with premature old age. He had been many years in business in Coventry in the lace and ribbon trade, and had amassed a very considerable fortune, when, to use a much-hackneyed expression, the sudden transition of the nation from a state of war to a state of peace, so for a time depressed the commerce and paralysed the industry of the country, that Amos Leveridge was glad to catch at what, under the circumstances, he deemed an advantageous offer for the stock and goodwill of his business, and retire with his accumulated savings into the ease and security of a non-trading life. He chose Enfield as a retreat for no other reason than, because Warwick Villa—the red-brick excrescence I have indicated, of which he had obtained cheap possession, in consequence of the bankruptcy of its builder and proprietor—did not let, and it was therefore a considerable saving to dwell in it himself. To mere beauty, whether mundane or celestial, he was profoundly insensible. The stars of heaven, the flowers of earth, glittered and exhaled utterly unheeded by Amos Leveridge, whose daily meditations and nightly dreams were of his beloved money-heaps. On the morning of every quarter-day, punctually as it arose out of eternity, the old man set off for Coventry, where he had large house-property, to draw his rents, returning home on the following evening. These journeys, which he performed on horseback, marked the chief epochs of his life; and ponderings over the nett produce of the last, and preparations for the next gathering, its chief business and delight. Amos had been once wedded; obtaining, it was said, by his marriage not only a gentle and industrious wife, but, in his then circumstances, an important sum of

money. She died several years before his retirement from trade. The only issue of the union was Fanny Leveridge, the fair girl walking by her father's side towards home. Beautiful exceedingly, very graceful, and tolerably educated was she, and withal fully conscious of her attractions, both as a handsome woman and a rich heiress. I cannot say that her father loved her with the deep affection which parents usually feel for an only and dutiful child: he was too much absorbed in Mammon-worship for that. But he was at least proud of his daughter; and occasionally thought, not without exultant self-gratulation, upon the time—a distant one of course it must be, for how could his selfishness endure to forego the attentive ministrations of so affectionate a child?—when he might see her the rich and honoured wife of some rich, great man; too rich and great, too much in love—so ran his dreams—to need or heed a dowry. Feelings of arrogant selfishness like these caused him, it will be readily supposed, to look with extreme dislike and uneasiness upon present suitors, especially if of the class to which both he and his daughter belonged; and unfortunately pretenders of that stamp were, to his great annoyance and dismay, somewhat numerous. Two especially, who now accompanied them from church, had manifested a resolution, a pertinacity, which no adverse hints, no studied coldness, no contemptuous rudeness on his part, could abate or overcome. Perhaps the daughter's smiles more than compensated for the father's frowns; but even if so, they would seem to have been very impartially distributed between the rivals, if one might judge by the beaming light which flashed upon both her worshippers as she curtsied farewell to them from within the gate her father had just rudely slammed in their faces. The young men turned silently away, and in silence pursued their path homewards, which lay for a considerable part of the road in the same direction. Whatever feeling was throbbing in their veins or gnawing at their hearts found no outward manifestation—in words at least. They walked moodily along, chewing the cud of sweet or bitter fancy, without uttering a syllable; till, arrived where their paths diverged, a coldly-civil "Good-day!" was interchanged, and each passed on with a freer air and heartier stride to his own dwelling.

William Collins; the eldest by a few months of these lovers and rivals, was about six-and-twenty years of age, well-looking, and of fair character. Young as he was, he was a comparatively wealthy tenant of the nobleman whose estates comprise so large a portion of the division of the county in which Enfield is situated. His father and father's father had cultivated Holm Farm, and he, an only son, had succeeded to the tenancy about three years before, and had so industriously and prudently conducted himself, as to win golden opinions from the whole countryside as a careful, quick-witted, rising man. William Collins was somewhat better liked by Amos Leveridge—if, indeed, the faint preference displayed by the stern old miser could be properly called liking—than his rival Edmund Atherton; but—and the knowledge or suspicion haunted him like a demon—Atherton stood highest, he hated to believe, in the good graces of the daughter. There is no doubt either that sincerely, passionately as William Collins now loved the fair Fanny, her charms as an heiress had at first, at all events, entered largely into his estimate of the advantages of such a match. Now his youthful ardour, stimulated by the intoxicating society

of the lady, and the sharp spur of rivalry, had o'erleaped all considerations of pelf and profit; but originally, there is little question, he was quite as much dazzled by the pecuniary as the personal charms of his mistress. He was far too thrifty a young man to have been lured into Hymen's net save by the glittering of gold beneath the meshes; but once caught therein, egress was difficult, if not impossible; and he yielded, as men in such circumstances usually do, passively and resignedly to his fate.

Edmund Atherton was a man of another stamp; differently moulded by both nature and education. He was not, perhaps, a whit better-looking than William Collins, but more lithe, agile, vigorous; less thrifty too, it was said; but also the less needing thrift, as the two hundred and odd freehold acres which he farmed were his own—bequeathed by his father about a twelvemonth previously. He had been at one time intended for one of the liberal professions, and partially educated with that view; but his unconquerable predilection for a country life—his vehement love of field-sports, in which he greatly excelled—induced his parents to forego their purpose, and permit him to follow the bent of an inclination which prompted him to tread the safe and beaten paths leading to competence and ease, rather than attempt to scale the dizzy heights, o'erstrewn with pitfalls, where fame and fortune seem waiting to crown the rash enthusiast. His mother still survived—a strong-hearted, strong-minded woman, whom I many times have had the pleasure of conversing with: she was, I think, a native of Cumberland—at all events of the north of England, or of one of the southern Scottish counties; and had been, I understood, brought up in the Presbyterian faith and discipline. Her lot, however, having been cast in a land of prelacy, she, with her husband, attended divine service in the parish church of Enfield—two of the most earnest and devout of the congregation which knelt and worshipped there. Habitually reserved, and somewhat formal, Mrs Atherton was regarded by persons who did not look beneath the surface as a frigid, cold-hearted woman. They knew her not: within that grave and somewhat stern exterior there dwelt a perennial, ever-swelling fount of sympathy and tenderness, which, whenever the voice of affection, of suffering, or of want smote upon the apparent rock, gushed forth in plenteous loving-kindness, mercy, and compassion. This noble mother Edmund Atherton loved and honoured as such a mother should be loved and honoured; whilst his affection for Fanny—the beautiful Fanny—was as enthusiastic and unselfish as his own ardent and unselfish nature. He loved her for herself alone, and would gladly have relinquished all present and prospective claim to the father's money-bags for a favourable acceptance of his suit for the daughter's hand.

I have said that, judging from the demeanour of Fanny Leveridge to the young men when they took leave of her and her father after escorting them home from church, she appeared to feel no marked preference for either of them. But this leave-taking occurred, it must be remembered, in the broad, open day, beneath a garish sunlight, utterly inappropriate to, and uncongenial with, the coy and timid glances with which reserved and modest maidens recognise and reward accepted affection. On the evening of that same Sunday—just as the faint beams of the setting autumnal sun were feebly lingering on bright flowers and glancing streams, clinging with a last

embrace to the beautiful; and the silver stars, one by one, shone forth upon a world once more in need of, and grateful for, their tremulous and tender light—Edmund Atherton leapt the low garden-wall of Warwick Villa, and after waiting with exemplary patience till it suited the convenience or caprice of the lady to join him, was permitted to pour forth the vows of love and eternal constancy which flow so glibly from the lips of youth, not only unchecked by voice or gesture, but to read in her delighted eyes an answer to which no eloquence of words could have added force or meaning.

Not unmarked was this stolen meeting. William Collins had observed the entrance of his hated rival into the garden, had followed him unperceived, and himself concealed by the thickly-growing trees and shrubs, overheard each syllable of a conversation which confirmed his worst fears, and filled him with fury and despair. Excited—almost maddened—he hurried to the house, and demanding speech of Amos Leveridge, briefly informed him that Edmund Atherton and his daughter were in the garden planning and arranging the means of effecting a private marriage. A detestable falsehood by the way, and invented by Collins as a means of kindling the old man's passions, and rousing him to take summary and decisive measures for breaking off a connection which boded ruin to his own hopes. Leveridge started as though a serpent stung him; and jumping up, hastened into the garden with frantic rage. Collins, satisfied with the success of his device, quietly retired.

The lovers were just about to part. But suppose, dearest, Edmund Atherton was saying—suppose this unreasonable obstinacy of your father should continue unchanged? You are of age, my mother, who you know, would consent to nothing wrong, approves her son's choice, and

'I will never leave my father, nor marry without his consent,' interrupted Fanny Leveridge somewhat reproachfully.

'There is no necessity for leaving him, there is ample room at Elm Lodge for

The speaker was checked by a fierce execration from Amos Leveridge, whose approach over a soft green sward had been unnoticed, followed by a furious blow, which made him reel several paces backwards. The hot blood suffused the face and temples of the indignant young man; and in the first impulse of his passion he raised his arm to return the blow with interest. With difficulty he mastered himself, and in a voice trembling with ill-suppressed rage, exclaimed, 'Thank your gray hairs, sir, or rather thank your daughter, that I do not resent as it deserves your brutal assault upon me; but that'—

His words were drowned in the torrent of invective and abuse which the furious old man showered upon him. Every epithet which a coarse and excited imagination could devise was hurled at him, in tones so loud and fierce, that passers-by gathered to the spot and listened to the altercation. Miss Leveridge, trembling, fainting with terror, clung nervously to her father, imploring Edmund to leave the place. He at length complied, exclaiming as he sprang over the dwarf enclosure, and alighted amidst the gaping bystanders, 'You will repent this abominable outrage, Mr Leveridge, depend upon it, and that, too, before many hours have passed over your

head.' A natural expression, that might fairly be interpreted to allude to the regret likely to be felt by any man of the slightest generosity of mind when, upon calm reflection, he finds he has been betrayed into momentary injustice; but which, illustrated by after events, acquired unfortunately a terrible and fatal significance.

One of the lookers-on was William Collins, of whose agency in bringing about the humiliating scene from which he had just escaped Edmund Atherton was of course wholly ignorant. Collins, the more effectually to conceal his malicious meanness, as well as to enjoy the writhings of his favoured rival, as he probed and irritated the festering wound, affected great indignation at the conduct of Amos Leveridge. Atherton, too much excited and indignant to heed such thinly-masked irony, walked fiercely but silently on in the direction of his home, accompanied by Collins and a Farmer Elliot, who had witnessed the assault and subsequent abuse of his young friend by Amos Leveridge with unaffected pain and disgust.

'Don't take it to heart, Edmund,' said the blunt, well-meaning man, just before he and Collins, whose roads lay in the same direction, took leave of their impatient companion: 'Your father's son may look higher than to the dainty piece of goods you doited old curmudgeon seems by his talk to think good enough for a lord. I don't see anything very extraordinary in her myself, and considering the sort of father she has, I trow you are well rid of her, Edmund: that's my opinion.'

This very consolatory effusion appeared, much to Farmer Elliot's surprise, to increase instead of allaying the irritation of the person to whom it was addressed, who abruptly changed the conversation, by asking Collins 'if partridges were as plentiful in the Holm Covers this year as formerly?'

'Quite so, at least so I hear; for I seldom go out myself. Why don't you step over, as you used to do, and beat them up? My leave, you know, is sufficient.'

'Thank you: I will; perhaps to-morrow.'

'To-morrow is Michaelmas-day, and I shall not be at home. I have been at last obliged to discharge that incorrigible rascal and poacher Tom Carter.'

'A good riddance,' interjected Farmer Elliot.

'Yes, but he's a handy fellow notwithstanding, and can do a capital day's work when he pleases. I must be off to the fair to hire some one else in his stead; and by coach, too, I'm thinking—for Leveridge, as usual, borrows my mare for his Coventry journey; he prefers her, he says, to any horse he can hire.'

'No doubt—no doubt,' chuckled Elliot, 'one can easily believe that.'

'But if you will say Tuesday,' continued Collins with much friendly semblance, 'I shall be glad, very glad to see you at Holm Farm after your day's sport, and have a humming glass together, as we used to do "lang syne."'

'Amos Leveridge returns from Coventry on Tuesday evening by your house, does he not?'

'Yes.'

'Does he stop?'

'For a minute or so only, just to leave the mare.'

'Well, then, I'll run over the Holm Covers on Tuesday, and call in on my return.'

A few moments afterwards Edmund Atherton had shaken hands with his two companions, and was hastening at a rapid pace towards Elm Lodge.

II.

The next morning, exact as the clock, Amos Leveridge mounted the borrowed horse, duly brought to his door by Tom Carter; and once more enjoining his daughter—whose countenance still bore traces of the previous evening's emotion—to keep strictly within doors during his absence, took the heavy riding-whip proffered by Carter, and turning the horse's head to the Coventry road, essayed to move on.

'If you please, sir,' said Tom Carter, holding the horse's head firmly by the bit, and pulling a shaggy forelock—'if you please, sir, I shall not be at the farm when you return: I be discharged.'

This information was volunteered by Carter for the equitable purpose of obtaining present payment of the half-crown fee which Amos Leveridge was in the habit of paying him when he left the mare at Holm Farm on his return home.

This quarterly payment constituted an annuity which Amos had often, with much bitterness, reflected amounted to a year's legal interest of ten pounds. He had been unfortunately driven, the first time he had borrowed Collins's mare, to create so extravagant a precedent, by his stupid neglect to provide himself with small silver change; and he had since been unable, from very shame, to diminish the amount of the gratuity. Here was an opportunity of ridding himself of the onerous payment altogether, and he eagerly embraced it.

'I am sorry to hear it, Carter, and I wish you a better place than the one you have lost.' He then struck the horse sharply with his spurs, and attempted to ride on; but Carter held resolutely by the bridle, spite of the efforts of the mare to free herself.

'But, sir,' remonstrated the man, observing Leveridge shift ends with the loaded riding-whip he had given him—'but, sir'—

He had time to say no more: the heavy butt end of the whip descended with great force upon the hand which grasped the bit: the sudden pain forced him to loose his hold, and the mare darted off at speed.

'Curse thee for a cowardly skin-flint!' shouted Carter, shaking his fist with impotent rage at the exulting horseman, who was speedily out of sight and hearing. An instant afterwards, a dark and meaning smile passed over the fellow's sinister features, and he muttered, 'Thou shalt pay for that blow in pocket and person too, if the devil will only grant me the chance I have long dreamt of!'

A slight noise broke in upon his soliloquy, and he looked hurriedly round, fearful of having been observed or overheard. His fears were groundless. Miss Leveridge had re-entered the house several minutes before; no other person was within sight or hearing; and satisfied that his dark thoughts were known only to himself, he turned his sullen steps

towards Holm Farm, so long his home, but which at twelve o'clock on that day he was to quit for ever. Mischief is indeed swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men.

On the following day Edmund Atherton, as he had promised Collins, took his gun and dogs and walked over to the Holm Covers, as they were called. The game was abundant, and the sun was rapidly declining before the eager sportsman could tear himself from his beloved pastime. At length hunger and fatigue compelled his still reluctant steps towards Holm Farm, where he determined to rest himself thoroughly before proceeding home. He had approached within about a quarter of a mile of Collins's residence, when a splendid covey of partridges started up, whirred past, and settled down again at an inconsiderable distance. His gun was unloaded, indeed his wads were all used up, but the temptation was irresistible. He hastily reloaded, and for wadding tore off part of a letter he found in one of his pockets. He moved swiftly and stealthily along; but before he could approach within shooting distance, the birds were up again, and off out of sight and ken. The disappointed sportsman resumed his path towards Holm Farm, muttering, 'I shall perhaps get a shot, if it's not too dark, on my way home.'

William Collins was not at home; but a woman-servant, who opened the door, informed Atherton that her master was expected every minute. He had told her Mr Atherton would call, and desired her to say that he should be glad if he would make himself at home, and await his arrival: refreshments, the woman added, were placed ready in the parlour. Atherton, tired and heated, gladly accepted the invitation; pulled off his velvet shooting-jacket, and placed it with his hat on a chair in the outer room beside his still loaded gun; he then entered the parlour, and fell to with a hearty relish upon the substantial fare set before him. The servant came in after the lapse of a few minutes to ask if there was anything else he required, as she had to go to Enfield on some errand, and would take advantage of his being there to set out before it grew dark. He replied that he wished for nothing more than she had provided, and a few minutes afterwards the woman left the house. Atherton made a hearty dinner, and drank somewhat freely of his host's ale, and then, feeling drowsy, stretched himself upon the sofa, before which lay his dogs, also spent with toil, and was soon fast asleep.

Carter, who had been prowling about Holm Farm the whole day, marked the departure of the servant, whom he believed to be the sole occupant of the house; for he had not observed Atherton's entrance, and as soon as she was out of sight, rapidly approached the door. His intention, it was afterwards ascertained, was to procure his late master's gun, which he knew was always kept loaded over the parlour mantelpiece. He could execute the devilish project he had conceived, he calculated, and return the gun to its place before it was missed. As he entered the door, his eye fell upon the shooting-jacket with large pearl buttons, the straw-hat made of alternate strips of white and black plait, and the silver-mounted gun of Edmund Atherton: he recognised them in an instant. Cautiously venturing on, he peeped through the glazed parlour door, and saw the owner of the articles sound asleep. Swiftly he returned to the hall, and examined

the gun: it was doubtless loaded, for the cap was on the nipple. To make sure, he drew the ramrod, and ascertained beyond a doubt that it was so. 'Well,' thought the villain, and a Satanic grin exaggerated the natural ferocity of his countenance, 'the devil does sometimes help his own at a pinch, that's certain.' In a twinkling his smock-frock and hairy cap were thrown off; and, arrayed in Edmund Atherton's jacket and hat, and armed with his gun, the assassin stole swiftly forth, and hurried to the spot where he had determined to await his victim. It was close upon the hour of Amos Leveridge's return, and he dreaded lest, by delay, his prey should escape him. He was soon posted in his lurking-place, and his patience and resolution were not exposed to a very lengthened trial. Ten minutes had scarcely passed, though in the eager and morbidly-active imagination of the murderer an hour seemed to have limped slowly by, when the well-known trot of the mare was heard; and presently, turning a sharp angle of the road, appeared the doomed man, riding in contented sleepiness, slowly and unconsciously, along towards an instant eternity. He had approached within about a dozen paces of the fatal spot, when the muzzle of the assassin's gun was slowly raised, the fiery discharge belched forth, and tossing his arms wildly in the air, the murdered man fell heavily to the ground, and the terrified mare sprang off at a gallop towards Holm Farm. Carter was hastening forward to secure the booty for which he had perilled soul and body, when his steps were arrested by shouts of 'Villain! assassin! scoundrel!' proceeding from a field which overhung, so to speak, the deeply-cut road, or rather lane where Leveridge had fallen. Carter looked up, and beheld Mr James Simpson, the stalwart schoolmaster of Enfield, running eagerly along the thick hedge which kept him from the road, in search of an opening by which he might descend, flourishing his stout black-thorn stick, and shouting as he ran with furious energy. Cowardly as ferocious, the murderer, abandoning at once all hope of the expected booty, turned and fled for life. Simpson roared after him—'I know you, Edmund Atherton! villain! murderer! madman! Stop him! seize him!' he continued, observing the figure of a man emerge at some distance from the wood almost directly in the path of the flying miscreant. 'Arrest him, Mr Collins,' he shouted with stentorian power, as he recognised the new-comer; 'he has murdered Amos Leveridge!'

His injunction would be, it at first seemed, fulfilled. Collins, astonished and bewildered by what he saw—Edmund Atherton fleeing towards Holm Farm, pursued by cries of 'villain' and 'murderer'—nevertheless rapidly neared the fugitive. He had approached within about twenty paces of him, when the man turned, lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and disclosed the features of his discharged servant. 'Carter!' exclaimed the pursuer, stopping short. A significant smile passed over the villain's features as he rejoined, in a meaning tone, 'Yes, master, I.' Collins seemed rooted to the spot; and the assassin continued his flight—*unfollowed!*

'Why did you not arrest him?' demanded Simpson, who had descended into the road, and was busy, when Collins approached, examining the state of the wounded man.

'He was too quick for me,' Collins replied in a husky voice.

'No matter—no matter; we shall find him fast enough: he cannot

escape. See, here is part of a letter used as wadding which I have found still smouldering close to the body. To think that Edmund Atherton should have committed such a crime as this for the mere love of a black-eyed wench; or worse, to avenge a foolish insult offered by an old man!

William Collins replied not, and, to conceal his tell-tale countenance, bent down over the body in apparently anxious scrutiny.

'He still breathes!'

'Yes; but in my belief he is, notwithstanding, hurt past all surgery. However, as whilst there is life they say there is also hope, let us make as easy a litter as we can, and carry him on to Enfield. It is useless waiting for help in this solitary place; and we shall be more likely to meet with assistance on the direct road, than if we were to turn off towards your house.'

This was instantly set about; and the dying man, with the help readily procured as they drew near the village, was rapidly conveyed home.

In the meanwhile Carter had safely reached Holm Farm. Edmund Atherton still slept, and with frenzied haste the wretched murderer divested himself of his borrowed apparel, resumed his frock and cap, and hurried off for life—life—life, by the most secret by-ways known to him, out of the neighbourhood; and then more leisurely, though scantily furnished for such a journey, towards London, the universal receptacle for all celebrities and all infamies who happen to imagine or find the provinces too narrow or too hot for them. Carter counted a good deal, for at least present impunity, upon the avenger of blood being put on the wrong scent. His late master could, it was true, denounce him, and save Edmund Atherton; but would he? A ferocious laugh burst from the lips of the cunning villain as, after weighing the probabilities of the case by the aid of his knowledge of the character of Collins, he arrived at a not unsatisfactory conclusion. 'If it depend on him, Atherton will be hanged; and then, my fine master, Holm Farm is as much mine as thine.' In the meantime it was necessary to do something for present support; and so readily does the freemasonry of crime introduce to congenial companionship, that Carter, before many days had elapsed, was a recognised associate of some of the most daring felons that infested the metropolis.

It was quite dark when Edmund Atherton awoke from the profound slumber into which he had fallen. His host, he found, was not yet arrived, neither had the servant returned. 'These autumn evenings are somewhat chilly,' mourned the scarcely-awaked young man; 'I had better, at all events, put on my coat.' He did so, resumed his seat, and waited for some time longer with tolerable patience. At length, wearied with delay, he determined to take his departure; but first lighting a candle by the kitchen embers, he wrote a brief, apologetic note, which he left on the table, addressed to Collins. He then quitted the house, quite satisfied that in that neighbourhood no risk to its owner's property was thereby incurred. 'I will go round by Warwick Villa,' thought he. 'It is a good way about, but the walk will warm me, and perhaps Fanny will be at one of the windows.' Upon such slight chances of obtaining but a shadowy glimpse of the beloved one will young man, inspired by genuine passion, waste time and exertion! The circuitous route he had chosen led him to within

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about two hundred yards of the dwelling of Amos Leveridge. There was, he could perceive, a hurrying to and fro of lights in the lower apartments of the house; and shadows of men and women flitted in and out of the rooms. 'They have company, I suppose, to welcome the old man's return; an unusual occurrence, to say the least of it. No matter, I at anyrate should be no welcome guest just now.' He sighed, as men in love will sometimes sigh, and hastened on. He was within about a quarter of a mile of Elm Lodge, when he became conscious that his footsteps were dogged by several persons, who, however, manifested no disposition to overtake him, slowly as he now walked. Presently two men, whom he knew well—they were the chief constables of the hundred—rapidly approached, coming from the direction of Elm Lodge. The men behind shouted loudly the instant the new-comers appeared in sight, and those immediately replied by a hail of intelligence. Edmund Atherton felt that these signals, for some unaccountable reason, referred to himself; and he noticed that the men who had loitered behind now came swiftly up, so that both parties were in a few minutes close upon him.

'Edmund Atherton,' said Mr Harris, the head constable, with an expression more of sorrow than of anger, 'it is my painful duty to arrest you on a charge of wilful murder.'

'How!' exclaimed the astonished young man, starting back, and at the same time instinctively raising his fowlingpiece, whilst his dogs sprang forward with loud yells.

'Violence, unhappy man, is useless here,' replied Mr Harris quickly; and springing forward, he seized the barrel of the gun. The rest of the *posse comitatus*, following his example, closed in upon their quarry, and Atherton and his dogs were in an instant overpowered.

'What is the meaning of this outrage?' demanded the prisoner, as, panting and bleeding, he vainly strove to resist being handcuffed.

'You know as well as I do, Mr Atherton,' replied the constable. 'Amos Leveridge, whom you doubtless thought to have killed outright, has survived sufficiently long to make a declaration, which, combined with other evidence, will hang you if you had a thousand necks. Come along!'

Consternation and surprise rendered the unfortunate young man speechless, and not another word was exchanged between him and his rough captors till, after thrusting him into the untenanted cell of the village jail or cage, Harris, having carefully searched his person, bade him a stern 'Good-night.'

Amos Leveridge had been brought to his home, and laid upon a couch amidst the frantic outcries and lamentations of his daughter, who, strange as it may to some appear, felt for the old miser the tenderest affection. Medical aid was immediately sent for; and powerful restoratives having been administered, the dying man, when the surgeon, a Mr Mostyn, arrived, was perfectly sensible, though sinking fast. Mr Mostyn examined the wound, and then looked with unmistakeable meaning in the sufferer's face.

'There is no hope then?' murmured Amos Leveridge in a low husky voice. 'I thought so; but it is a bitter thing to die, and leave—leave—Oh God, have I heaped up wealth ~~but~~ to perish by a dog's death like this?' He gnashed his teeth with demoniac rage, the gloom of a fright-

ful despair settled gradually upon his pallid features, and large drops of agony ran down his forehead. His daughter pressed a cordial to his lips, and, momentarily strengthened, he partly raised himself on one arm, and with a ghastly look, in which terror and hate struggled for predominance, glared wildly upon the spectators as he exclaimed, 'Bear witness all of you to the words of a dying man: I have been basely murdered by Edmund Atherton!'

'Did you see his face?' asked Mr Simpson in a gentle voice, after a few moments' pause. 'I did not; neither, it seems, did Mr Collins.'

'No, perhaps not his face,' muttered Leveridge; 'but what of that? It was growing dark; but I saw his dress—his coat, his hat: it was he I tell you. And now,' added the miserable man in a feeble, scarcely audible voice, 'let every one except—except Fanny and William Collins leave the room.'

His orders were obeyed. Fanny, weeping hysterically, knelt at her father's side, and Collins, pale as marble, and shaking like an aspen, slowly approached from the further corner of the room, where till now he had been standing.

'Fanny,' said Amos Leveridge, 'you love that accursed villain?'

'I did, I did, father; but oh do not suppose that I—that I'—

'That you would wed your father's murderer? No, girl—no; but—William Collins, come nearer. Fanny, you are my heir. I would not that my hard-earned savings should be squandered in idle follies when I am gone. William Collins is close—thrifty, and will add to the store instead of diminishing it; besides, it would punish, more than the gallows will, the wretch who has destroyed me. Promise, Fanny, to marry Collins. Promise me, I say.'

'But, father'—

'And let him know, Fanny, that his hanging will be your wedding-day. Ha—ha—ha! that will be gall—wormwood—hell-fire! Promise—promise me, I say!'

'I do, father, if—if'—

'If me no ifs!' hoarsely murmured the expiring man. 'He will be hanged; and then—then'—

The vindictive expression of the old man's features faded into the cold, passionless rigidity of death; the tenantless body fell heavily back upon the couch; and Amos Leveridge was no more!

Collins reached his home about an hour after the close of the scene I have just narrated in a state of mind impossible accurately to portray. Exultation, dashed with fear and doubt; love—passion rather—whispering triumph, victory; avarice, with that dead old man's sinister smile pointing to dazzling heaps of gold; remorse, whose serpent fangs he felt already fastening on his heart—ruled him by turns. He was tossed to and fro in a chaos of conflicting emotions. A first step in the fatal path of crime, of *murder*—the word *would* surge out of his palpitating brain—had been taken; and how, even if he were willing to do so, could he retrace that step without instant destruction to his character, to his hopes—without forfeiting the golden fortune almost within his grasp?

'Would to Heaven!' he mentally exclaimed with intense bitterness of

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spirit, 'would to Heaven I had not seen that villain's face, nor heard him speak; I had then obtained the prize without incurring this torturing burthen of remorse and doubt. Suppose I make revelation of the truth, proclaim to the world that I indeed contemplated a profitable crime, but wanted courage to act out my purpose—what shall I by that means accomplish? Not only brand my own name with infamy, but bestow on Atherton, whom I loathe—abhor—a splendid fortune, and the only woman I ever did or ever shall love! He shall hang first! I am not capable of such heroic sacrifices. I suppose they *will* hang him; murder is seldom in this country visited with a less penalty: and my evidence withheld, the circumstances press strongly against him. Horrible! But *I* did not plan or bring about those circumstances; and if I offer no testimony against him, as I will not, how can it be said that I consign him to the scaffold? Carter alone knows that I recognised him, and he, for his neck's safety, will be silent. I run no risk; none—not the slightest. Then what an utter idiot I must be, when love and fortune cast their treasures at my feet not only at the bidding of coward conscience to spurn them from me, but bless, enrich another with their precious gifts! Riches, beauty, no fear, no risk! None but a madman would refuse to take this fortune at its flood! Edmund Atherton, you may count upon—my silence!'

With opiates such as these did William Collins strive to still the gnawings of the worm which, once awakened, dieth not; and for a time he partially succeeded.

III.

The excitement in and about Enfield, the thousand-and-one rumours and exaggerations which flew from mouth to mouth, may be imagined better than described. An express had been sent off the same evening for the county coroner, and at about noon on the following day that bustling and important functionary arrived; and an inquest on the body of the murdered man was immediately held.

As soon as the preliminary form of viewing the corpse had been gone through, and the jurors had returned to the vestry-room of the parish church, where, by the vicar's permission, the inquiry was held, Edmund Atherton, strongly guarded, was brought before them. He seemed to have quite recovered his usual serenity of temper and cheerfulness of spirit, as he looked boldly round the court with the air of an injured man, whose innocence of the crime imputed to him would soon be made manifest to those who, doubtless misled by lying rumours, for the present thought so hardly of him. After bowing respectfully to the coroner, whom he slightly knew, he looked anxiously around for his mother, and was evidently hurt and disappointed that she was not present to witness his unquestionable triumph—she who must have felt so acutely the shame and agony of so foul an accusation! Mrs Atherton was, however, in the vestry-room, though her son did not see her. She was seated, by her own desire, at the end of the apartment, concealed behind the bulky person of Farmer Brooks, who had escorted her to the court, and to whom she had expressed her resolution to hear the evidence against her son before she trusted herself to see or speak to him.

The first witness examined was Farmer Elliot. He related the particulars of the previous Sunday evening's quarrel between the deceased and the prisoner, and the menacing words used by the latter on leaving the garden.

'You say,' said the coroner, 'the prisoner intimated that the deceased would repent what he had done before many hours had passed?'

'Yes: his words at least were to that effect.'

'Certainly,' exclaimed Atherton, 'I did make use of some such expression, but with no meaning of the kind you seem anxious to attach to it. I merely intended to express my conviction that Mr Leveridge would, upon reflection, regret the unprovoked assault he had committed upon me.'

'You had better, I think, Mr Atherton,' observed the coroner, 'reserve explanations of this nature for another tribunal. You have no legal adviser present, I believe; and it is therefore better for your own sake that you should not prejudice any defence you may hereafter be advised to offer by ill-judged comments upon the evidence now to be adduced in support of this most serious charge.'

'Tut—tut!' exclaimed the prisoner impatiently; 'there is no serious charge in the case. It is a pure absurdity.'

'This affected levity and carelessness ill becomes the position in which you are placed,' retorted the coroner angrily; 'and I must insist upon your keeping silence.'

'Be it so,' said Atherton. 'Proceed; I will utter no word more.'

Farmer Elliot next related the conversation which took place between the prisoner and Mr Collins relative to shooting over the Holm Covers.

'Did not the prisoner specially inquire,' was the next question, 'whether the deceased would return that way from Coventry before he accepted Mr Collins's invitation?'

'Well—I think so. Yes he did.'

'And acceded to the proposal the instant he was told the unfortunate gentleman would be sure to return home by that road?'

'Yes.'

'This is another strained construction of words which had quite another meaning,' cried the prisoner with irrepressible indignation. 'But,' he added more calmly, 'it can be of no ultimate consequence: the truth must at last appear. Go on.'

Mr James Simpson was next called. As his evidence proceeded, the confidence of the prisoner visibly diminished; and though he scarcely opened his lips during the remainder of the inquiry, it was evident that each succeeding deposition deepened the anxiety and alarm which the testimony of the schoolmaster had first awakened.

Mr Simpson stated that on the previous evening, after dismissing his school, he had taken a longer stroll than usual in the direction of Holm coppice. He was considerably beyond Holm farmhouse when he saw the prisoner, as he believed, dressed in his ordinary shooting-jacket and peculiar straw-hat, pass by at a distance of about fifty paces. He was walking very rapidly, almost running, with his head turned in an opposite direction, so that witness could not see his face.

'What time was this, Mr Simpson?' demanded the prisoner.

'About half-past six, I should think—perhaps a little later. I did not

look at my watch, and therefore cannot speak with certainty on that point. I do not think the prisoner noticed me. A few minutes afterwards, I got over the gate of Farmer Elliot's ten-acre field, which, as we all know, runs along by Rockstone Lane or road. I passed along by the hedge, and, from the comparatively considerable height at which I was walking, saw the prisoner enter a thicket just below where the direct road from Coventry turns into Rockstone Lane. Wondering what kind of game he could be seeking there, I watched his proceedings with some curiosity. No great time elapsed when the heavy trot of a horse broke upon the solitary silence of the place. The prisoner then bent eagerly forward, and in a minute or so Amos Leveridge was seen slowly approaching on Mr Collins's bay mare. The unfortunate man had closely neared the spot where the prisoner stood in ambush, when the gun was suddenly raised, discharged, and the deceased fell from his horse mortally wounded.' The witness next described how he had shouted after the prisoner, and called to Mr Collins to arrest him, with other details already related. Mr Simpson continued: 'From the closeness of the discharge, the shot had no time to separate, and entered the breast of the deceased almost like a bullet. Near the body I perceived the wadding of the gun blackened, and still smouldering. I picked it up, and found it to be part of a letter. I now produce it.'

'Although you did not see the face of the person who fired at the deceased, have you any doubt that it was the prisoner?'

'Not the shadow of a doubt.'

'Now, Mr Harris,' said the coroner, 'please to inform us what you found in the prisoner's pockets upon searching him?'

'Amongst other things immaterial to the present inquiry, I found this portion of a letter.'

The witness handed the torn paper to the coroner, who, after comparing it with the scorched and blackened fragment produced by Simpson, exclaimed with grave emphasis, 'This is indeed the finger of Providence!' He then handed the pieces to the jury, who, after looking at them, stated through their foreman that their minds were made up, and that it would be quite useless to prolong the inquiry.'

'I think, gentlemen,' said the coroner blandly, 'we had better go regularly through the evidence. In the meantime, as there can be no doubt of what your decision will be, the clerk will draw up a formal verdict for you to sign. The case indeed appears quite plain—shockingly so; but God forbid we should hastily prejudice the prisoner! Call the next witness.'

The surgeon stated the cause of death, and repeated the declaration of the dying man.

'Was he *in articulo mortis*?' asked the coroner with magisterial emphasis; 'and was he aware that he was so?'

'Both,' replied the surgeon drily. 'He was dying, and he knew it.'

'He did not see the prisoner's face?'

'He seemed to admit that he did not. He, however, as I have stated, solemnly declared that he had been murdered by Edmund Atherton.'

William Collins was the next witness examined. He was deadly pale, but he gave his evidence with considerable firmness. He corroborated, as far as he was concerned, the schoolmaster's testimony; and added 'that the fugitive had been too quick for him.'

'Have you any doubt in your mind that the prisoner was the man you vainly endeavoured to arrest?' asked the coroner.

'I believe, sir,' replied Collins, 'I am here to state facts, not to offer opinions. I was near enough to plainly recognise Mr Atherton's silver-mounted gun, as well as his coat and hat; but I did not see his face, and I am not disposed to say, for the present at least, any more upon the subject.'

Other and minor evidence was received; and at its conclusion the coroner, abruptly addressing the prisoner, said, 'You have nothing to say, I suppose, Mr Atherton?'

'Nothing that would be believed here.'

'Quite proper. Gentlemen of the jury, you will please return your verdict.' This was instantly done; and the jurors having duly signed it, the coroner issued his warrant for the committal of the prisoner to Warwick Jail for trial at the next assize. He then declared the proceedings closed; and in a very few minutes only two or three persons besides the prisoner and constables remained in the vestry-room.

The aged vicar, who had been present during the whole of the investigation, whispered earnestly to the coroner for a brief space; after which that officer informed the prisoner that his mother had solicited to be allowed a private interview with him in that room, and although it was not altogether regular, yet, in deference to the wishes of the venerable vicar, who had assured him that Mrs Atherton was a highly-respectable lady, he would grant her request; but at the same time he begged emphatically to warn the prisoner 'that any attempt at escape would be quite futile, as not only the doors, but the outside of the building, would be strictly watched and guarded.'

A slight expression of sarcastic contempt curled the prisoner's lip as he bowed his thanks for the favour conferred on him. The vicar, accompanied by the coroner, who motioned the constables to follow him, then left the vestry, and Edmund Atherton was alone with his mother.

Mrs Atherton was still seated in the place she had occupied since the opening of the court. Her hands were tightly clasped, as if in earnest prayer, and her head, bowed in humiliation to the earth, was not raised as her son, hastily approaching her, exclaimed, 'Mother—dear mother! were you here and I knew it not?'

Her hands unlocked, and were spread out, as if to forbid his near approach. 'Yes,' she replied in a constrainedly-calm voice, as the afflicted young man recoiled before her expressive gesture. 'Yes, Edmund; I have heard all that has been said here to-day. More perhaps than that. I watched your sleep on Sunday evening—the love of a mother, Edmund, is very watchful!—and saw that your recent quarrel with that unhappy man pursued you in your dreams. You muttered—I now too well remember—strange threats of vengeance for the insult you had received. And now, before I dare trust myself to clasp you by the hand, or look upon your face, tell me—I conjure you by the memory of your departed father, by your trust in the Redeemer in whose faith you have been nurtured—has the Evil One had power, through your passions of love and hate, to push you to the commission of the fearful crime with which you are charged?'

A painful silence of some moments followed. The widow's hands tightened in their clasp, and were pressed firmly, as if to keep down some almost uncontrollable emotion across her breast, and her bowed head drooped still lower to the earth. 'Mother,' at length exclaimed her son in a calm, sad, slightly-reproachful voice, 'with all my faults—and they are many—did you ever know me to be guilty of a falsehood?'

'Never—never! You were always truth itself.'

'Then hear me declare to you—by the memory of my sainted father, by the deep love and reverence I have ever borne to you, by all my hopes of happiness beyond the grave, that of the foul deed of which they accuse me I am as innocent as a new-born, sinless child.'

The tones of truth seldom miss their way to the heart. As he spoke, the widow's hands relaxed their convulsive clasp, the drooping body grew erect; and as he concluded his emphatic declaration of innocence, she started up, a spasmodic cry of joy too mighty for articulate utterance struggling in her throat, clasped him with passionate emotion round the neck, and exclaimed, as soon as the convulsive joy which choked her speech permitted, 'My son—my son! blessings—blessings on you for these words! And oh, praised and blessed be His name who has not ceased to have you—the child of many prayers—in His holy keeping! My brave, good boy,' she continued, holding his head back with one hand, whilst with the other she strove to brush away the blinding tears which impeded her from gazing in his face, 'how dared I doubt the truth and honesty engraven in every line of that beloved countenance? Oh, my son, forgive your mother!' And again she strained him in a passionate embrace.

'Ay, but, mother,' said Edmund after the partial subsidence of Mrs Atherton's emotion, 'your conviction of my innocence will not avail to rebut the strange combination of circumstances arrayed against me.'

'True—true, my son. We will presently take counsel together upon the human means to be employed to repel this terrible accusation. But the sting is gone. The perfect conviction of your innocence which I now feel is a joy unutterable, which no earthly peril, even to you, can for the moment damp or lessen. You will bear the ordeal through which you will have to pass, I feel assured, as becomes your father's son. Be certain, Edmund, that it is a visitation in mercy; a warning not to build up your hopes, not to wrap up your soul in the weak vanities, the glittering delusions, of a false and transitory world. Your love for that girl, Edmund, was, I often feared, too much like idolatry to be pleasing in His sight, and required doubtless to be chastened, purified by trial and affliction. Many and various are the ways by which the Creator withdraws men from the world. Some through the cold and bitter passages of poverty and physical suffering; others through crushed affections, withered earthly twigs, on which perhaps they had too fondly leaned; some by the fiery trials of persecution, as your great grandsire—one of the stout old hill-side worshippers, who, as I have often related to you, fell valiantly fighting in defence of the right of man to worship God by the light of his own conscience. A great example! the influence of which will not depart the earth, for the memory of the just dieth not. There is, my son, a soul of goodness in all things, but especially in trial and adversity, if rightly used. You will bear this visitation as becomes a Christian man—in faith and

patience; nothing doubting that the time will come when you will be enabled to say, with thousands of others, "It was good for me to be afflicted."

In this manner did the strong-hearted mother, in accordance with the tenets of her earnest faith, seek to fortify the spirit of her son. She did not labour in vain. His eye gradually brightened with renewed confidence in his ultimate deliverance from the perils which environed him; and when his mother, warned by the vicar, who partially opened the door to announce that the interview could not be prolonged more than a few minutes, desired him to relate all the circumstances in anyway bearing on the case with which he was acquainted, he complied with something of his wonted alacrity and cheerfulness.

'There is a strange mystery in all this,' said Mrs Atherton after a thoughtful pause. 'Some one during your slumber must have assumed your clothes, and used your gun. Strange! Collins?—No, it could not be Collins; no—good, but rash James Simpson's evidence precludes that suspicion. Has any one, I wonder, been missed from the neighbourhood? Robbery doubtless was the object.'

A peremptory knock at the vestry door interrupted and warned her that the moment of parting was arrived. She rose with a cheerful aspect, partly real, partly assumed perhaps, for the encouragement of her son. 'Fear not, Edmund, that we shall be enabled to unravel this tangled web of circumstance. I will immediately consult and retain Baines the attorney of Warwick: he is a sharp, able man, and knew your father. And tomorrow, Edmund, I will see Fanny Leveridge, and say to her—I know she will believe me—"My son is innocent of the foul crime with which rash and credulous men have charged him."'

A bright smile danced in the young man's eyes as he joyously replied, 'Thanks—thanks, dear mother! That will indeed take away the sting and grief of the wound.'

'Ay, dear boy, I saw where your thoughts were wandering. Well, she is, I think, a good girl, though not quite so sedate as I doubt not she will be after a few years of wedded life. They are impatient. Come.'

The coroner had remained with the constables in order to see the prisoner safely off; and as Edmund Atherton stepped into the vehicle provided to convey him to Warwick Jail, he said, addressing the widow with a lofty, condescending civility, 'Really, Mrs Atherton, I sincerely pity you, as well as your son. Ours is an unpleasant duty, but'—

'Neither I nor my son need your pity, sir,' interrupted Mrs Atherton in a proud, repellent tone. 'He, especially, is an object of envy rather, as all men are who patiently and bravely suffer unmerited reproach and calumny.'

The mortified functionary drew back with an air of extreme surprise and disgust, and immediately gave the signal to proceed. Mrs Atherton waved a last adieu to her son, and then with a proud and stately step turned towards Elm Lodge.

This stoicism of manner endured only as long as the eyes of strangers were upon her. Her step soon lost its firmness, her eye the expression of repellent pride which had coldly illumined it. Convinced as she was of her

son's innocence, her confidence in the result yielded gradually to doubt, and doubt, before she had reached her dwelling, had wellnigh darkened to despair. The evidence she had heard delivered in the vestry room, with its terrible coherency of circumstance, settled heavily and darkly upon her throbbing brain, shutting out all hope of her son's deliverance from the fearful peril which encompassed him. A servant-woman, who appeared to sympathise deeply with the anguish written on the pallid countenance of her mistress, opened the door before Mrs Atherton had time to knock, and seemed about to speak, but was waved impatiently aside; and the grief-stricken mother passed on to the silence and privacy of her bedchamber. It was more than an hour afterwards when the woman, privileged servant as she was, ventured to disturb her mistress. She tapped gently at the door; it was presently opened, and she rejoiced to see that Mrs Atherton's countenance no longer wore the despairing expression it did when she entered the house. A subdued hope, a resigned confidence in the providence of Him in whose love and fear she had walked humbly, since she could lisp His name, shone in her mild sad eyes.

'You are better now, dear madam?' said the woman.

'Yes, Margaret. I trust in God, and in that trust feel privileged to have no other fear. But why did you knock?'

Farmer Elliot has been here, and bade me tell you he has been informed that about half an hour after the mur—, after the death of Amos Leveridge, Tom Carter was seen hurrying along like mad across the fields towards Thornby'—

'Carter! What Carter?'

'He who used to work for Mr Collins. The poacher—don't you remember?'

'Ah yes! Well, where is he?'

A knock at the door interrupted her. It was Farmer Elliot himself. Mrs Atherton hastened down stairs, and after a brief conference with her visitor, it was arranged between them to give no hint of the suspicions which Carter's disappearance, and the strange manner of it, had excited in their minds, till Mr Baines had been consulted, to whom Mrs Atherton immediately despatched a note by a special messenger.

Mr Baines the attorney, a sharp, active practitioner, arrived at Enfield in obedience to Mrs Atherton's pressing summons on the next day. He had a long consultation with that lady, to which farmers Brook and Elliot were ultimately summoned. At its conclusion Mr Baines announced that he should at once walk over to Holm Farm and see Mr Collins.

William Collins had so easily got through the examination before the coroner; the case, without his *active* aid, appeared so conclusive against the prisoner, and he himself seemed so secured, so hedged in from the most remote suspicion of being in anyway implicated in the affair, that his agitated spirits and wavering resolution had already calmed and settled down into a firm determination to clutch the golden opportunity which chance had flung in his way. When Mr Baines called he was seated alone in his parlour, silently revelling in the glittering prospect which—no hateful barrier between—lay stretched invitingly before him.

'Baines—Baines,' he audibly soliloquised, after directing the servant

to admit his visitor. 'I don't know the name: who can he be, I wonder?'

'One of that exemplary, but, alas! much slandered class of individuals known as attorneys,' said that gentleman, entering the apartment.

'An attorney!' exclaimed Collins in some confusion. He had not thought the intruder so near. 'What can an attorney want with me?'

'Not to serve you with a *capias*, Mr Collins, I assure you,' replied Mr Baines blandly; 'but if you will allow me to be seated, for my walk has been rather a long one, I will in a very few words explain the object of my visit.'

Collins motioned to a chair, and the attorney presently proceeded.

'I have been retained, Mr Collins, by Mrs Atherton to conduct her son's defence.'

The sudden start which his auditor could not suppress, and the stammering exclamation which followed it, did not escape the keen glance of the man of law.

'Yes; and it is with reference to that sad business that I am here.'

'That you are here! Why, what have I to do with it?'

'Not much *as yet*,' replied Mr Baines, with a sort of suppressed emphasis on the last two words.

'What do you mean, Mr Attorney?' demanded Collins, recovering from his surprise. 'Explain your business, if you please, and be as brief as you can. I have no leisure for mere gossip.'

'Neither have I. To come, then, to the point at once: you discharged from your employ on Monday last a labourer of the name of Carter— What is there in the mention of that man's name to disturb you?'

'Nothing, nothing—go—go on. I was a good deal shocked by the late terrible occurrence, and am still somewhat nervous. But go on. What of Carter?'

'He was, as *you* know, a fellow of dissolute habits. It has been ascertained by Farmer Elliot that about seven o'clock on the evening of the murder he was seen hastening from this house. He has not been heard of since. It is possible, therefore—nay, it is highly probable—that he dressed himself in Mr Atherton's clothes whilst he was sleeping—in this very room, by the by—and shot Amos Leveridge with a view, of course, to robbery; but which purpose, by the unexpected appearance of Simpson, and, I suppose, of yourself, was frustrated. My errand here is to ascertain if you can tell us what has become of him, or where it is *likely* we may meet with him?'

'How should I know? You do not, I hope, believe me capable of—of'—

'Concealing a knowledge of the real assassin? I would not willingly suspect any man of being an accessory after the fact to murder, as in the eye of the law he would in such a case be, and liable, upon conviction, to transportation for life'—

'What is the meaning of these inuendoes?' exclaimed Collins, starting up, and speaking with heat and passion. 'How dare you address such words to me?'

'Mr Collins'—

‘Leave the house, sir! I know no more of Carter than I do of you, and care as little for him.’

As the attorney, thus rudely dismissed, left the house, he muttered, ‘If Carter is the murderer, that fellow is his accomplice either before or after the fact, I scarcely know which.’ Upon further reflection, Mr Baines resolved to keep his suspicions to himself, but at the same time to use every effort to discover Carter. With this view, as soon as he reached home, he sent advertisements to all the county, and several of the London journals, and had a large number of placards printed and distributed, offering fifty pounds reward for information as to the whereabouts of the missing man, whose person he minutely and accurately described.

The visit of Mr Baines greatly disturbed Collins, boldly as he at last carried the matter off. The law *had*, he trembled to find, contemplated the crime of which he had rendered himself guilty, and visited it with the highest secondary penalty known to English justice. He was by no means so safe, then, from retribution as he had imagined himself to be. But detection, he still hugged himself to think, was impossible. The guilty secret rested with himself and the actual assassin. What human skill or cunning could wrest it from those dark hidingplaces? He was but a fool to startle at such shadows. It was all too late to retrace the path on which he had entered, and he would walk boldly and undauntedly on, till the rich and beauteous prize for which he had rashly—oh, how rashly!—bartered the jewel of his peace was his beyond the reach of chance or fate.

He arose next morning feverish and unrefreshed. It was the day appointed for the funeral of Amos Leveridge; and soon after rising from his untasted breakfast, he dressed himself with great care, and took his way towards Warwick Villa. On the return of the funeral procession from the grave, he requested Miss Leveridge—whose pale loveliness, contrasted by her mourning-dress, looked, he thought, more enchantingly lustrous than ever—to favour him with a private interview. She complied; and he, in deferential, insinuating phrase, reminded her of the promise she had made her father on the evening of his decease, and begged to know if he was to regard himself in the light of her accepted suitor. The lady’s manner was cold and somewhat disdainful as she replied, ‘That she did not forget, and did not intend to break her promise, though she thought it a rather unseemly time to remind her of it. It was, however, she begged especially to remind him, a *conditional* promise. She had seen Mrs Atherton, and believed with her that, spite of appearances, Edmund Atherton was guiltless of the dreadful crime imputed to him, and that his innocence would yet be made manifest. Should it, however, unhappily prove otherwise,’ added Miss Leveridge, tears trembling in her eyes, ‘I will, at whatever sacrifice, should you be so cruel as to require it, fulfil the promise I so rashly gave.’ With this answer Collins was obliged to affect contentment, and he soon after left the house in a transport of suppressed but fiery rage.

‘What devil’s wages are these for which I have been working?’ he exclaimed with fierce bitterness as soon as he knew himself to be out of sight and hearing. ‘My peace of mind utterly wrecked—lost, gone, past

hope, beyond recall!—the clear conscience which but a few days since might have defied a world to startle it, now trembling at the merest shadow!—the fell serpents of remorse clinging round brain and heart, and goading me hourly with their hellish fangs wellnigh to madness! And all for what? To be scorned and mocked at by yon proud, beautiful minx—to be cheated, it should seem, of the prize for which I have so madly played! He will be acquitted, will he? The evidence, perchance, is not considered strong enough to insure a conviction! Well, it must be strengthened then! I will strengthen it; for, come what come may, I'll not be fooled, baffled, laughed at!

As soon as he reached home, and had thrown himself into a chair, the servant handed him the county paper, which had just been brought in. He glanced vacantly over it till his eye rested upon the advertisement offering a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Carter. Why, how was this?—what dreadful fatality was pursuing him? But a few hours since so securely havened, safe out of tempest's reach, and now helplessly drifting out to sea, with breakers, it should seem, on every side, and the fierce waves dashing at his feet and hissing in his ears! He threw the paper from him; and, as if seized with sudden sickness, asked the servant if there was any brandy in the house.

'Plenty: shall I bring it you?'

'Yes; and be quick.'

The potent spirit quickly rallied his fainting energies. He continued to drink till a late hour; and for the first time in his life William Collins retired to bed in a state of inebriation. The evil habit grew rapidly upon him. Alcohol—familiar fiend!—was ever ready at his summons to drown and blunt the suggestions of conscience—the fiery arrows of remorse. But the spirit-demon demands high payment for such services; and the price he exacted was soon indelibly recorded on the shattered mental and bodily health of his votary and victim.

IV.

It was not till the following March assize that Edmund Atherton was 'put upon his country.' During the long interval that had elapsed since his committal, no material fact in connection with the death of Amos Leveridge had come to light, neither had any tidings been obtained of Carter, although the reward had been, by Mrs Atherton's directions, doubled. As the day of trial drew near, the hopes of Mr Baines of obtaining a favourable result, as well as the strong reliance of the prisoner's mother on the ultimate triumph of justice, even in earthly courts, visibly paled and drooped. What, indeed, but failure *could* be expected of a defence which had no other basis than a vague suspicion that another absent, unproducible person, was the real culprit?

A few minutes after the court doors were opened on the morning the trial was expected to come on, the whole of the space appropriated to the public was densely packed with curious and anxious spectators. Mr Justice Taunton was on the bench: I forget the name of the gentleman—one of the members of the outer bar—who appeared for the prosecution: the

defence was intrusted to the late Sir William Follett, then but at the commencement of his brief but distinguished career, who had been specially retained, and brought down for this case. Sir William, then Mr Follett, was perhaps the most effective cross-examiner that the English bar, unrivalled as it may be said to be in that science—it is nothing less—has ever produced. His management of the defence was admirable, and fully vindicated the judgment of Mr Baines, who had selected him in preference to men of higher standing and larger experience. Beneath a quietude of manner which excited no suspicion, roused no watchfulness, there lurked a lynx-eyed vigilance, a quick sagacity, which detected and availed itself of the slightest point that could benefit his client. The case against the prisoner was, the reader need not be told, overwhelming; and yet so able were the cross-examinations of the witnesses—so suggestive, so to speak, of doubt and uncertainty—that the issue, till the judge's charge was delivered, seemed altogether problematical and unassured. I need not recapitulate the evidence: it was essentially the same as that given before the inquest, with the exception of the testimony of William Collins, whose appearance in the witness-box bore sad testimony to the swift moral and physical ruin which an evil conscience and reckless indulgence in alcoholic stimulants can bring about. He was sprucely, showily dressed; but his once healthy, florid complexion had become pale and bloated; his eyes had that glazy, half-imbecile look which marks the habitual drinker; and his hand, as he received the Testament to swear 'to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' shook so violently, either from the operation of terror or of brandy, perhaps of both, that he could scarcely place it to his lips. Devil's wages indeed had he been earning, and very prompt and full had been the payment! He now swore positively that he had no doubt whatever—never had doubted, in fact, though he had previously hesitated to express his conviction—that the prisoner was the man he saw running in the direction of Holm Farm after the commission of the murder. The cross-examination of Collins fell, by some unfortunate chance, to the junior counsel for the defence, and was consequently nothing like so effective as if Mr Follett had sifted him; still the result could scarcely have been different.

The prisoner's defence, which had been prepared for him by Mr Baines—I feel confident counsel had not been consulted upon it—fell cold and dead upon the audience. It was acute and ingenious enough—too much so—and far too lawyer-like. Wire-drawn special pleading may be listened to with respect from a barrister's lips; but when uttered by a prisoner, sounds too much like guilt fencing with justice to be effective. From innocence in danger of a scaffold one expects to hear the accents of indignant denial—the free speech that bursts without a pause—the plain, round, unvarnished tale—rather than logical subtleties and legal dissertations upon the comparative value of direct and circumstantial evidence. The reading of the defence occupied about half an hour; and when it was concluded, everybody felt that the prisoner's case had been damaged rather than helped by it. Witnesses to character were next called; and then Mr Justice Taunton commenced his summing up. At every sentence he uttered in those low, husky, yet distinct tones, it seemed as if the prisoner's remaining sands of life passed visibly away before his breath.

The terrible graphic skill with which he grouped, as it were, the evidence that had been given, and showed how one isolated fact threw light upon, and gave significance to another fact, exhibited judicial acumen of the highest order. The very able cross-examinations of the counsel for the defence, and the paper read by the prisoner, have suggested, with more or less acuteness and eloquence, remarked his lordship in conclusion, that circumstantial evidence ought not to be relied upon. With that opinion I can by no means agree. A circumstance, gentlemen, cannot lie—cannot give corrupt and perjured testimony. The finding of the paper-wadding of the gun, for instance, in this case, close to the body of the murdered man, and the corresponding portion in the prisoner's pocket, is a circumstance which no ingenuity could forge—no false-sweaver invent and palm upon us. I will only further remark, that if the story told by the prisoner with a view to persuade you that some other person might have obtained, or in point of fact did obtain, temporary possession of his clothes and gun, with no other object, it should seem, than to get him involved in a capital charge, I say if that story is to be held of sufficient weight to beat down the testimony we have heard to-day, crime may stalk not only unpunished, but unquestioned, through the land; no man's life would be safe; and our courts of justice, for any check they would be to evil-doers, might as well be closed at once. Gentlemen, you will now consider your verdict. The opinion I entertain I have freely expressed; but that opinion is not binding upon you. The law constitutes you sole judges of the facts placed before you. If you feel any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, you will acquit him. The verdict, gentlemen, will be yours, not mine.

You might have heard a pin drop as the jury, after a few moments' consultation with each other, turned, without leaving the court, to say they were agreed.

'How say you?' said the clerk of the arraigns; 'is the prisoner at the bar, whom you have had in charge, guilty of the offence for which he has been arraigned, or not guilty?'

'Guilty!'

'And so say you all: and that is your verdict?'

The profound stillness which followed the delivery of the verdict, was broken by a noise and bustle towards the upper end of the court. The strong resolution which had sustained Mrs Atherton up to this moment had given way at last: she had fainted, and was borne out of court in a state of insensibility.

Mr Justice Taunton assumed the black cap, and in a very feeling, impressive address—he was affected even to tears—passed sentence of death upon the prisoner. He implored him to dismiss from his mind all vain hopes of mercy in this world; and to humble himself in prayer and penitence before the just and merciful God he had so grievously offended, by impiously breaking into the sanctuary of human life: and then the time which the law permitted a murderer to exist after his conviction, brief as it was, might prove amply sufficient, if diligently used, to obtain that mercy which the Eternal never denied to the humble and repentant suppliant. He then passed formal sentence in the usual manner.

The prisoner had stood erect, with folded arms, gazing with a fierce and

angry expression in the judge's face during this address ; and at its conclusion he exclaimed in stern, indignant tones—' I reject your sympathy, my lord : I fling back your pretended commiseration. If you, and those men who have so rashly judged and condemned me, could see yourselves as He whose name you so glibly invoke sees you, you would know that it is *you* who have need to humble yourselves in prayer and penitence for impiously presuming to violate the sanctuary of human life ! I go to death : you return to your homes, to linger out a few more winters of precarious life ; but the God of heaven and earth alone knows who is the greatest object of pity—I, who am about to perish by an unmerited sentence, or you, who, have unjustly doomed me !'—— He would have said more ; but the jailor, at a gesture from the judge, forcibly removed him from the dock ; and the court adjourned.

As Mr Baines passed out of court, a well-known Bow-Street officer, or runner, as those celebrated persons were formerly designated, accosted him—' You are, I believe, the attorney of the prisoner who has just been tried and convicted ?'

' Yes I am ; and what of that ?'

' Only that Carter, the man so often alluded to to-day, and for whose apprehension, I perceive by a printed placard, you have offered a hundred pounds reward, is the very fellow I am down here after for a burglary and homicide committed in London. We have traced him to this county ; but unfortunately have somehow missed the trail. If you can afford me any hint of where he would be likely to run to cover, I may perhaps be able to serve you as well as myself.'

' Come in—come in,' cried Baines in great agitation. ' This is my office. Come in : we may save him yet !'

V.

It was late when William Collins arrived that evening at Holm Farm. The distance from Warwick was considerable, and he had remained drinking at the inn at which he put up for several hours after the court had closed. Fortunately for him, the mare he rode knew the road perfectly, and bore him swiftly and safely to his home. As was now his nightly wont, he ordered, the instant he was seated, brandy to be placed before him : fresh fuel was heaped upon the fire, and extra candles were placed upon the table, as if he hoped to dissipate, by physical light, the thick darkness which dwelt within him. He, as usual, drank deeply ; but the spirit seemed to have lost its power to chase away the terrific images which flitted across his throbbing brain. ' They will be sure to hang him,' he murmured. ' That solemn judge, who deems himself so wise, said there was no hope of mercy for him—no *mercy* ! It seemed the arch-fiend's mock : no mercy for an innocent, just man ; and impunity, riches, honour, to the perjurer and assassin ! Excellent judge ! And yet to string even a guilty man up like a dog is very horrible, much more—— Well, all men must die once ; and then comes the long silence, never to be broken, as I have lately read, and must strive to believe ; for if, perchance—— At all events I shall have abundance of time for repentance. The old man's

wealth will enable me to be charitable—munificent! Fanny, I doubt not, will marry me for her word's sake. Why, then, am I so utterly cast down—wretched—forn—miserable—bravely as I carry it before the world? Shall I ever again know tranquillity of mind?—again feel as I did previous to the day that thrice accursed villain!—

These broodings of remorseful terror were interrupted by the loud and sharp accents of his woman-servant, evidently in remonstrance against the entrance of a person whose voice, feeble and broken as it was, Collins almost instantly recognised. 'God of heaven!' he exclaimed, starting up, whilst his knees knocked against each other, and the blood rushed in tumultuous eddies through his veins—'God of heaven! it is his mother! Martha—Martha!' he shouted with desperate eagerness, 'do not admit that—that person! I cannot—will not see her.'

His orders were disregarded, or the servant found it impossible to comply with them; for the words had hardly passed his lips, when Mrs Atherton, pale as marble, and although—as was evident from the agonised expression of her eyes—suffering frightfully from compressed internal emotion, cold, calm, rigid as a statue of iron externally, stood before him. Collins fell back into his chair, nerveless, ghastly with overpowering terror—horror rather. He seemed confronted, as at doomsday, with the actual presence of his crime, incarnated there in that accusing glance—that stony rigidity of aspect! The speechless confession of his attitude and demeanour was not lost upon his visitor, and an expression of pity gleamed over and softened the stern expression of her face.

'Unhappy, wretched young man!' said Mrs Atherton—'infinitely more wretched and unhappy than he whom your devices have consigned to the scaffold! He is but in danger of those who can kill the body; but you of the eternal, and, it may be, the swift judgment!'

'To whom—to whom—dare—dare you speak thus?' gasped Collins, with white lips.

'To you, the wicked plotter against my son's life and honour!—to you, upon whose soul will rest the guilt of his innocent blood!'

'Woman, you rave!'

'I watched you, William Collins, as you gave that fearful testimony to-day, and knew—felt that you were perjuring yourself—that for some miserable, earthly deceit of wealth, or headstrong passion, you were madly bartering your immortal soul! Even now I can read upon those changed and haggard features, as in a book, the revelations of a despairing, tortured conscience!'

'I will not endure this!' exclaimed Collins, rising from his chair. 'Martha!'

'I will not leave this house,' said Mrs Atherton with rising vehemence, and speaking hurriedly: 'I will not leave this house till you have heard what I came to say—till you have accepted or rejected a proposal in which, be assured, oh sinful and miserable man! your own safety, both here and hereafter, is involved.'

'What would you say? Be quick, and leave me.'

'You know then—have known from the beginning—that Amos Leve-ridge was slain by your servant Carter.'

'How!'

'You believe that if my son should perish by the doom to which he has been sentenced, you will marry the old man's daughter, and possess his wealth. You deceive yourself. Not half an hour ago I parted from Fanny Leveridge, and she bade me tell you that she would rather die a thousand deaths than unite herself to the assassin of Edmund Atherton.'

'Damnation!' shouted Collins, goaded beyond endurance. He seized Mrs Atherton by the arms, and forced her violently towards the door—'Leave this place, or I shall do you a mischief.'

'One word—one word,' shrieked the unfortunate lady, vainly struggling in his grasp: 'you had a mother once—one word only'—she slipped down, and clasped the knees of the excited, vengeful man. 'This—this is what I would say. This murderer—this Carter—will be taken: of that there is no doubt. There is a hot pursuit after him, and he cannot escape. He will confess all: time enough, indeed, for your destruction, which, oh believe me, I desire not, but that you should repent and live; but not time enough, I fear me, to save my son. Be you merciful to me—to yourself. Wealth you shall have. Fanny and I will joyfully provide for that, if you will but reveal the hidingplace of the murderer. You may yourself escape, and happily yet atone for the evil you have contemplated, and, alas, well-nigh accomplished!'

Collins, confused with drink and the excitement of the interview, was for a moment staggered by a proposition which, however feasible it might appear to Mrs Atherton, was, as regarded himself, both impracticable and absurd. A few moments' reflection sufficed to show him this, and he again fiercely desired Mrs Atherton to leave the house. The unhappy mother clung in her despair to his knees in frantic supplication, imploring him with passionate intreaty to have compassion on her agony—her despair. In vain: he was inexorable; and, irritated by resistance, was about to use still more brutal violence than before to force Mrs Atherton from his presence, when the parlour door flew open, and Mr Baines, flushed, and panting with hurry and excitement, rushed into the room.

'Mrs Atherton!' he exclaimed, 'I have been seeking you everywhere. Thank God I have found you at last. Come with me. There is yet, my dear madam, be assured, hope for the innocent, and,' he glared sternly at Collins as he spoke, 'retribution for the guilty. Come!'

They immediately departed, leaving Collins sobered somewhat by the scene through which he had passed, but racked with keener apprehension, enveloped in still gloomier doubts and fears than before Mrs Atherton's arrival. He was a blind man groping his way along the brinks of strange precipices, down which the next instant might see him hurled. He strove to collect, to marshal his thoughts; but his brain was in a whirl, his mind a chaos of conflicting passions, doubts, and fears. 'What could the attorney mean by his hints of retributive justice?—An idle or a serious menace? Carter had not been taken, that was quite clear from that woman's proposal. What, then, had he to— Fanny, too, it should seem, would not fulfil her promise. Curses on her!—on them all!—on himself, for the veriest dolt and idiot that ever trod the earth!—And that thrice-double villain Carter!'

A slight noise at the casement attracted his attention. He glanced

sharply round; and, as if answering to his old master's summons, the face of Carter, unshaven, haggard, stamped with the ineffaceable impress of habitual guilt and fear, glared in ghastly pallor at him from the narrow opened window.

'Hell-dog!' vociferated Collins, starting up with ungovernable fury, and looking eagerly about, as if for a weapon with which to inflict summary vengeance on the wretched being whom he, with self-excusing sophistry, regarded as his destroyer—'hell-dog! what do you seek here?'

'Help, food, concealment, money!' replied Carter with a derisive chuckle. 'Not for my sake only, master, but your own. I am pursued. Help me in, or it will be worse for you as well as me.'

'Curse you!' shouted Collins, as the frightful peril to himself this sudden reappearance of the assassin involved flashed upon him; 'you were born for my destruction.'

'Not if you are wise, and, above all, quick,' replied the hardened ruffian. 'If you are not, master, blame yourself, for I will not go alone to jail.'

A shout as of renewed and eager pursuit was heard at some distance from the house. 'Quick, quick—lend me a hand; they are close upon me!'

Stunned, overwhelmed as he was by the sudden apparition of the only person whose presence he dreaded, Collins soon instinctively felt that it was essential to present safety to shield the ruffian from capture; and he mechanically, as it were, laid hold of him, and with some difficulty pulled him in at the window, which, being about the height of a tall man's shoulders from the ground, could with difficulty be scaled even by a vigorous person from the outside; and Carter, when hauled in, was feeble and nerveless from exhaustion and fatigue.

'Close the window-shutter: quick—quick!' he exclaimed. 'And now, master,' added Carter, after tossing off a couple of glasses of brandy, to which he unceremoniously helped himself, 'I will crawl into the cellar. They will call and ask if I am here; I daresay. You will know what answer to make. Once before, you know, added the assassin with a diabolical leer, 'you forgot that you had seen me!'

For upwards of a quarter of an hour Collins sat in silent stupefaction, undisturbed by the dreaded visitors. At length his straining ear caught the sound of knocking at the outer door, and a minute afterwards the woman-servant announced that a man, calling himself a London police-officer, demanded admittance.

Her master made a gesture of assent: he could not for the moment speak, and he shook with terror in every limb.

The officer, a thick-set, short, resolute-looking man, an associate of him who had accosted Baines in Warwick, but whom he had not seen since the previous day, entered the room, and briefly stated his business. He had tracked a burglar and assassin, for whose apprehension a large reward was offered, to within about half a mile of that house, where he had suddenly lost all trace of him. Had he, Mr Collins, seen or heard of him? 'The man's name is Carter,' added the Bow-Street official, 'and he was, I understand, at one time in your employ.'

Collins with difficulty found words to reply that he had seen no one;

and the officer, though with an unsatisfied air and manner, after asking a few other unimportant questions, left the house, muttering as he went out that he would have the scoundrel yet, alive or dead.

The officer had no sooner slowly retired than a wild and desperate thought glanced through Collins's bewildered, chaotic brain. Why not save himself by at once sacrificing Carter? What hindered him from now delivering the insolent miscreant up to justice, and thus secure himself against the swift ruin he felt was enclosing him on all sides? How was it he had not thought of that before? And in the insane impulse of the moment he jumped up and rushed out of the house, calling vehemently upon the officer to return. The Bow Street official had got to some distance from the place, but on hearing himself called, turned swiftly back, and in two or three moments was again by the side of the master of the house. That interval of time, short as it was, had sufficed to bring back the shattered intellect of Collins to a sense of his real position, by recalling that day's perjury and the wall it had built up behind him, forbidding the possibility of a return to peace, to safety. Too late, he groaned in utter agony of spirit—too late!

'Too late?' exclaimed the officer, misinterpreting his words. 'Have you seen him then?'

'I thought I did,' rejoined Collins, recovering himself, 'yonder round by the bridge; but he must now be safe in the forest!'

'I'll try for him at all events,' rejoined the officer, as he went rapidly on in the indicated direction. Collins slowly and moodily returned to his sitting-room.

The house was soon afterwards closed for the night; the servant retired to bed; and Collins, thoroughly sobered by excessive fright, betook himself to the cellar, to confer with his repulsive and sinister guest. The interview was a long and angry one, but finally, yielding to the terrible necessities of the position, in which he was placed, Collins agreed to furnish the ruffian with clothes, and a sufficient sum of money to defray his passage to America, whither the hunted felon promised to proceed immediately. It was arranged that he should leave his concealment the following night, and he expressed himself confident that, in the disguise of a gentleman, as he termed it, he could venture on the journey without a chance of being recognised. He was then plentifully supplied with food and drink, and left to himself.

Collins did not stir out of his house during the whole of the next day, which, joyfully and unexpectedly to him, passed over without any further search or inquiry being made. Eleven o'clock, the hour agreed upon for Carter's departure, at length arrived; and the fellow, attired in a handsome suit of clothes and top-coat, of which the upturned collar, aided by an ample shawl neckerchief, effectually concealed the lower part of his face, and with thirty sovereigns in his pocket, prepared to issue forth. The servant had been sent about half an hour before to Enfield on some pretendedly-urgent errand, and was not expected home for a considerable time. It was a bright moonlight night; but that, in the opinion of the two accomplices, did not greatly signify, as neither of them had the

slightest suspicion that the house was watched, and Carter's disguise was, they both agreed, complete.

As Carter swiftly and cautiously emerged upon the road leading by Enfield, any one who had been on the other side of the thick belt of trees and shrubs to the left of Holm Farm, looking towards the village, might have observed a man, who had been watching the front of Collins's house for several hours, walk swiftly off at an angle that would enable him to cross the fugitive's path at the distance of something more perhaps than half a mile, without the necessity or risk of showing himself till within a few yards of his prey. If sufficiently near, he might also have seen the officer take a pistol from his pocket, and have heard him say, under his breath, 'We have him now, a living man or a corpse at anyrate, swift as he is said to be of foot.'

Collins watched from the casement looking upon the road with intense anxiety. A quarter of an hour had passed away, when a loud shout struck upon his ear. He listened with breathless eagerness, but the sound was not repeated. He began to hope again, when a pistol-shot—another—a third—broke in quick succession on the silence of the night. Collins, readily divining the cause of the shots—for Carter had insisted on having his pistols—reeled, as if struck by a mortal blow, into the inner room, and sank, prostrated, helpless, upon the couch.

The unhappy man was roused from his trance of terror about an hour afterwards by the servant, who rushed into the apartment in a state of frantic excitement.

'Master! master!' she shouted, shaking at the same time the bewildered man rudely by the collar, 'rouse yourself, for the love of Heaven, or you will be taken! Carter has been captured, and has confessed everything. The officers are up at Squire Dixon's to get a warrant for you. Farmer Elliot told me of it—for your father's sake, he said—and bade me warn you that not a moment must be lost.'

The extremity of his danger seemed to reanimate the fainting energies of the unhappy man. He sprang up, muttered a hoarse curse, hastily unlocked a bureau that stood in the room, took out a considerable sum of money, and then seizing his hat, turned as if about to go forth by the front door. 'Master! master!' screamed the woman, 'not that way! Look, the officers are coming down the road! Here, by the back window; quick—quick! Now, round by the back of the trees, Farmer Elliot said, across the bridge, and strangers will never catch ye!'

Collins comprehended that the expedient suggested was the only one that promised a chance of success, and he went off rapidly in the direction pointed out. It was some minutes before his departure from the house was noticed, sharp as were the numerous eyes which watched it. At length a shout, which seemed to be taken up and echoed on all sides of him, announced that his flight was discovered, and speed, he was instantly aware, afforded the only hope of escape left to him. He had been an expert runner before the demon of intemperance had enfeebled his frame; and even now, nerved by terror, the pace at which he ran soon distanced his pursuers. The bridge was in sight, and eagerly did he strain to reach and

pass it ere his strength should fail him. Once within the tangled brakes of yonder forest, he might, for at least a few hours, defy pursuit and capture. The bridge was gained, the crisis of his danger seemed past, and his exulting spirit vented itself in a broken shout of derisive triumph, when three men, one of whom he instantly recognised as the officer who had visited his house on the previous evening, emerged suddenly from the opposite wood, and occupied the further end of the bridge. That avenue of escape had not then escaped the vigilance of his enemies! The shout of defiance died on his lips; and he stood rooted by despair upon the bridge he had with such fierce effort gained. At bay at last: hemmed in on all sides—no chance—no hope of escape! Philosophers tell us that in an instant of what men call time there may gleam forth in vivid distinctness, from the scribbled palimpsest of the brain, all the thoughts, the acts, the images that life in its longest course may have traced upon it. If this, as I believe, be true, fancy what years of memory must have flashed upon the wretched being, gazing there in the brilliant moonlight upon the glorious creation stretched out before him—the green, flower-starred earth—the waving trees—the shining river—amidst which he had been born and nurtured, where he had carolled forth in boyhood, had exulted in youth, had loved in manhood; and all now in vain beautiful for him! What was left to him from the huge wreck of his life? A blasted name—a future of exile and slavery—whilst his rival exulted triumphant in fortune and in love! A wild yell of mingled rage, hatred, and despair burst from him; and springing from the bridge into the deep and rapid river, the unhappy suicide rushed in his madness from the presence of man into that of God.

The body was next day sought for, found, and, by the tacit permission of the charitable vicar, quietly and privately buried in consecrated ground. A plain head-stone marks the spot, on which is engraved—

WILLIAM COLLINS, AGED 26 YEARS: DROWNED APRIL 7, 18—

VI.

Need I prolong this history? A few sentences will at all events suffice for what remains to be told. The deposition of Carter, who expired a few hours after it was made, sufficed to convince Mr Justice Taunton that for once at least in his life his analytical acumen had misled him. 'It will be an ever-present lesson to me,' said the well-intentioned judge, 'as long as I exist.' That these were not mere words of course, those who remember the issue of a locally-celebrated trial in the north, afterwards presided over by Mr Justice Taunton, in which scrupulosity with respect to circumstantial evidence was pushed by the conscientious judge to so great an extreme as, in the opinion of many persons, to permit the escape from justice of a daring criminal, will readily agree: so prone is the most evenly-balanced mind to run into extremes! Edmund Atherton, before many days had passed, was restored to his home; and, folded in the arms of his excellent, gentle-hearted mother, felt a joy which only those who have been exposed to mortal peril can ever know. He was, if not a sadder,

a wiser man; and, like all men of constant minds, could in very truth exclaim, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity!'

It was something more than a year after these events when Edmund Atherton and Fanny Leveridge were united in the bands of wedlock in Enfield parish church. The landscape, as the wedding-party issued from the sacred edifice, where the nuptial blessing, constituting the happy lovers man and wife, had been pronounced, laughed and sparkled in the smiles and sunshine of a golden morn of May. The incense of the flowers—the forest's quiet hymn—the glad voices of the rejoicing river—ascended in one harmonious canticle of praise to the Giver of all good. Nature kept holiday, and shed 'selectest influence' upon the loving hearts which beat in grateful unison with her universal psalm of joy. Few persons perhaps of the gay train cared at that moment to believe that sin and sorrow could exist in so fair, so beautiful a world; and only one—the writer of these pages—heard, as the bridal procession swept in its pride past an obscure, unhonoured grave, the low-toned ejaculation of the exultant bridegroom's mother, 'Poor Collins!' followed by the murmured prayer, 'Lord, lead us not into temptation.'

MEMORABILIA OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN BRITAIN.

THERE is no period in the history of this country so full of extraordinary occurrences as the seventeenth century. The death of Elizabeth in 1603 put an end to the comparative calm which had for some time existed; and from that period until the accession of William and Mary in 1689, the whole kingdom was convulsed with intestine commotions. The rebellion in Ireland, the civil wars of Scotland, the execution of Charles I., the usurpation of Cromwell, the destruction of the monarchy, the establishment of a commonwealth, the abdication of James II., and again the rebellion in Ireland, form a series of events only to be rivalled perhaps by the history of Europe during the singular year 1848.

Besides events reaching to historical dignity, there was what appears at first sight an extraordinary succession of inferior occurrences—as plagues, tempests, conflagrations, marvellous appearances in the sky, all of which the people believed to be essentially connected with the march of historical events, in as far as every one of them was regarded as a mark of the way in which Providence regarded the doings of statesmen. Many of the narrations of these occurrences are exceedingly curious, both for the nature of the occurrences themselves, and the terms in which they are set forth for popular admiration, as well as the comments made upon them, in which we are presented with a lively illustration of the temper of the popular mind during that age. It is to the more remarkable of these memorabilia that we would now direct attention.

In 1603, the plague, which had suspended its devastations for a considerable period, reappeared in London, and added to the grief of the inhabitants for the death of Queen Elizabeth. In this and the following year no less than 68,596 persons died from that visitation.

In 1607, a terrible flood devastated the south-western counties of England and Wales, whereby twenty-six parishes in Monmouthshire were entirely swept away, and the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Glamorgan, Cardigan, and Caermarthen, were fearfully overflown by the sea. During this inundation, 500 persons perished, and many thousands were utterly ruined. The catastrophe was described as follows by a contemporary :—

'Upon Tuesday the 20th of January, 1607, about nine of the clock in the morning, the sun being most fairly and brightly spied, many of the inhabitants prepared themselves to their affairs. There might they see afar off, as it were in the element, huge and mighty hills of water, tumbling one over another, in such sort as if the greatest mountain in the world had overwhelmed the low valleys or marshy grounds. Sometimes it so dazzled the eyes of many of the spectators, that they imagined it had been some fog or mist coming with great swiftness towards them, and with such smoke as if the mountains had been all on fire; and to the view of some it seemed as if millions of thousands of arrows had been shot forth all at one time, which came in such swiftness, as it was verily thought that the fowls of the air could scarcely fly so fast: such was the threatening fury thereof. But as soon as the people perceived that it was the violence of the waters of the raging seas, and that they began to exceed the compass of their accustomed bounds, and making so furiously towards them, happy were they that could make the best and most speed away. But so violent and swift were the outrageous waves, that pursued one another with such vehemency, that in less than five hours' space most part of those countries were all overflowed, and many hundreds of people, both men, women, and children, were then quite drowned by those outrageous waters.'

Not only were dwelling-houses destroyed, but several churches were completely swept away by this flood; and of the bridges between Gloucester and Bristol scarcely one was left standing. The city of Bristol suffered very considerably. The flood happened at the time of the great St Paul's fair held there, when the warehouses were filled with all kinds of stores, and these were more or less damaged by the waters. From the many narrations of hairbreadth escapes we select the following for their quaintness and singularity:—

'The miraculous delivery of a gentleman from death when it had round beset him in the midst of the waters.—A gentleman dwelling within four miles of the sea, betwixt Barnstable and Bristow, walking forth to view his grounds, cast up his eyes to the sea-coast, and on a sudden the hills and valleys, woods and meadows, seemed all to be either removed, or to be buried in the sea, for the waters afar off stood many yards above the earth. Home comes he with all speed, relates to his wife what he has seen, and the assured peril that was preparing to set upon them, and withal counsels her and his whole family to bestir themselves, and to get higher up into the country to some one of his friends. All hands presently laid about them, as if that enemies had been marching to besiege the town, to truss by what they could and be gone. But behold how swift is mischief when God drives it before him to the punishment of the world! The fardels which they had bound up to save from drowning, some of them were glad to leap upon to escape drowning themselves.

'The gentleman, with his wife and children, got up to the highest building of the house. There sat he and they upon two rafters, comforting one another in this misery, when their hearts within them were even dead to themselves from all comfort. They now cared not for their very life, so they might but go away with their lives; and yet even that very desire of life put him in mind to preserve something by which afterwards they might live—and that was a box of writings wherein were certain bonds and

all the evidences of his lands. This box he tied with cords fast to a rafter, hoping, what wreck soever should overthrow the rest of his substance, his main estate should be found safe, and come to shore in that haven.

‘But alas! in the midst of this sorrowful gladness the sea fell with such violence upon the house that it bore away the whole building, rent it in the middle from top to bottom. They that could not get up to the highest rooms were put to a double death—drowning and braining. In this storm the husband and wife lost one another—the children and parents were parted. The gentleman being forced from his hold, got to a beam, sat upon that, and, against his will, rode post some three or four miles, till at length encountering the side of a hill, he crept up. There sat he environed with death, miserably pouring out tears to increase the waters which were already too abundant; and to make him desperate in his sorrows, the tyrannous stream presented unto him the tragedy of his dear wife and dearest children—she, they, and his servants, were worried to their deaths by the torrent before his face, drowned doubly in his tears and in the waves. Yet because he should not be altogether the slave of misfortune in this sea-fight, a little to fetch him to life, which was upon departing, he spied his box of writings, bound up as they were to the rafter, come floating towards him: that he ventured once again to save, and did so, and in the end most miraculously came off likewise with his own life.’

‘*Of another gentleman that, having a voyage to make on horseback, ended it riding, after a strange manner.*—There was another gentleman in the same country likewise, who, being newly married, determined on this morning to take his gelding, and to ride forth to a town not many miles distant from his own dwelling, there to be merry. His horse for that purpose stood ready saddled and bridled, and he himself had drawn on one of his boots; but before he could fix his leg to the other, the point of his compass was changed; his voyage by land was to be made by water, or else not at all; for the sea had so begirt the house, broken in, lifted off the doors from their hinges, ran up into all the chambers, and with so dreadful a noise took possession of every room, that he that was all this while but half a horseman, trusted more to his own legs than to the swiftness of his gelding. Up, therefore, he mounts to the very top of all the house. The waters pursued him thither, which he perceiving, got astride over the ridge, and there resolved to save his life. But Neptune, belike, purposing to try him well how he could ride, cut off the main building by the middle, leaving the upper part swimming like a Flemish hoy in foul weather. The gentleman being driven to go what pace that would carry him which he sat upon, held fast by the tiles, and such things as he could best lay hold on, and in this foul weather came he at length, neither on horseback, nor on foot, nor in a vessel fit for the water, to the very town where in the morning he meant to take up his inn.’

‘In a place in Monmouthshire there was a maid went to milk her kine in the morning, but before she had fully ended her business, the vehemency of the waters increased, and so suddenly environed her about, that she could not escape hence, but was enforced to make shift up to the top of a high bank to save herself, which she did with much ado, where she was constrained to abide all that day and night in great distress, what with the coldness of the air and waters, and what with other accidents that there

happened unto her. At last some of her friends tied two broad troughs, the one to the other, and put therein two lusty strong men, who, with long poles stirring these troughs as if they had been boats, made great shift to come unto her, and so by this means, by God's help, she was then saved. But now, gentle reader, mark what befell at this time, of the strangeness of other creatures whom the waters had violently oppressed. The hill or bank where the maid abode all that space was all so covered over with wild beasts and vermin, that came thither to seek for succour, that she had much ado to save herself from taking of hurt by them, and much ado she had to keep them from creeping upon and about her. She was not so much in danger of the water on the one side, as she was troubled with those vermin on the other side. The beasts and vermin that were there were these—namely, dogs, cats, moles, foxes, hares, rabbits, yea, and not so much as rats and mice but were there in abundance; and that which is the more strange, the one of them never once offered to annoy the other, although they were deadly enemies by nature the one to another. Yet in this danger of life they not once offered to express their natural enmity, but in a gentle sort they freely enjoyed the liberty of life, which, in mine opinion, was a most wonderful work in nature.

A maid child, not passing the age of four years, the mother whereof perceiving the waters to break so fast into her house, and not being able to escape with it, and having no clothes on it, set it upon a beam in the house to save it from being drowned, and the waters rushing in apace, a little chicken, as it seemeth, flew up to it—it being found in the bosom thereof, when as help came to take it down, and by the heat thereof, as it is thought, preserved the child's life in the midst of so cold a tempest. Another little child was cast upon land in a cradle, in which was nothing but a cat, the which was discerned, as it came floating to the shore, to leap still from one side of the cradle unto the other, even as if she had been appointed steersman to preserve the small bark from the waves' fury.

The record from which we have made these extracts thus lamentingly concludes:—'This merciless water, breaking into the bosom of the firm land, hath proved a fearful punishment, as well to all other living creatures as also to all mankind, which, if it had not been for the merciful promise of God at the last dissolution of the world, by the sign of the rainbow, which is still showed us, we might have verily believed this time had been the very hour of Christ his coming; from which element of water ascended towards us in this fearful manner, good Lord deliver us all, amen!'

The counties of Norfolk, Bedford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Huntingdon, and Kent, were also visited in the most sudden manner about the same time with a similarly-fatal calamity. At Wisbeach, the sea broke in and inundated the town, overthrowing an ancient inn called the Cross Keys, in which numerous guests were assembled. At Yarmouth, the bridge was carried away, and off this coast numberless vessels were wrecked, and their crews lost. At Hobhouse, the wind suddenly blew so violently as to break in the windows of a house, and threw the clothes off the bed in which the man and his wife were sleeping. The man leaped out of bed, and found himself up to the middle in water—so sudden was the inundation. But taking his wife on his shoulders, he succeeded in carrying her away in

safety. At Numby Chappel the whole town was lost except three houses; and so deep was the water here, that a ship was driven in from sea upon a house—the sailors thinking it had been a rock. The crew were saved by clinging to the ruins of the house; the church was entirely destroyed, with the exception of the steeple. At Grimsby, the salt-works were dilapidated, and rendered useless; and the bridge at Wentworth, which appears to have been a model piece of architecture in those times, was swept away. The greatest destruction, however, in this county appears to have been amongst the sheep—several thousands being totally lost. Romney Marsh in Kent was deluged so suddenly, that all the sheep feeding there, ‘one thousand one hundred threescore and two,’ were drowned. The reporter of the period thus points the moral of his record:—Reader, thus dost thou behold the wounds of thy bleeding country. The sins of thy own soul have struck it to the heart. There can be no better physician than thy own amendment. Prepare thy receipts, therefore, lest this mother of thine fall sick to the death!’

On the 8th of November 1608 the people of Aberdeen, about 9 P. M., were dreadfully alarmed by an earthquake, on account of which a day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by the magistrates and clergy. The particular sin on account of which this scourge was thought to have been sent was salmon-fishing on Sunday; and accordingly the proprietors of salmon-fishings were called before the Session, and rebuked in due form. “Some,” says the Session record, “promist absolutely to forbear, both by themselves and their servants in time coming; others promised to forbear, upon the condition subscrivant; and some plainly refusit any way to forbear,” &c.

In 1609, a frost which commenced in October lasted for four months, the Thames being so frozen over, that heavy carriages were driven on it. During this time the distress was extreme, but the health of the people was better than for some years.

On the 4th of June 1610, a terrible fire broke out at Bury St Edmunds, in Suffolk, which destroyed 160 houses, and reduced several people to great extremities. About this time also a malignant and putrid fever raged throughout the country, which carried off vast numbers of the people.

On the 26th June 1613 the town of Christ-Church in Hampshire appears to have been the scene of an extraordinary occurrence. During the night, a fearful tempest arose, by which, amongst other damage, a man named John Deane, with his child, was struck by lightning. The great marvel in this matter was, that the poor man's body, being removed from the bed, and laid in the open street, is reported to have continued burning for the space of three days after; ‘not that there was any fire to be seen upon him, but a smoke ascended from the carcase until it was consumed to ashes, except only some small show of part of his bones, which were cast into a pit made by the place. Oh fearful judgment!’—concludes the narrator—‘Hearken to this, oh ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you!’

Dorsetshire has been associated in our own time with poverty. It

appears to have occupied a very different position at this period, judging by the following graphic account of a terrible fire which happened at Dorchester on the 6th of August 1613, and destroyed the whole town:— 'Dorchester (as it is well known) is one of the principal places of traffic for western merchants, by which means it grew rich and populous, beautified with many stately buildings and fair streets, flourishing full of all sorts of tradesmen and artificers. Plenty with abundance revelled in her bosom, maintained with a wise and civil government, to the well-deserving commendation of the inhabitants: but now mark how their golden fortunes faded, and their cheerful sun of prosperity eclipsed with the black veil of mournful adversity! For upon the 6th of August last, being Friday, this then flourishing town of Dorchester, about the mid-day, flourished in her greatest state, but before three of the clock in the afternoon she was covered with a garment of red flaming fire, and all their jollity turned into lamentation. This instrument of God's wrath began to take hold first in a tradesman's house; for a tallow-chandler there dwelling making too great a fire under his kettle of lead, took hold upon the melted and boiling tallow in such violent manner, that, without resistance, it fired the whole workhouse. Then began the cry of fire to be spread through the whole town. Man, woman, and child, ran amazedly up and down the streets calling for water, water, so fearfully as if Death's trumpet had sounded a command of present destruction. In like manner the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages, at the fearful sight of the red blazing element, ran in multitudes to assist them; but all too late they came, for every street was filled with flame, every house burning beyond help and recovery.

'Dorchester was a famous town, now a heap of ashes for travellers that pass by to sigh at. Oh, Dorchester! well mayest thou mourn for those thy great losses, for never had English town the like unto thee. The value, by the judgment of the inhabitants, without partiality, is reckoned to come to £200,000, besides well near 300 houses, all ruined and burnt to the ground. Only a few dwelling-houses that stand about the church was saved, and withal the church by God's providence preserved for people therein to magnify his name. All the rest of the town was consumed, and converted into a heap of ashes: a loss so unrecoverable, that unless the whole land in pity set to their devotions, it is like never to reobtain the former estate, but continue like ruined Troy or decayed Carthage. God in his mercy raise the inhabitants up again, and grant that, by the mischance of this town, both us, they, and all others may repent us of our sins. Amen.'

In this year also fearful tempests of wind and rain occasioned the most frightful shipwrecks around the coast of England, and the river Thames, as the tide came in, daily exhibited innumerable mangled bodies floating on its surface. At London Bridge several wrecks also occurred. At Great Charte in Kent, on the Sunday after Christmas-day, in this year, 'there fell such a sudden storm of wind, hail, and rain, and there arose and came into the church thereof, even in service-time, such a filthy and contagious stench, that ten men were presently stricken dead for the time, and many were blasted, whereof one died outright with the same. Besides, there fell such a fearful lightning, and such a terrible tempest of thunder and wind, that it put the parishioners and other people that were

present into such distraction of mind and condition (hearing the bells in the steeple to jangle and strike together, and the church steeple itself to be rent and torn in pieces in divers places), that they thought that to be the longest and latest time appointed from Heaven to give end to all their miseries.'

In October 1621, a most remarkable battle of starlings was fought over the city of Cork, frightening the citizens out of their wits, and inspiring the whole country with terror and wonder as to what it might portend. Our author sets out in his preface by stating to the 'gentle reader,' that 'to report strange or admirable accidents is subject both to danger and disgrace—to danger, in that they may be held as prodigious or ominous; to disgrace, in that they may be reputed fabulous. I need not fear disgrace in reporting so strange an accident to be reputed fabulous, being able to free myself from any suspicion of such an imputation by certificate of letters from right honourable persons in Ireland, where the accident fell out, to right honourable persons at court, and divers in London at this present; as also by the testimony of right honourable and worshipful persons and others of good reputation now in London, who were eye-witnesses, beholding the same during the time it continued.

'To come to the fight of these birds. They mustered together at this above-named city of Cork some four or five days before they fought, every day more and more increasing their armies with greater supplies. Some came from the east, others from the west, and so accordingly they placed themselves—as it were, encamped themselves—eastward and westward about the city. The citizens more curiously observing, noted that from those on the east and from those on the west some twenty or thirty in a company would pass from the one side to the other, as it should seem employed in embassages, for they would fly and hover in the air over the adverse party with strange tunes and noise, and return back again to that side from which, as it seemed, they were sent.

'And further it was observed that during the time they assembled the stares of the east sought their meat eastward, as the stares of the west did the like westward, no one flying in the circuits of the other. These courses and customs continued with them until the 12th of October, which day being Saturday, about nine of the clock in the morning, being a very fair and sunshine day, upon a strange sound and noise made as well on one side as on the other, they forthwith at one instant took wing, and so mounting up into the skies, encountered one another with such a terrible shock as the sound amazed the whole city and all the beholders. Upon this sudden and fierce encounter there fell down into the city and into the river multitudes of stares, some with wings broken, some with legs and necks broken, some with eyes picked out, some their bills thrust into the breasts and sides of their adversaries in so strange a manner, that it were incredible, except it were confirmed by letters of credit and by eye-witnesses with that assurance which is without all exception. Upon the first encounter, they withdrew themselves backward east and west, and with like eagerness and fury encountered several times, upon all which these stares fell down in like strange and admirable manner as upon the first encounter. They continued this most admirable and violent battle till a little before night,

at which time they seemed to vanish, so that all Sunday the 13th of October none appeared about the city.

Upon Monday the 14th of October they made their return again, and at the same time, the day being as fair a sunshine day as it was the Saturday before; they mounted into the air, and encountered each other with like violent assaults as formerly they had done, and fell into the city upon the houses, and into the river, wounded and slaughtered in like manner as is before reported; but at this last battle there was a kite, a raven, and a crow, all three found dead in the streets, rent, torn, and mangled.

In 1622, on the 14th of February, a terrible accident occurred at Blackfriars in London, which obtained the name of 'The Fatal Vesper.' The Roman Catholics had met in considerable numbers to celebrate the mass, when the floor giving way, the whole congregation were suddenly engulfed, and upwards of a hundred persons lost their lives. Trégua, a market-town in Cornwall, was on the 22d of December in the same year the scene of a remarkable appearance in the heavens.

About eleven of the clock before noon, the sun being under a cloud, it was observed that from the body of the sun there proceeded a more scattered and dispersed light than was wont, as if the body of the planet had been greater than it had formerly been. But this being attributed to the brightness of some cloud between him and us, little notice was taken thereof, till about a quarter of an hour after this diffused light seemed to concentrate, as it were, and gather to three heads, which in short space appeared to the beholders to be three suns of equal lustre and brightness, and placed as near as could be in a triangle, all shining clear, and scattering their beams with so great light as that the eye of man could not far see upon anyone of them more than another. And yet, which is more remarkable, the light of the day was not increased otherwise than in a clear sunshine day at such time of the year it is accustomed to be; so that they who were in their homes could not, by reason of any such symptom, take notice thereof. This strange and extraordinary sight made the people, who were assembled in great numbers that day (as being market-day), to forsake the streets and other places, where anything might interpose between it and them; and so betake themselves into open places whence they might the better discern it; when they with great fear and amazement did a great while gaze upon it, not being able to discern which was the natural sun, and which is adventitious and mimic reflections. They that were of better judgment guessed them to be distant one from the other about two degrees, or two and one-third. At the same time, and so long as these three suns appeared, there were seen in the air, just opposite unto them, and almost due north, three rainbows, two of which were the one within the other; but the third, against the course of nature, had his centre in the zenith of that place, and was almost contiguous unto the other two, having his back almost joined to theirs. That rainbows should appear, we know it to be no wonder; and that so many rainbows as suns, we believe it possible; but that any rainbow should be greater than a semicircle, or have his centre above our horizon, is a thing which elder times have not been so well acquainted withal. These suns and these rainbows continued in the manner above-said from a quarter of an hour after eleven until half

an hour after twelve; at what time the light of the suns beginning by little and little to grow weak, the thick cloud got the victory over them, and took them away from the eyes of the beholders; and at the same time also the rainbows, their attendants, vanished, and left the day a little troubled (but much more the minds of the people); and yet, about one of the clock, the sun broke out again in his wonted and accustomed manner, and the rest of the day was clear and free from clouds. It will at once occur to the scientific reader that the triple sun and rainbows here described were nothing more than the *parhelia*, or mock-suns, and the *haloes* of the meteorologist. Those haloes are coloured rainbow-like rings, which surround the sun at considerable distances from his body. Two of them may be seen at once, the one about double the distance of the other; and sometimes a third, at twice the distance of the second, and about 90 degrees, or a quarter of a circle, from the sun. The smaller circles are generally coloured, the red being innermost. They are supposed to arise from the action of the icy particles in the upper air upon the rays of light. These particles naturally aggregate into needles, or prisms of three or six sides, and the refraction of the light through them would account for the colours of the rings, and for the distance at which they stand from the sun. *Parhelia*, or mock-suns, and *paraselenæ*, or mock-moons, are supposed to be owing to refraction from the same icy particles.

Since this strange apparition, continues our quaint and marvel-loving author, there happened in Devonshire, not far from Treguise, another wonder, which did as much affright the ears of men as this did their eyes; for, in the afternoon of that day, being Thursday after Twelfth Day, there were heard in the air unusual cracks or claps of thunder, resembling the sound of many drums together—sometimes beating charges, sometimes retreats, sometimes marches, and all other points of war, which, after it had continued a good time, it seemed that the same thunder did most lively express many volleys of small shot, and afterward the like volleys of ordnance with so great and yet so distinct noise, that many of them who dwelt near the sea went toward the shore to see what it might mean, as verily supposing it had been some great sea-fight near upon that coast. These several fearful noises were again and again renewed in the same order, till at length, with a horrible and extraordinary crack of thunder, there fell in a ground of one Robert Pierce, where there were divers workmen planting apple-trees, a thunderbolt, if I may so call it, being a stone of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness; the substance whereof was in hardness and in colour not much unlike a flint. After the fall of this stone, which, with the weight thereof, was clean buried in the ground above a yard deep, the thunder ceased; and people began as much to wonder at that which they now saw as they had lately done at that which, with so much fear and amazement, they had heard. The so-called thunderbolt was of course an aerolite—a phenomenon with which scientific observers are now more familiar. Many of these stones have been procured, and chemically examined, and found to be quite unlike any mineral of terrestrial origin, containing, as all of them do, malleable metallic iron, nickel, and chrome. Hence the most likely theory of their derivation is, that they are fragments flying through space, under the influence of the same forces which sustain the planetary motions; and that

they sometimes come within the sphere of the earth's attraction, so as to be drawn down to its surface. There is every reason to believe that the planets, satellites, and comets; are not the only bodies which move round the sun, and lie within the solar system: they are merely the large conspicuous masses; while millions of others may exist, too small to be descried on ordinary occasions, and making themselves known only by falling upon the earth. The illuminated appearance of aerolites is supposed to be owing to the extraordinary friction that they cause in passing through the air with such a velocity as they must possess.

On the 27th of March 1625 Charles I. ascended the throne, and in June of the same year London was again visited with the plague, which swept away 35,417 persons. On the 30th of June 1626 there were earthquakes in various parts of the kingdom; but the damage was trifling, and principally confined to alarming the people. In 1628, a miraculous apparition was seen in the air at Balkin Green, near Hatford, in Berkshire. 'So benumbed we are in our senses,' says the narrator of the occurrence, 'that albeit God himself holla in our ears, we by our wills are loath to hear him. His dreadful pursuivants of thunder and lightning terrify us so long as they have us in their fingers, but being off, we dance and sing in the midst of our follies. . . . Dangers have not the skill to fright us; death only is the man that can do good upon us; and yet, though death knocks at our very doors, nay, albeit we see him sit at our bedside, yet the hope of life plays her idle, vain, and wanton music under our windows. . . . Look up and see a new wonder: the name of the town is Hatford (in Berkshire), some eight miles from Oxford. Over this town, upon Wednesday, being the 9th of this instant month of April 1628, about five of the clock in the afternoon, this miraculous, prodigious, and fearful handiwork of God was presented to the astonishable amazement of all the beholders. In an instant was heard first a hideous rumbling in the air, and presently followed a strange and fearful peal of thunder, running up and down these parts of the country, but it struck with the loudest violence, and more furious tearing of the air, about a place called the White Horse Hill. The whole order of this thunder carried a kind of majestic state with it, for it maintained (to the affrighted beholders' seeming) the fashion of a fought or pitched battle.

'It began thus: first, for an onset, went on one great cannon, as it were, of thunder, alone, like a warning-piece to the rest that were to follow. Then, a little while after, was heard a second; and so by degrees a third; until the number of twenty were discharged or thereabouts, in very good order, though in very great terror. In some little distance of time after this was audibly heard the sound of a drum beating a retreat. Amongst all these angry peals shot off from heaven, this begat a wonderful admiration, that at the end of the report of every crack or cannon-thundering a hissing noise made way through the air, not unlike the flying of bullets from the mouths of great ordnance. And by the judgment of all the terror-stricken witnesses they were thunderbolts. For one of them was seen by many people to fall at a place called Balkin-Green, being $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Hatford, which thunderbolt was by one Mrs Green caused to be digged out of the ground, she being an eye-witness, amongst

many other, of the manner of the falling. The form of this stone is three-square, and picked at the end; in colour outwardly blackish, somewhat like iron, crusted over with that blackness about the thickness of a shilling. Within it is soft, of a gray colour, mixed with some kind of mineral, shining like small pieces of glass. This stone broke in the fall: the whole piece is in weight $19\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.: the greater piece that fell off weigheth 5 lbs., which, with other small pieces being put together, make 24 lbs. and better. At the hearing of this horrid thunder all men (especially about Sheddington) were so terrified, that they fell on their knees, and not only thought, but said, that verily the day of judgment was come. Neither did these fears take hold only of the people, but even beasts had the selfsame feeling and apprehension of danger, running up and down, and bellowing, as if they had been mad. Many other thunder-stones, though not so big, have also been digged up. Howsoever, it is not fit that any man should take upon him to write too broad and busy comments on any such texts as these. Let us not be so daring as to pry into the closet of God's determinations. His works are full of wonders, and not to be examined. Let us not be so foolish as turn almanack-makers, and to prognosticate, prophesy, foredoom, or foretell, what shall happen, fair or foul, to our own kingdom or any other—scarcity or plenty, war or peace—for such giddy-brained meddlers shoot their arrows beyond the moon.'

During this storm, 'a pond of water at Petworth, about half a mile off, was turned into blood. Some of the blood was brought to London, and shown to marry; who did dip their handkerchiefs in it, which did stain them in colour like blood. This blood had a very loathsome and stinking flavour.' Such blood prodigies are now readily accounted for by the presence and rapid increase of certain microscopic fungi and animalcules. In some instances, as proved by Ehrenberg, the redness arises from such animalcules as the *Monas prodigiosa*; and in others from minute fungi, as the *Protooccus monas* and *Oidium aurantiacum*, which greatly resemble the infusoria, and, like them, increase, under favourable circumstances, with astonishing rapidity.

On the 29th of May 1630, the day on which Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) was born, a bright star appeared, and shone the whole day. In 1636, the plague, as the forerunner of the troubles which were to follow, appeared in London, and raged with great severity. 'Upon Sunday the 21st October 1638, in the parish church of Wydecombe, near the Dartmoors in Devonshire, there fell suddenly, in time of divine service, a strange darkness, so that the people there assembled could not see; and as suddenly, in a fearful and lamentable manner, a mighty thundering was heard, the rattling whereof did much answer the sound of many great canons, and terrible strange lightnings, therewith greatly amazing those that heard and saw it; the darkness increasing more and more, till no man could see his neighbour, so black as midnight was the darkness. Then the extraordinary lightning came into the church, so flaming, that the whole church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the scent of brimstone, which so affrighted the whole congregation, that the most part of them fell down into their seats, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some upon one

another, with a great cry of burning and scalding; they all giving themselves up for dead, supposing the last judgment-day was come; and that they had been in the very flames of hell.

The minister of the parish, Master George Lyde, being in the pulpit, or seat where prayers are read, however he might be much astonished heretofore, yet through God's mercy had no other harm at all in his body; but to his much grief and amazement beheld afterwards the lamentable decisions whereunto he giveth this testimony. And although himself was not touched, yet the lightning seized upon his poor wife; fired her self and linen next her body, and her clothes, to the burning of many parts of her body in a very pitiful manner. And one Mistress Ditford, sitting in the pew with Master Lyde's wife, was also much scalded; but the maid and child, sitting at the pew-door, had no harm. Another woman adventuring to run out of the church had her clothes set on fire, and was not only strangely burned and scorched; but had her flesh torn about her back almost to the very bones. Another woman had her flesh so torn, and her body so grievously burned, that she died. One Master Hill, a gentleman of good account in the parish, sitting in his seat by the chancel, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, through the violence whereof he died; no other hurt being found about his body; but his son, sitting in the same seat, had no harm, nor saw his father when he was hurt; this by reason of the darkness. There was also a man who was warrener unto Sir Richard Reynolds; his head was blown, his skull rent into three pieces, and his brains thrown upon the ground, scooped out whole; and the hair of his head, through the violence of the blow at first given him, did stick fast unto the pillar or wall of the church, and in the place a deep bruise into the wall, as if it were shot against with a cannon or bullet. Many other persons were then blasted and burnt, and so grievously scalded and wounded, that since that time they have died thereof.

And as all this hurt was done upon the bodies of men and women; so the hurt also that was then done unto the church was remarkable. There were some seats in the body of the church turned upside down, and yet they which sate upon them had little or no hurt. Also a boy sitting on a seat had his hat on, and near the one half thereof was cut off, and he had no hurt. And one man going out at the chancel-door, a dog running out before him, was whirled about towards the door, and fell down stark dead. Also the church itself was much torn and defaced; and a beam also was burst in the midst, and fell down between the minister and clerk, and hurt neither; and a weighty great stone near the foundation of the church was torn out and removed, and the steeple itself was much rent. And where the church was much rent there was least hurt done unto the people; and not any one was hurt by the falling of wood or stone but a maid of Manaton, which came thither to see some friends; whom Master Frynd, the coroner, by circumstances, supposed she was killed with a stone. There were also stones thrown from the tower, and carried about a great distance from the church, as thick as if a hundred men had been there throwing; and a number of them of such weight and bigness, that the strongest man cannot lift them. Also one pinnacle of the tower was torn down, and broke through into the church. The terrible lightning having passed, all the people being in a wonderful maze, so that they spake not one word, by and by one Master

Ralph Rouse stood up, and saying these words, "Neighbours and friends, in the name of God shall we venture out of the church?" To which Master Lyde answering, said, "It is best to make an end of prayers—for it were better to die here than in another place;" but they looking about them, and seeing the church so terribly rent and torn, durst not proceed in their public devotions, but went forth of the church. And as all this was done within the church, and unto the church, so without the church there fell such store of hail and such hailstones, that for quantity they were judged to be as big as turkeys' eggs; some of them were of five, some of six, and some of seven ounces weight.

14. Upon Thursday the 7th February 1638 there began a great storm of snow, with horrible high winds, which was noted to be universal throughout Scotland. This hideous wind overturned countrymen's houses, and some persons smothered therein without relief. In this outrageous storm stopped the ordinary course of tiding, and flowing on sundry waters, by the space of twenty-four hours, such as the waters of Leith, Dundee, Montrose, and other parts, which signified great troubles to be in Scotland, as after-wards truly came to pass.

15. Upon the 30th day of December, anno 1641, there did appear in the sight of the inhabitants of the city of Dublin a prodigious apparition in the firmament, the similitude whereof I shall truly demonstrate in this present declaration. There appeared a great host of armed men in the likeness of horse and foot, and according to human supposition, they seemed to be innumerable; when especially were notified to the eye of the aforesaid beholders of the city of Dublin a train of artillery with great ordnance and field-pieces, as necessary for a battle, where also was presented, to the amazement of the beholders, gunners giving fire in dreadful and hideous manner, that the very likeness of the flames thereof struck the beholders with great terror and admiration. In all-likeness one of those optical phenomena which depend on atmospheric refraction, arising in this instance from the forces engaged in the then Rebellion.

16. At Dublin, on Christmas eve, in the same year, was a strange wonder seen about four o'clock in the afternoon. It growing dark, such an innumerable number of sea-gulls, ravens, and crows assembled together, croaking and picking over our heads in so strange a hideous manner, that they astonished all the inhabitants, and thus continued till six at night, being an hour, especially at this time of the year, that fowl are seldom seen or heard abroad. Nay, the shooting of many muskets, and of divers pieces from the castle, could not affright or scare them away; nay, we in my conscience were more afraid of them than they of us. What it should mean I cannot divine, but the oldest man in Dublin never saw the like. But by this we have good cause to conjecture that God, by those apparitions, foretells his judgments in signs and wonders, which, without speedy repentance, we have cause to fear will suddenly come upon us.

In 1642 the Irish Rebellion, which had broken out in the latter part of the preceding year, was at its height, and by the 1st of March 154,000 Protestants were massacred. Before the suppression in September of the following year, no less than 300,000 were destroyed or driven forth from

their habitations. This terrible slaughter being charged in some measure to the king, embittered the disputes between Charles and his parliament, and helped much to bring on the wars which afterwards embroiled the whole kingdom.

In the same year 'strange news' was received from Suffolk. The evidence appears to have been sufficiently conclusive. Doubtless the minds of men were impressed not only with the civil commotions around them, but with fearful anticipations of impending bloodshed. By the following it will appear that the corroboration of this 'news' was not from the lips of the ignorant:—'I instance in a strange but very true relation of what happened betwixt the two towns of Woodbridge and Aldborough in Suffolk, as it hath been made manifest to some of the members of the honourable House of Commons, and is attested also by divers people of good worth, who were ear-witnesses and eye-witnesses of the same, and will be further attested by the whole corporation of Aldborough; and thus it was:—Upon Thursday, the 4th day of August 1642, about the hour of four or five o'clock in the afternoon, there was a wonderful noise heard in the air, as of a drum beating most fiercely, which after a while was seconded with a long peal of small shot, and after that a discharging, as it were, of great ordnance in a pitched field. This continued, with some vicissitudes of small shot and great ordnance, for the space of one hour and a-half, and then making a mighty and violent report altogether. At the ceasing thereof there was observed to fall down out of the sky a stone of about 4 lbs. weight, which was taken up by them who saw it fall, and shown to a worthy member of the House of Commons, upon whose ground it was taken up.' Another aerolite of course, the fall and discovery of which is told in the following clear and circumstantial manner:—

'Now the manner of finding this stone was on this wise: one Captain Pherson, and one Marker Thompson, men well known in that part of Suffolk, were that day at Woodbridge about the launching of a ship that was newly builded there, who, hearing this marvellous noise towards Aldborough, verily supposed that some enemy was landed, and some sudden onset made upon the town. This occasioned them to take horse, and hasten homewards, the rather because they heard the noise of the battle grow louder. And being at that instant when that greatest crack and report was made in conclusion on their way upon a heath betwixt the two towns, they observed the fall of this stone, which, grazing in the fall of it along upon the heath some six or seven yards, had outrun their observation where it rested, had not a dog, which was in their company, followed in by the scent as was hot, and brought them where it lay, covered over with grass and earth that the violence of its course had contracted about it. This is the true relation of the finding of this stone, which is 8 inches long, and 5 inches broad, and 2 thick. And now being on their way, nearer Aldborough, they met the greatest part of their townfolk, who were generally all run out of their houses round about, amazed with this noise of war, and desiring no enemy near, when suddenly there was heard a joyful noise, as of music and sundry instruments in a melodious manner for a good space together, which ended as with a harmonious ringing of bells. This is the true relation of this most strange sign from Heaven. The Lord

God of heaven and earth, who steers the course of all human affairs, have mercy upon this sinful land and nation !'

In 1642, on the 23d of October, the great battle between the Royalists and the Parliamentary forces was fought at Edgehill, near Northampton, in which upwards of 5000 men were slain. In the same year 'a great wonder in the heavens' was seen at the same place.

'On the Saturday before Christmas-day, 1642, between twelve and one o'clock, was heard the sound of drums afar off, and the noise of soldiers, as it were giving out their last groans. Then suddenly appeared in the air the same incorporeal soldiers that made those clamours; and immediately with ensigns displayed, drums beating, muskets going off, cannons discharged, horses neighing, the alarm or entrance to this game of death was struck up, one army which gave the first charge having the king's colours, and the other the parliament's, in their head or front of their battles, and so pell-mell to it they went; the battle that appeared to belong to the king's forces seeming at first to have the best, but afterwards to be put into apparent rout; but till two or three in the morning, in equal scale, continued this dreadful fight—the clattering of arms, crying of soldiers, and the noise of cannons so terrifying the poor beholders, that they could not believe they were mortal, or give credit to their ears and eyes. After some three hours' fight, that army which carried the king's colours withdrew, or rather appeared to fly; the other, remaining as it were masters of the field, stayed a good space, triumphing and expressing all the signs of joy and conquest, and then, with all their drums, trumpets, ordnance, and soldiers, vanished. The poor beholders, glad that they were gone who had stayed so long against their wills, made with all haste to Keinton, knocking up Mr Wood, a justice of the peace, who called up his neighbour, Mr Marshall, the minister, to whom they gave an account of the whole passage, and averred it upon their oaths to be true. At which, being much amazed, they would have conjectured the men to be mad or drunk, had they not known some of them to have been of approved integrity; and so suspending their judgments till the next night about the same hour, they, with the same men, and all the substantial inhabitants, drew thither, when about half an hour after their arrival, on Sunday, being Christmas night, appeared in the same tumultuous warlike manner the same two adverse armies, fighting with as much spite and spleen as formerly, and so departed. The gentlemen and all the spectators, much terrified with these visions of horror, withdrew themselves to their houses, beseeching God to defend them from those prodigious enemies. The next night they appeared not, nor all that week; but on the ensuing Saturday night they were again seen, with far greater tumult—fighting in the manner aforementioned for four hours, or very near, and then vanished, appearing again on Sunday night, and performing again the same actions of hostility and bloodshed, insomuch that both Mr Wood and others forsook their habitations thereabout, and retired themselves to other more secure dwellings; but Mr Marshall stayed, and some other, and so successively the next Saturday and Sunday the same tumults and prodigious sights and actions were put in the state and condition they were formerly. The rumour whereof coming to his majesty at Oxford, he immediately despatched thither Colonel Lewis Kirke, Captain

Dudley, Captain Wainman, and three other gentlemen of credit, to take the full view and notice of the said business, who, first hearing the true attestation of Mr. Marshall and others, stayed there till Saturday night following; wherein they heard and saw the forementioned prodigies, and so on Sunday, distinctly knowing divers of the apparitions or incorporeal substances by their faces, as that of Sir Edmund Varnay, and others that were slain in this delusive fight, of which, upon oath, they made testimony to his majesty. What this does portend God only knoweth, and time perhaps will discover, but doubtlessly it is a sign of his wrath against this land for these civil wars, which he in his good time finish, and send a sudden peace between his majesty and parliament. We now proceed to some memorabilia which are chiefly of a different character from the preceding.

On the 27th December 1648 a solemn fast was held at Westminster to seek the Lord, and beg his direction in the proceedings against the king. On this occasion an inspired (?) virgin was brought out of Hertfordshire, who declared she had a revelation from God requiring her to encourage the parliament to proceed with their design against the king.

The 30th of January in this year will be forever memorable for the martyrdom of King Charles I. As the news of his death was made known through the country, says Echard, many persons of both sexes fell into palpitations, swoonings, and melancholy, and some with sudden consternation expired. This was the crowning event of the first half of this remarkable century, and the signal for the most bitter civil commotions in the history of our country.

Echard, reviewing this time, says, 'Thus was the fatal year 1648 completed, at which period of time it may be proper to rest and take a short view of the actions and behaviour of the princes of Christendom at this calamitous turn of affairs. Instead of threatening, and combining to take vengeance against the destroyers of a sovereign brother, they hastened to become sharers in the spoils of a murdered monarch. Cardinal Mazarin, afterwards governor of France, and an admirer of Cromwell, sent to be admitted as a merchant to traffic in the purchase of the best goods and jewels of the rifled crown; of which he bought the rich beds, hangings, and carpets which furnished his palace at Paris. The king of Spain's ambassador, as soon as the dismal murder was over, purchased as many pictures and other precious goods belonging to the crown as were carried upon eighteen mules from the Groyne to Madrid. Christina, queen of Sweden, bought the choice of all the medals and jewels, and some pictures of great price, and received the parliament's agents with great joy and pomp, and made an alliance with them. The Archduke Leopold, governor of Flanders, disbursed great sums for many of the best paintings which adorned the several palaces of the king, which were all brought to him to Brussels, and from thence carried by him into Germany. Thus did the neighbouring princes join to assist Cromwell with treasure, which enabled him to prosecute and finish his impious designs, while they enriched and adorned themselves with the ruins of the surviving heir, without applying any part to his relief in the greatest necessities that ever king sustained. And what was still more wondered at, not one of all these princes ever restored any of their unlawful purchases after the Restoration.'

In 1649, a famine, which destroyed numbers of people, and produced very great distress, occurred in Lancashire, and was followed immediately afterwards by the plague. In 1650, the plague ravaged Ireland throughout the year, and on the 2d of July broke out in Shrewsbury.

On the 3d of September 1651 the famous battle of Worcester was fought, in which Charles II's forces were routed, 3000 killed, and 6000 or 7000 taken prisoners. The following extraordinary event is recorded by Echard upon the authority of Colonel Lindsay:—"On this memorable morning the general (Cromwell) took Colonel Lindsay (who was his intimate friend, and the senior captain of Cromwell's own regiment) to a woodside not far from the army, and bade him alight and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard. After having alighted and secured their horses, and walked some little way into the wood, Lindsay began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause, upon which Cromwell asked him how he felt himself. He answered that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he had never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had ever engaged in, but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place or the temperature of his body, he knew not. "How now?" said Cromwell. "What, troubled with the vapours? Come forward, man!" They had not gone above twenty yards further before Lindsay on a sudden stood still, and cried out, "By all that is good, I am seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment that it is impossible for me to stir a step further!" Upon which Cromwell called him faint-hearted fool, and bade him "stand there and observe or be witness." And then the general, advancing alone to some distance from him, met a grave, elderly man, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell, and he eagerly perused it. Lindsay, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words pass between them; particularly Cromwell said, "This is but for seven years; I was to have had it for one-and-twenty; and it must and shall be so." The other told him positively that it could not be for more than seven. Upon which Cromwell cried with great fierceness, "It shall, however, be for fourteen years." But the other peremptorily declared, "It could not possibly be for any longer time; and if he would not take it so, there were others that would." Upon which Cromwell at last took the parchment; and returning to Lindsay with great joy in his countenance, he cried, "Now, Lindsay, the battle is our own! I long to be engaged." Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army—Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with the design to leave the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsay deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr Thorowgood, minister of the parish of Grimstone. Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead. When Mr Thorowgood saw his friend Lindsay come into his yard, his horse and himself much tired, in a sort of maze he said, "How now, colonel? We hear there is likely to be a battle shortly. What! fled from your colours?" "A battle," said Lindsay; "yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the king is beaten. But if ever I strike

a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally! For I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time." Then desiring his protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in, and related to him the story in all its circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words, that "Cromwell would certainly die that day seven years that the battle was fought." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Cromwell died that day seven years—namely, September 3, 1658. Still less necessary can it be to express our belief that, but for that fact, we should never have heard of the above story.

On the 5th March 1651 'the sea broke into the marshes at Saal, near Yarmouth, with such violence, that it drowned the greater part of the country, and all the cattle. The ships that lay at anchor in the river of Saal were greatly endangered, some breaking their cables; others, not having time to weigh anchor, cut their cables, putting out to sea; yet notwithstanding many were driven ashore and wrecked.'

In the year 1652 a singular circumstance occurred in Wergius Meadow, in Herefordshire. From this meadow, which stood between Hereford and Sutton, two bond-stones were removed by some unknown agency to about two hundred and forty paces distant, and it required nine yoke of oxen to draw each of them to its former position.

Andrew Nicoll, an honest citizen of Edinburgh, who was at the trouble to keep a diary of the occurrences of his time, was much affected by the calamities which befell his country at the end of the civil war, when it fell under the iron rule of Cromwell. He says, 'In all ages and generations, it has been observed that before the extirpation of kings and kingdoms, and desolation of states and monarchies, there has been seen prodigious and ominous signs to betoken and forerun the same.' After enumerating those which Josephus describes as heralding the fall of Jerusalem, he goes on—'So likewise in our time, before the troubles of this nation and kingdom of Scotland began, these prodigies fell out among others—namely, the shower of blood in the south; the three stars that fell down above the three honours of the kingdom [the crown, sceptre, and sword], as they were in the way transporting frae Dalkeith to Edinburgh, prognosticating the falling of the monarchical government from the royal family for a time; the great flash of light that fell from the heavens upon the 18th of December 1639, betwixt seven and aught at night, at the Earl of Traquair's incoming to Dalkeith frae London with the king's commission; the drying up of the hail wells in Edinburgh in 1643 before the pest began; and sundry visions of armies marching in the air; all of them being prodigious. So it fell out upon the person of King Charles I., wha was beheaded, and upon his son Charles II., wha was forced to take banishment upon him, and fly to other countries for his life. It fell out also in this kind upon the kingdom of Scotland, whilk was totally subdued by the sword, and brought to great misery; their towns and cities taken, and garrisons put thereintill, their hid treasures and secret riches given up into the hands of their adversaries, and many thousand put to the edge of the sword both in the Highlands and Lowlands.'

The historian is too apt to neglect these things. Viewing the terms in which they are spoken of by the simple private annalists of the time, we

cannot doubt that they had a great effect upon the public mind, and in no small degree determined the course of political events.

'In February 1652 there was a great eclipse of the sun about nine hours of the forenoon, on a Monday. The earth was much darkened; the like, as thought by astrologers, was not since the darkness at our Lord's passion. The country-people, tilling, loosed their ploughs, and thought it had been the latter day; some of the stars were seen; and the birds clapped to the ground.' Such was the observation made on this eclipse in Scotland, where it was probably more complete than in England, and where afterwards it was remembered as the *Mirk Mononday*.

On the 3d September 1654, the anniversary of the battle of Worcester and the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell's second parliament was summoned to meet; and although it fell on a Sunday, Cromwell, regarding the day auspicious to him, insisted on the prescribed form being observed. 'Between nine and ten of the clock of the same night there was seen at Hull, in Yorkshire, this strange, terrible, and unwonted apparition:—On a sudden the sky seemed to be of a fiery colour, and there immediately appeared in the air, in the east, a huge body of pikemen, several parties marching before as a forlorn-hope. Suddenly was beheld in the west another army, the which seemed to march towards the eastern army with all possible speed. And then first there was the representation of some skirmishes between parties of each army, as the forlorn-hope. Afterwards both parties did engage, and furiously charged each other with their pikes, breaking through one the other backwards and forwards in such dreadful sort as the beholders were stricken with terror thereat. Besides, such was the order of their battle, as the wings of each army came in to relieve their bodies, and each had their reserves, who accordingly came in, so that for half a quarter of an hour there was a most terrible fight, in which the eastern army appeared to have the worst. Both these armies appeared of a red colour. Within a little while there appeared from the north-west another army greater than the former, which marched directly to the place where the former battle was fought. This army was black, and here was perceived horse as well as foot. And now began another battle far exceeding the former for fierceness and cruelty. From the black army there went off muskets and cannons, insomuch that they clearly discerned the fire and smoke thereof. This battle was between the black and the eastern red army. These two armies thus engaged broke through one another, forward and backward, but the black seemed still to have the best. But before both bodies met there were several skirmishes of parties both black and red, as in the former battle; and when both armies did encounter, there were fire and smoke, as if a dozen cannons had been discharged together. A little beneath these armies, not far from the earth, appeared horsemen; but amongst them could only be perceived the rising of fire and smoke, and a multitude of spears, as it were, standing upright. This latter battle continued a little longer than the former, the black driving the red before them till all the red vanished out of their sight, and the black remained, who in a little time after departed, and were not any more seen. Reader, what interpretation thou wilt make of this apparition I know not, neither shall I add anything of mine own to the relation; only take

notice (and believe it) it is no fiction, nor scarecrow, but a thing real, and far beyond what is here reported, for the spectators (such was their astonishment) could not recollect so much as they saw afterwards, to make a true report of. D'Alva, being asked whether he had seen the blazing star which appeared at that time, made answer that he had so many earthly employments lying on his hands, as he had neither time nor leisure to look up to see what God was doing in the heavens. I wish it be met so with too many at this time. In this instance of undoubted atmospheric refraction the narrator seems to have mistaken the date—the phenomenon clearly arising from some of the encounters which took place in previous years between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces. [For examples and explanations of atmospheric refraction, see Kaemtz, Brocklesby, or any other popular writer on meteorology.]

On Wednesday, July 8, 1657, about three of the clock in the afternoon, there happened a very rare and admirable thing at Bulkeley, some nine miles off from Chester—a parcel of land belonging to the Lord Cholmondeley did sink into the earth. It was a little rise of land higher than the rest; there were goodly oaks on it, which were ten yards high in the body (so the letters do expressly mention), before you come to the branches; these, with some other trees, did sink down with the earth into a water suddenly prepared to receive them underneath. The fall they made was hideous, representing thunder or a well-laden cannon. It is certified that although those trees were of a great height, yet the waters they fell into are so extremely deep, that there is not so much as a branch of a top sprig of any of them to be seen. In the meantime this earth that sunk down into the deep did by its ponderous fall gain such an advantage of the earth round about it, that it is all cracked and full of flaws; and when any piece of it doth follow the temptation of the other that is already sunk, and is tumbling down after it, there is heard a noise like to the report of a cannon at some great solemnity. Some of the people were persuaded to go to the mouth of the hollow, and one or two were let down with ropes to see what they could discover, but they unfortunately called to be plucked up again. They discovered, as they said, a great flood of water, and heard a noise agreeable thereunto, but not anything of the trees—neither root, branch, nor top is to be seen. This argues the waters to be of extreme depth, and so the hollow descent unto them it is conceived to be; which, by the reverberation of the air, is the occasion of the hideous noise that is made when any ponderous substance is falling into it. In this judgment the mercy of God is remarkable, for He might as well have made us as the banks of trees the examples of his indignation and displeasure.

On September 3, 1658, Cromwell died on the anniversary of his two most famous battles. Of his death Echard, from whom we have already quoted, says—'Thus died the mighty Cromwell, aged fifty-nine years and a little above four months—a person who, after he had run through so many difficulties and dangers, escaped so many plots and conspiracies, and committed so many infernal and flagrant crimes, yielded up his last breath in bed. But as if all the elements as well as mankind had waited for this important opportunity, it was ushered in with the most prodigious storm of wind that ever had been known, which overthrew great numbers of trees and houses, made dreadful wrecks at sea, and the tempest was so uni-

versal; that the effects of it were very terrible in France, the Netherlands, and foreign countries, where all people trembled at it, for besides the shocks all along the seacoast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers. Besides, there seemed something preternatural as to the very body of this brave, wicked man; for notwithstanding it was artificially embowelled and embalmed with aromatic odours; wrapped also in a sixfold cerecloth; and put in a sheet of lead, with a strong wooden coffin over it; yet in a short time it fermented after such an unheard-of manner, that it burst all in pieces, and became so insufferably noisome, that they were immediately necessitated to commit it to the earth; and afterwards to celebrate his famous funeral with an empty coffin.

We now come to 'The true relation of a strange and very wonderful thing that was heard in the air October 12, 1658, by many hundreds of people.'—As the Lord sees what a deep sleep is seized upon us as no low voice will awaken us, so he is pleased to roar aloud from heaven, intending thereby (in all likelihood) either to rouse us up out of our present security, or to leave us the more without excuse in the day of his fierce wrath. Now I come to relate the matter, the which was thus:—Upon the 12th day of October, in the afternoon, there was heard by some hundreds of people in Holderness-Holden, and about Hull, and several other places in Yorkshire, first, three great pieces of ordnance or cannons discharged in the air one after another, very terrible to hear, and afterwards immediately followed a peal of muskets. This shooting off of muskets continued about an half quarter of an hour; drums beating all the while in the manner just as if two armies had been engaged. Such as heard the aforesaid cannons, muskets, and drums, do report that the sound was from the north-east quarter, and, to their thinking, not far from the place where they stood. Two men being together about six miles from Hull in Holderness, near Hambers-side, supposed it was directly over Hull; whereupon one said to the other, "It being the sheriff's riding-day at Hull, this peal of muskets must be there; and see! (quoth he) how the smoke riseth!" Now the reason why he mentioned the smoke was, because no sooner was this noise finished over Hull, but (as it happeneth after the discharge of guns) there arose a very great smoke or fluck mist round about the town, although immediately before (the day being a very clear day, and the sun shining all the while very bright) he saw the town very perfectly. One thing more was observed by him who saw the smoke over Hull: that all the while this prodigious noise continued (which was, as he supposed, about the eighth part of an hour), the face of the sky (as in the eclipses of the sun) waxed very dim; yea, such a strange nature accompanied it, that the very earth seemed to tremble and quake under him. A certain gentleman, who had been sometimes a major in the war, as he was riding with a friend between the towns of Patterington and Ottringham, was so persuaded that some encounter by soldiers was on the other side of a small hill where they were riding, as that they could not but mount the hill to try the truth, so plainly did the drums beat and the muskets go off, and, to their thinking, so near them, as either it must be a sign from Heaven or a real battle hard by. The country people were struck with such strange wonder and deep terror, that they gave over their labour, and ran home with fear;

yea, some poor people gathering coals by the seaside were so frightened that they ran away, leaving their sacks behind them. In conclusion: for the space of forty miles this fearful noise of cannons, muskets, and drums was heard all the country over.'

In an age when science was little cultivated, and men were not accustomed to refer to natural causes for an explanation of the simplest phenomena, one so remarkable as the fall of a red fluid resembling blood from the heavens could not but be regarded with great fear and apprehension. 'In the month of February 1648, at a village called Barawood in Gloucestershire, it rained blood upon certain clothes washed and hung upon a hedge there to dry. Many eyes beheld it; but what the consequence may be, is a secret hidden in the bosom of the great and omniscient God, whose judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.' In reality, as is now well known, the reddening material in these rains is the product of vegetation: in general the *Protococcus monas* of Agardh.

On the 8th May 1660 King Charles II. was proclaimed, and on the 29th of the same month made his grand entry into London. On the 2d of June, in the same year, a great whirlwind arose at Worthington, in Leicestershire, which unroofed the houses, and did considerable damage. Passing on to Worthington Hall, which felt its effects, it alighted with fury upon the village of Tongue. But though immense damage was done to the buildings and to the cattle, there was no loss of human life. On the 12th of May 1660, at Gravesend, the day on which Charles II. was proclaimed there, there happened a strange mortality amongst the dogs. Of little dogs and mastiffs twenty-three were counted as dead by that night, and ten more died in the night, all which were the next morning carried forth as carrion into the fields. The dogs, it appears, were suddenly attacked, fell over, and died. On the 4th of August a tremendous tempest broke over Dover, in which, and for a considerable distance around, great damage was done by the lightning, and by the hail which fell, measuring four inches in circumference. The crops were much injured, and all the fruit destroyed.

The portents of the time were less dismal in Scotland. Wodrow, the Scottish historian, giving an account of the period, says, 'When the English subdued Scotland, the swans which were in the loch on the north side of Lindithgow left it, and, as it was then termed, took banishment on them [it must be observed, they belonged to a royal palace situated on the lake]. Last year, or the beginning of this, they came back on the king's return. And upon the citadel of Perth, where the arms of the Commonwealth had been put up, in May last year a thistle grew out of the wall near the place, and quite overspread them. Both these may be, without anything extraordinary, accounted for; but they were matter of remark and talk, it may be more than they deserve.'

On Tuesday the 1st of October 1661 a terrible tempest and earthquake took place at Hereford, to the great damage and infinite consternation of the people. A printed paper giving an account of the event presents some particulars sufficiently marvellous. After the storm, thunder, and earthquake, 'there appeared a bright cloud, as it had been at noonday, but suddenly overcasten with a black cloud, out of which appeared two perfect

arms and hands—in the right hand a great broadsword, and in the left a cup and ball, as was conceived, full of blood. The people, having glutted their eyes with amazement, and filled their hearts with great fear, with beholding these prodigious apparitions, there appeared yet a piece of corn ground ready to mow, and a soythe lying by, from whence was heard a loud voice saying, “Wo, wo to thee, and to the inhabitants thereof, for he comes that is to come, and they shall all see him!” At the ending of these words the people gave a grievous cry, and many women that were with child, through extreme fear, fell in travail.’ Mrs Pulmore, the clerk’s wife of the town, who was in weak health at the time, ‘brought forth three male children, who had all teeth, and spake as soon as they were born. The first said, “The day is appointed which no man can shun.” The second demanded, “Who should be sufficient to bury the dead?” The third said, “Where would there be corn enough found to satisfy the hungry and needy?” After these words they all three gave up the ghost, to the great amazement of all the beholders.’ That such a narrative should have been published, argues that it was expected to find extensive credence. That it should have expected general credence, what does that argue as to the state of popular intelligence at the time? The recent German notion of mental and moral epidemics may, after all, turn out to be something more than a mere psychological fancy.

On the 26th of April 1666 a plot was discovered for taking the Tower and firing the city, which was to have been put in execution on the 3d of September, a day regarded as peculiarly lucky to the anti-royalist faction. It is worthy of remark that the ‘Great Fire of London’ broke out on the 2d of September in that year, the very day before that appointed by the conspirators. On the 3d of September, therefore, and three succeeding days, the fire was raging. Eighty-nine churches, a large number of colleges, hospitals, and schools, 13,200 houses, and 400 streets, were consumed. The ruins of this calamitous fire extended over 436 acres.

On the 27th November in this year the Presbyterians in Scotland rose in rebellion, but were defeated at Pentland Hill. ‘I have,’ says Wodrow, the Presbyterian historian, ‘met with several prodigies seen in the air about this time; and persons who lived then, of good information, have left behind them a very strange passage, that several people about Pittenweem made public faith upon, that the night after the battle, and after some of these [subsequent] executions, they heard the voice of a multitude about Gilston Mount praising and singing psalms with the sweetest melody imaginable.’

‘In the town of Lichfield, Staffordshire, on the 31st July 1669, being Saturday, between twelve and one o’clock at noon, in the time of a full market, on a sudden there appeared an innumerable swarm of pismires, or ants with wings, which, by their close keeping in a body therewith, and with their wings, clouded and made dark the sky. So many of them settled in the market-place, and in several other streets and houses, that the ground was covered, and the market-people so annoyed, that they were forced to break up and begone; for by three of the clock in the afternoon the whole market was dissolved, both people and horses so grievously stung and tormented therewith, that they were forced to make what escape

they could from them. Some horses, through the torment of their stinging, ran up and down like wild creatures. Several workmen, employed about the repair of Lichfield Minster, were stung, and the people that were at harvest work in the fields were obliged to leave their business. After their continuance in this manner for three or four hours or more, many of these pismires fell down dead both in the streets and houses, but especially in the streets, in such prodigious quantities, that the horses were covered over treading among them; and not much less number in the houses, so that the people were compelled to sweep them out together, which being by that means brought together, made several heaps of them to the bigness of a bushel of corn or larger. At length the living remainder of them took their flight to the town's end towards the north, where, dividing themselves into two bodies, they departed, some flying one way, some another. These pismires, or ants, were not like those that are commonly found in molehills, but about the bigness of a spider. The like thing happened about the city of Coventry, twenty miles from Lichfield, where and in other places also multitudes fell.

This is the substance of what is received from persons of eminency and reputation, of whom Mr Archibald Register is one, Mr Boylston, an apothecary, Mr John Rawlins, town-clerk, Mr Samuel Markland, one of his majesty's servants, and Mr James Rixam, all eye-witnesses thereof, besides many more which would be too tedious to mention.

On Monday and Tuesday the 11th and 12th of September 1671 a violent storm happened on the coasts of Lincolnshire and county of Norfolk. The tempest being very terrible, and as irresistible as a hurricane, brought in the sea, causing destruction wheresoever it came; washed away divers buildings, more especially an inn at Old Lynn, containing above forty rooms; and forcing its way till it came to the Wash-side, overthrowing the banks of Long Sutton, and drowning the cattle; and destroying many houses and much corn. There hath since been found the bodies of many persons, both men, women, and children. Upwards of thirty-three ships were lost, and most of their crews drowned.

On May 19, 1672, a fire broke out at St Catherine's, near the Tower of London, when about one hundred houses were consumed.

On Monday the 19th August 1672 happened in the town of Bedford an unheard-of and horrible tempest, with such terrible thunder, rain, and lightning, to the general amazement and terror of all the inhabitants, beginning about one o'clock in the afternoon. It threw the Swan Inn gates off their hinges into the streets, and after whirling them there up and down, as if they had been a football, it brake them to pieces: it drove a coach in the same yard from the back gates up to the cellar door, a distance of several poles: it tore up a great tree from beyond the river, and carried it over Paul's Steeple as if it had been a bundle of feathers: it threw down a stack of corn of threescore load, breaking to pieces the carts that were under it, much of the corn being carried no man knows whither. In Offell Lane the violence was such, it bore down the houses in an instant, to the dreadful amazement of the spectators. At Cardwell it broke down a great stone wall, and carried several trees almost a furlong. It brought a large

tree from some place unknown, and set it upright in a field belonging to the Swan Inn, striking the roots near a foot in the ground, and thence plucked it up again, and carried it some distance further. The Rose Inn gates and the Maiden Head Inn gates it threw off their hinges, and broke them in pieces. Mr Christy, our lawyer, hath also received much hurt by this strange tempest; which came also to John Rush's shop, driving his sieves, pails, and other wooden ware up and down the streets, making a heavy clattering scarce to be credited. The head ostler at the Ram Inn and his man were constrained to fix themselves to a post, otherwise they had been carried away by this violence. The church called St Peter's is much damaged also; the church called St John hath met with a share in this tempest. The head ostler at the Swan Inn, where they were a-brewing, as he was going to open the furnace-door, the tempest came and clapped the brew-house door and the furnace door together, insomuch that it whirled the fire from the furnace, and the flame seized on the brew-house, setting it on fire. Wooburn also felt something of this terrible tempest; some houses in that town being levelled by it. This dreadful tempest began with a great darkness, accompanied with extraordinary claps of thunder and lightning, insomuch that the people thought the whole town was on fire.

On the 29th December 1672, being Sabbath-day, in the parish of Benenden, Kent, appeared on the east side of the town a great light, to the amazement of all the inhabitants. It being winter, they little dreamt of lightning, but after a little observation of the elements, they were convinced it was nothing else but lightning; but that so terrible, the flashes so long, that the beholders were afraid not only their houses but themselves should be consumed by it. This lightning was seconded by a hideous and distracted thunder, which occasioned many to hide themselves, fearing their houses should drop into a heap of flames and ruins; others feared the Almighty was rending the heavens, and coming down amongst them for judgment. Such formidable thunder-claps, says the old inhabitants, have not been heard in the age of man. Those messengers of God's anger had not been long executing his will and pleasure: not many volleys of the great ordnance of heaven had been discharged, but the poor inhabitants might see their parish church—that place where, on the same day, they had been taking counsel at God's oracles—in a flame, and all the town in danger also to be burnt or overthrown with thunder. Those who were but a few hours before serving God Almighty there, wished themselves furthest from it. The devouring flames and impetuous thunder found no great resistance from this stony pile. The steeple, which was one of the highest in that part of Kent, what with the fiery flashes and mighty thunder-claps, was quickly forced to resign itself to that earth, so that the fabric and frame began to incorporate with its own foundations. The very walls of the church were demolished, that it is now a ruinous heap; and whether the lightning or the thunder acted the greatest part in this tragedy, is not easy to assert. Three or four adjacent houses were subjected to those conquerors, to the utter ruin of some of the inhabitants. But in the midst of judgment God remembers mercy, in putting a stop to these mighty champions, and the affrighted townsmen find a calm after a storm. Their

senses, which, by the injurious violence and suddenness of their late calamities, they were deprived of, now returned to them again, and they blessed God they were not all destroyed.'

On the same day several parts of England suffered from floods and inundations. In Worcestershire and Gloucestershire several houses and bridges were carried away. The vale of Everham lay for some time under water, to the destruction of the sheep and cattle, which were carried away by the torrent. In Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, also much damage was done, the waters standing as deep as ten feet in many parts. At Newcastle the sea made a sudden inroad, and bore back with it great quantities of cattle, and many lives were lost. A ship that was cast away in the harbour had a plough on her deck when the tide went down.

On the 25th of February 1674 a great snow began to fall about eight in the morning, and continued for four days with little intermission, the frost at the same time being very severe. The whole country was covered several feet deep, and every description of business was brought to a standstill. Many persons were frozen to their saddles, and, according to the record of the time, saddle and man were removed from the horse together. A great number of persons were lost in the snow, besides much cattle. On the 8th of March, the frost having continued from the 25th February, another heavy fall of snow came on, which lasted till the 13th of March, when rain ensued with such a rapid thaw, that the waters rose, and the whole country was again inundated. Several bridges and buildings were destroyed, and hundreds of people utterly ruined.

On the 12th of January 1678, being Sunday, between ten and eleven in the morning, there was so great and sudden a darkness, that the people in the churches could not see to read, and those in the streets were unable to distinguish one person from another. 'It was, for the time it lasted, a deeper blackness than that of an eclipse, which did not happen at the time, and exceeded the great solar eclipse which left the name of Black Monday' [February 1652].

On the 18th May 1680, about two in the morning, London was visited with 'a furious tempest of thunder and lightning, so extreme, that the heavens seemed to be in a flame, which was accompanied with a very large hail, and extraordinary, violent, and hasty rain. This continued for several hours; but about ten o'clock a strange and unusual darkness overspread the face of heaven, and immediately there fell such a terrible storm of hail, as the like was never seen in England: the hailstones were so very great, that some of them being measured, were found to be from five and six inches in compass; nay, it is confidently reported that some were seven, eight, and nine inches about. These stones were of different shapes, and fell with such violence, that they cut the faces of some, and the heads and hands of many that were abroad; some others ran into the ground in the fields above an inch, and, being taken out, were found to be as big as pullets' eggs. The loss sustained by the fury of this terrible storm is not to be reckoned.'

On the 12th September 1680 a singular apparition of a sea-fight was seen in the air at Portsnet in Monmouthshire. The following is the narrative of a clergyman who, with many others, was an eye-witness of it:—

'The first things that appeared were a grove of trees, a house on a mountain, and a church on its south side. Next we saw a hill on the north side, with a grove and houses therein. Then we noted a green square meadow between the two hills, then void of men. We saw many great rocks towards the bottom of the south hill, and a great golden globe glittering gloriously on the top of the spire of the church, and a red vane upon it. Then a great river, broader on the north than on the south, in which were ships sailing from north to south under the mountain, with the tide, where one of the ships, which was hindermost, tacked about, and sailed through the fleet, and got before the rest. Then we observed the other fleet sailing with the wind, and against the tide, from the south point of the south hill; and then meeting the other fleet under the grove, then the great ship in the north fleet first shot, and the rest in order; then the south ships shot at them: the fire and smoke we clearly discerned, and we heard the noise of guns. After this we observed the army marching under the foot of the hill along the cliff by the seaside, consisting both of horse and foot, from the south point of the south hill towards the square meadow; then the north army, over the top of the hill, on the north side, towards the square meadow, where the armies met, and, after a shout, fought. The swords and pikes we clearly discerned. We noted more ships in the north fleet, and most men in the south army. When we drew to the upper end of the field, and after the land battle, we heard over our heads three lamentable, sad groans—"Oh! oh! oh!"—at which we were much affrighted.'

'On the 17th December 1680, at Ottery, near Exeter, at five at night, the sky, which had been clear, suddenly overshadowed, to the great amazement of the people, who, looking up, beheld two great armies, the one out of the north (whose leader had a coronet on his head), the other out of the south, seeming furiously to join in battle; and a little retracting, charged again most furiously. This continued about an hour, till at last there came a reserve, and, joining the southern, beats back the northern in great disorder. Many were terrified at it, and 'tis true as it was terrible. This account came from the lips of a reverend minister who was an eye-witness of it.'

In the beginning of December 1684 the 'Great Frost' commenced, and continued till the 5th February without any intermission. The Thames was frozen over, and during Hillary Term coaches ran on the river between the Temple and Westminster. A fair was also held on the ice, booths erected, an ox roasted whole, and bull-baiting, and other sports of the time, took place. A printing-press was also set up, and letters and pictures sold to the people, who daily congregated in great numbers upon the frozen river. The frost was so intense, that the sea was frozen several miles from the shore, and of course all shipping transactions were brought to a stand. On the 6th of February, the day after the break-up of this great frost, Charles II. died, and James II. ascended the throne.

The great comet of 1680 was first seen on the 14th December, being the fourth day of the moon, the night being clear and frosty. It 'had a great blazing [tail] from the root of it, which was pointed as it came from the star, and then spread itself. It was of a broad and large ascent up to the heavens, so that when it was set in the west, and out of sight, yet did the stream of it mount near to our zenith. Being every night more elevated in its first appearance after daylight was gone, then the stream of

if mounted to our zenith, and beyond it, very terribly and wonderfully. It is doubted if the like comet has been seen since the creation, and it is certainly prodigious of great alterations and of great judgments on these lands for our sins; for never was the Lord more provoked by a people than by us in these lands; and that by persons of all ranks. *Law's Memorials.* This comet struck a great fear into the minds of the people of Europe, in the Catholic countries particularly. Kepler the astronomer had foretold long before that the conjunction of the planets Saturn and Jupiter in Leo, which occurs but once in 800 years, would, at the conjunction which happened at the time of the appearance of this comet, have a malign influence on the Church of Rome. The alarm was furthermore increased by the Romish mathematicians declaring that the train of the comet was six times longer than that which portended the death of Pope Alexander VII. The returns of these conjunctions was supposed to have always been attended with great events in earthly affairs. Tycho Br  he thus reckons them:—The first was under Ench; the second under Noah, at the time of the Deluge; the third under Moses; the fourth under Solomon; the fifth under Jesus Christ; the sixth under Charlemagne, when the Roman was subjugated to the German empire; and the seventh fell at this time. It is further remarkable that this was a grand and climacterical conjunction, it being the seventh return of these planets, by which they perfectly completed their circular motion, and occupied exactly the position in which they were placed at the supposed commencement of terrestrial affairs.

'In the year 1683,' says Patrick Walker, a Scottish Covenanting churchman, 'there was such a long and great frost, that from November to the middle of March there was no labouring of the ground; yet even before the snow fell, when the earth was as iron, how many graves were in the west of Scotland in desert places, in ones, twos, threes, fours, fives together, which was no imaginary thing! Many yet alive, who measured them with their staves, [found them] exactly the deepness, breadth, and length of other graves, and the lump of earth lying whole together at their sides, which they set their feet upon, and handled with their hands. Which many concluded afterwards did presage the two bloody slaughter years that followed, when eighty-two of the Lord's people were suddenly and cruelly murdered in desert places.'

On the 18th February 1686 the whole of England was visited by a tremendous hurricane, which committed general devastation.

'We begin in order and dignity with his majesty's palace at Whitehall, and his park of St James's, where the force of the wind drove the water of the New River threescore yards from its boundary bank up to the Cock-pit Stairs, so that the court-guard could not stand there; and also threw up on dry land many hundred fishes of all sorts. At the same time some chambers in his royal majesty's palace were on fire, but with diligence happily put out. The houses where the king's stables are were lamentably shattered, they being unroofed, and the walls of many blown down. In Piccadilly, one Mr Blith, an attorney of Lincolnshire, died by reason of a house falling upon him as he was passing. In Covent Garden, near the Fleece Tavern, the Lady Saltenstone, her maid being dressing her in her lodging, was, by the fall of a chimney, which fell forward in her chamber,

wounded and stifled to death. Likewise a gentleman in the parish of St Giles, Holborn, venturing to go along the streets, which no rational man durst do, by the fall of a chimney had his brains beat out. At Gray's Inn gate, a coach with two horses standing there, a chimney fell and killed one of the horses. The triumphal arches [built at the time of his majesty's coronation in the previous year] at Fleet Street and Leadenhall Street were beaten down, and falling on the neighbouring houses, brought many of them down also. A barge laden with cheese at Queenhythe was suddenly overturned, and her keel put topsy-turvy. Several hay-carts were overturned, and riders blown off their horses' backs; and while the storm lasted, no man could keep his way, being forced backwards or sideways as the gusts blowed. A greater number of barns and outhouses, as well as dwellings, were also overthrown. The Thames flowed not in sixteen hours altogether, nor was there any the least sign of an alteration in the tide, so that the river was fordable in many places, just as it happened before the death of Oliver. In the highways about London several trees were blown down, as well as mills, to the very great damage of the brewers, and loss of corn in this time of scarcity and necessity. At Greenwich, a miserly farmer having a barn of corn, which he refused to sell, even when the price was risen to 12s. the bushel, by a fire that began in a place adjacent, and violently driven towards the said barn, had all his grain totally consumed. Divine Providence frustrating him, as well as he pitilessly deprived the poor of sustenance. In the Right Hon. the Earl of Essex's park in Hertfordshire, no less than 500 trees were blown down. Divers vessels were wrecked at sea, to the great loss of the traders; and the boats in the river Thames were grievously shattered and dashed one against the other. At St Needes, and Eynshury in Huntingdonshire, the wind did about £1000 damage to the church and dwelling-houses. At Portsmouth, a ship bound for Newfoundland being rigged, victualled, and equipaged for her voyage, was, by the violence of the wind, driven from her anchor, and one man only being then aboard her, who, seeing her drive, wisely withdrew himself into her boat that lay at the stern, and rowed to the land. The ship was carried away, no man knowing what became of her.

In Kent several gentlemen's houses were completely destroyed, and a great number shattered. At Abingdon the steeple of the church was thrown down. Ireland suffered in like manner from this tempest.

'In the year 1686,' says Patrick Walker, 'especially in the months of June and July, about Crossford, two miles below Lanark, especially at the Mains on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and ground; companies of men in arms marching along the water-side; companies meeting companies all through other, and then all falling to the ground, and disappearing, and other companies appearing the same way.' Upon the supposition of such appearances being meteorological, one is at first at a loss to account for their occurring so frequently during this century; but Walker, in what he subsequently says, furnishes a different key to the mystery. 'I went there three afternoons together, and, as I could observe, there were two of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not; and though I could see nothing, yet there was such a fright and trembling upon those that did see, that was discernible to all

from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak: he said, "A pack of damned witches and warlocks that have the second sight! De'il haet do I see!" . . . Those that did see, told what works the guns had, and their length and wideness; and what handles the swords had, whether small, or three-barred, or Highland guards; and the closing knots of the bonnets, black and blue.'

On Sunday morning, the 1st of May 1687, a young woman of noted piety, Janet Fraser by name, the daughter of a weaver in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, had gone out to the fields with a young female companion, and sat down to read the Bible, not far from her father's house. Feeling thirsty, she went to the river side (the Nith) to get a drink, leaving her Bible open at the place where she had been reading, which presented the verses of the 34th chapter of Isaiah, beginning—'My sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment,' &c. On returning, she found a patch of something like blood covering this very text. In great surprise, she carried the book home, where a young man tasted the substance with his tongue, and found it of a saltless or insipid flavour. On the two succeeding Sundays, while the same girl was reading her Bible in the open air, similar blotches of matter, like blood, fell upon the leaves. She did not perceive it in the act of falling till it was about an inch from the book. 'It is not blood, for it is as tough as glue, and will not be scraped off by a knife, as blood will; but it is so like blood, as none can discern any difference by the colour.' [See an explanatory article on these Blood Prodigies in No. 302, New Series, of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.']

On the 23d of December 1688 James II. left the country for France; and on the 13th February in the ensuing year, James being held to have abdicated, William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Denmark, were proclaimed king and queen of England. On the 1st of July 1689 the battle of the Boyne was fought, by which James's attempt on Ireland was defeated; and on the 20th July the Irish parliament passed an act of attainder against all Protestants who had aided and assisted James II. Three thousand Protestants were thus attainted.

'In the first week of July 1691, at a place near Maldon, in the county of Essex, there was seen the following apparition or appearance:—Just about twilight, or the shutting up of the evening, at the house of the vicar of the parish, which is situate near half a mile from the church, at a time when the clergyman and his family were at supper, a great dog that belonged to the house was observed to make a very great and unusual barking, as if the house had been beset with thieves; upon which a servant was ordered to go into the yard to find out the occasion of the dog's barking, who, coming to the place, saw, to his great admiration, a strange and unusual light in the sky, upon which giving information thereof to his master, &c. they all came out, and looking in the sky, they all soon after saw the plain likeness or appearance of a body of men in the air divided into two bodies, and soon after that they heard the plain noise or report of guns, great and small, and, to their thinking, men dropping down from both parties. After some time, these bodies of men vanished, and they saw the

appearance of only two men on horseback engaged with pistols, and to their thinking the one killed the other, and then vanished.

'On Saturday the 11th of July, in the same year, several countrymen being at work near the city of Exeter, plainly descried at some distance a great body of armed men moving towards them, most of whom seemed to be mounted on large white horses. The men that were mounted on their horses had their swords drawn, and pieces like carbines hanging on their shoulders. After some short time, this seeming body of men marched themselves on the left of them clear out of sight. Four of the persons that saw this sight or apparition, returning home, went before an honourable justice of the peace of that county, and made affidavit of the same. What may be thought not a little remarkable in this apparition is, that on the very next day, being Sunday the 12th, the famous battle in Ireland was fought, in which their majesties' forces obtained a signal victory over the French and Irish papists, in which action the Earl of Portland's regiment, which were all white horse, were considerably engaged. Much the same apparition, or like body of men, was seen some days before in Pembroke-shire and in Chester, in the former of which places several persons likewise made affidavit of it before an honourable justice of the peace of the said county, who sent up an account of the same to a relation of his in Gray's Inn, London.'

On the 15th of July, the isle of Ely, and the counties of Cambridge and Hertford, were laid waste by a severe tempest of thunder, lightning, and hail. The hailstones, which were several inches in circumference, fell with such force, as to rebound two feet from the ground, and the rain fell as though it had been discharged from sluice-gates, deluging the fields to the destruction of the sheep and cattle, many of which were also struck by the lightning.

'On the 27th of July, in the same year, sixteen persons being in Everton field, near Daventry, Northamptonshire, the sky immediately overcasting with black clouds, prodigious thunders and lightnings ensued, which, accompanied with extraordinary hailstones, made them seek shelter under the trees and hedges; but they proved no safe retreat, for immediately a flash of fire broke from the cloud, and falling amongst them with a very sudden motion, struck four of them dead, they not having leisure to utter one word, and burnt ten of the rest in so terrible a manner that their lives were despaired of.'

On the 30th of August 1691 a mortal sickness broke out in the city of York, by which 11,000 persons died.

On the 8th of September 1693 a severe shock of an earthquake was felt in England; and on the same day the chief town in Jamaica was wholly destroyed from a similar cause, and about 3000 persons killed.

'On the 4th November 1697, about three o'clock in the afternoon, at Offley, near Hitchin, in the county of Hertford, a fearful tempest arose suddenly, when the people were sorely affrighted not only with the lightning and thunder, but also at the greatness of the hail, which came down in such prodigious manner, that never the like was seen or read of in this kingdom. There fell some as big as hens' eggs, some as big as penny loaves, and some larger. Many people do affirm they were as big as the crown of a hat; most of them in strange shapes and forms, much like

pieces of thick ice. This lasted for about three-quarters of an hour, in which time it covered the earth in several places five or six feet in thickness, especially on the hills and dry ground, notwithstanding the rain which fell with it. Several persons were either struck dead by the lightning, or their brains beat out by the prodigious hail; and several were drowned, the waters suddenly covering the ground five feet deep in some places, to the great consternation of the people. This dreadful and astonishing tempest with its fury passed from Hitchin, and went over the fields, and came next to Clifton in Bedfordshire, and so towards Bigglesworth and Polton, and from that down to Huntingdonshire; and on its way it sent out these dreadful lightnings and bellowings of thunder, and let fall this grievous hail. The damage done in a short time to man and cattle by this dreadful tempest is not to be reckoned.'

Such were the wonderful occurrences which oppressed and darkened the hearts of the people in the seventeenth century. The revival of some of the recitals may be of service even to the scientific inquirer of the present day, detailing as they do, albeit in an exaggerated style, circumstances and appearances which it is necessary to note in order to arrive at sound conclusions regarding certain natural phenomena. Those of a meteorological character are especially worthy of notice, as showing the powers of lightning, and the singular forms into which suspended vapours may sometimes be thrown. The most important benefit, however, to be derived from these narratives, is the feeling of thankfulness which we may well experience in contrasting the different lights in which particular natural phenomena were regarded in that age and in our own. By our ancestors, the extraordinary effects of lightning were beheld with the paralysis of terror. The comet was looked upon as the dire portent of horrible wars and state confusions. The tempest and the inundation were the messages of divine wrath; not to the person contemplating the subject, but to some others—the particularly sinful. It is easy to see that, in such a state of mind, there must have been a vast amount of discomfort. Enabled, as we now are, to regard all such things as under the control of general laws, which are effluences of infinite wisdom and benevolence, we can view them with comparative serenity in their passage before our eyes, and address ourselves, when they have passed, to the best means which Providence has put in our power of obviating their effects in future.

RUINED CITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THERE is more of melancholy in the interest attached to an inquiry into the vestiges of the past throughout America, than in that connected with similar researches throughout the civilised portions of the Old World. In the latter we start from a highly-developed state of civilisation, to seek for the slender source whence the mighty stream has sprung; and when we have found this, we turn round with a feeling of delight and wonder to mark the blessings which it has spread as it extended. Even in cases—as, for instance, that of Etruria, which we have treated in a former number—where a great nation and a mighty civilisation have ceased to occupy a place in the world, we have nevertheless the assurance that this civilisation laid the germ of another, which succeeded it, and that though absorbed and superseded, it has not been fruitless, or utterly lost. In America the case is different: the civilisation which now flourishes in many portions of that extensive continent is in no manner connected with their past history or their ancient inhabitants; it has, on the contrary, proved the most inveterate foe of both, with contemptuous superiority leaving the first utterly unheeded, while with relentless cupidity it has persecuted the latter almost to extermination; and it is not until within a comparatively very recent period that the intruders on the soil of the New World have stopped to consider whether the history of the despised and persecuted Red Man might not be worthy of some attention. That this is the case is now generally admitted; and the conclusions towards which almost all the inquiries into the early history and past civilisation of the red race of America seem to tend, are indeed of the utmost interest, as they lead to a strong presumption that the nations and tribes inhabiting these regions at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards were not people emerging from a state of barbarism, and slowly working their way up in the social scale, but that, on the contrary, they were descendants of a more civilised race sinking gradually from the high position they had once maintained, while some of them, having outsped the others in their downward career, had already sunk into the condition of savages. These opinions have indeed but slowly gained ground, and are not as yet by any means generally entertained. So accustomed have historians hitherto been to see a movement from barbarism upwards, that when the European foot first stumbled over the vestiges of an ancient and extinct civilisation in the wilds of America, speculative intellects at once set to

work to find out what could have been the race that preceded the Red Men in the occupation of these countries, and which had probably been exterminated by them.

When the Spaniards, in 1517—after twenty-five years' occupation of the West India islands, their first discoveries in the New World—landed upon the coasts of Central America, they were struck with amazement at the contrast between the state of the countries which now opened to their view and those with which they had previously become acquainted in these regions. Instead of naked and timid savages, gathered together in tribes independent of, and often hostile to, each other, struggling for subsistence amidst the difficulties of uncultivated nature, and unacquainted with the simplest arts of civilised life, they here beheld populous nations living under the dominion of powerful monarchs, subject to the rule of systematic governments and established laws, skilled in arts and manufactures, enjoying all the benefits of organised society, and dwelling in cities which seemed to the dazzled eyes of the new-comers to rival in magnificence those of the Old World.

The city of Mexico, situated in an extensive plain, and built partly on the banks of a large lake, and partly on several small islands on its bosom, was, at the time of the Spanish invasion, approached by artificial roads thirty feet in width, and extending from two to three miles in length. The temples dedicated to the religious worship of the people, the palaces of the monarch, and the dwellings of persons of distinction, were, according to the description of the invaders, of gigantic dimensions and magnificent structure, while the habitations of the lower orders were of the humblest character, being merely huts resembling those of the Indians of the rudest tribes. The building assigned to Cortez and his companions when they visited as friends the monarch whose downfall they were plotting, was a house built by the father of Montezuma, spacious enough to accommodate all the Spaniards and their Indian allies. It consisted, according to the description of the former, of apartments ranged around extensive courtyards, the whole being enclosed by a stone wall with towers, which served for defence as well as ornament. The most striking architectural features in the city of Mexico were the temples; and foremost among these was the great Teocalli—that is, House of God—situated in the principal square, and one of the first destroyed by the Spaniards when they became masters of the city. This temple, which was dedicated to Tezcatlipica, the god first in rank after Teoth, the Supreme Being, and to Meritli, the god of war, consisted of a truncated pyramid formed by five terraces, ascended by broad flights of steps. The sides of the pyramid faced the four cardinal points; its base was 318 feet long, and its perpendicular height 121 feet. It was stated by the Mexicans themselves to have been built on the model of great pyramids of a similar nature, which were spread over the face of the country, and which the traditions of the people ascribed to the Toltecs, the nation from whom they had received their civilisation. On the truncated top of the pyramid were placed the sacrificial stone and the statues of the gods, among which those of the sun and moon were of colossal dimensions, and covered with plates of gold. Around the main building was a wall of hewn stone, ornamented

with knots of serpents in bas-relief. Within the precincts of the wall, or immediately adjoining it, were the dwellings of the priests. Edifices of a similar character were represented as existing throughout Mexico and the adjoining countries; and the capital itself was said to contain no less than eight temples almost equal in size to that just described, besides two thousand of inferior dimensions.

On nearer inquiry, however, into the state of that civilisation which was at first so highly lauded by the Spaniards as hardly inferior to that of Europe, it was ascertained that neither the Mexicans nor the nations bordering upon their empire, and who in a great measure participated in their civilisation, were acquainted with the use of iron, without which, it has been observed, no nation can advance far in the arts of civilised life; that they had not any tame animals trained to assist man in his labours; that they were unacquainted with the art of writing, and even with the use of hieroglyphics—having no other means of conveying to succeeding ages an account of the past than by the imperfect and tedious process of picture-painting, which, however, they had carried to a considerable degree of perfection; that communication between the different provinces of the empire was rendered almost impossible by the absence of roads and the density of the forests, which in a great measure covered the face of the country; that commercial intercourse had attained no higher degree of development than was consistent with a system of barter—the only approach to a standard of value being the establishment of the beans of the cocoa as an instrument of commercial interchange, chocolate being a beverage in universal use throughout the country; and that the religion of the Mexicans, though formed into a regular system, bore the character of a gloomy and atrocious superstition, their divinities—worshipped under the form of stone idols of hideous aspect—being represented as sanguinary and revengeful beings, delighting in the sufferings of the human victims sacrificed on their altars, and having their temples decorated with the effigies of serpents, tigers, crocodiles, and other ferocious animals. These facts, together with the still more significant circumstance, that they were surrounded by tribes who, in proportion to their distance from this centre of civilisation, approached nearer and nearer to a state of savage brutality, seemed sufficient to establish the opinion that the Mexican nation was still in its infancy, and separated by only a few centuries from the condition in which its ruder neighbours were still merged. The traditions of the Mexicans, as they were understood, did not indeed assign to their empire any great antiquity; Montezuma, the monarch who ruled over them at the period of the arrival of Cortez, being, according to their own accounts, only the ninth ruler since their establishment in those territories. But it will be remembered that they assigned their civilisation to an anterior race; this was, however, considered a fond conceit common to every people of recent date.

Whatever may in reality have been the state of civilisation in the newly-discovered world, its want of vigour was soon proved by its utter subjugation to that of the old. Fifty years after the first landing of the Spaniards on the coast of Yucatan, their authority was established over almost the whole of the vast territory of Central America; and a few years later, the number of the original inhabitants of these countries was so much reduced, that the accounts of their former populousness seemed fabulous.

Their monarchs and various rulers were deposed, and put to death, their religion was proscribed and persecuted, their temples and palaces were destroyed, their cities razed to the ground, their idols broken into fragments, or, when this could not be effected, buried in the earth, and the dwindled remains of their population reduced to a miserable state of servitude. Even now—when republican institutions have been established throughout the countries which once acknowledged the sway of Spain, and when the inhabitants of all colours and all races are recognised as equal before the law—the poor Indian, in whom every trace of the spirit of a free man has been obliterated, bends meekly before the superior race, kisses the hand which inflicts the punishment of the lash, and repeats the words which have become proverbial among the Spanish Americans—‘The Indians do not hear except through their backs.’

Beyond the boundaries of the Mexican and Peruvian empires, and the countries immediately adjoining them, the inhabitants of the American continent were divided into small tribes, independent of each other, destitute of industry and arts, forming no regularly-organised societies, and living altogether in a state so rude as to come under the denomination of savages. The physical features of the various tribes distributed over that vast continent were, however, so uniform, that it at once became evident that although in different stages of civilisation, they all belonged to the same race, and were merely subject to such modifications as would necessarily arise from the differences in the natural features of the districts which they inhabited, and the state of the society to which they belonged. Thus in the more northerly regions of the North American continent, where the English made their first settlements, the Indians were in a much ruder state than in Central America,* but possessed a more warlike spirit and greater physical vigour; and the struggle between them and the invaders of their country was consequently of longer duration, and of a somewhat different character. Here the Red Man never submitted, and the European settlers could not boast of having conquered the land until they had utterly expelled or exterminated the tribes to whom it belonged by right of prior occupation. As to the country itself, with the exception of the territories occupied by the Mexicans and Peruvians, and to a certain degree those immediately adjoining them, it was untouched by the hand of industry, and presented throughout one great uncultivated wilderness, save where a small patch of Indian corn proved the neighbourhood of a native encampment. It was covered with immense forests, which, particularly in the southern, and naturally most fertile regions, were rendered almost impervious by the rank luxuriance of vegetation. The vast plains were overflowed by the constant inundations of the rivers, and were converted into unwholesome and impenetrable marshes. In a word, nature presented throughout a picture of wild desolation, though abounding in all the features most favourable to the development of civilisation and prosperity. Though we may dwell with pleasure on the idea of some of the richest and most fertile regions of the habitable globe having been redeemed from such a state to one of high cultivation, and of millions of

* It must not be forgotten that throughout this article we use the denomination Central America as a geographical, not as a political designation.

civilised men revelling in comfort and luxury in countries where nature, left to herself, barely furnished food for a few straggling savages, yet it is melancholy to reflect that a Christian and civilised race has superseded the aboriginal inhabitants of these lands, without having in any instance succeeded in extending to the latter the advantages to which they owe their own superiority; that while expending on the soil the benefits of cultivation, and causing it to yield rich harvests in return for their labour, they, the followers of a religion which teaches man to see in his fellow-man, of whatever race or colour, a brother, should not only have left the aborigines in the same degraded state in which they found them, but that they should have disseminated their vices where they knew not how to implant their virtues. If the Anglo-Saxon race can plead in their excuse the wild and intractable character of the savages with whom they had to deal, the same plea will not extend to the Spaniards, whose Indian subjects were docile and submissive to a fault. The incapacity of the Indians for improvement has, however, been observed and dwelt upon by all travellers; and this may perhaps account for so little interest having for a long while been taken in their former civilisation, and so few endeavours made, until within the last century, to trace it to its origin. Indeed so little credence was generally attached to any high state of civilisation having existed in these regions previous to the Spanish conquest, that when the ancient remains of which we are about to treat were first brought to light by the industry of adventurous travellers, all minds set to work to discover who could have been the authors of these remarkable works, few being inclined to ascribe them to the ancestors of the despised race which had been so easily subjugated by small bands of Spanish adventurers. So little, indeed, was the existence of these monuments known, that the able, philosophic, and conscientious Scottish historian, Dr Robertson, in his 'History of America,' published 1777, affirmed, on the authority of persons long resident in those countries, that there was not throughout Spanish America 'a single monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the Conquest;' and his general estimation of the state of the inhabitants of those countries at that period led him to the conclusion that the progenitors of the American race must have been in a very barbarous state when they left the cradle of mankind to populate these unknown regions.

In one of his reports to Charles V., Cortez describes his manner of proceeding in Mexico as follows:—'I formed the design of demolishing on all sides all the houses in proportion as we became masters of the streets, so that we should not advance a foot without having destroyed and cleared out whatever was behind us.' These words characterise the policy of the Spaniards throughout the whole of New Spain—a policy followed up during two centuries, and resulting in the almost total obliteration from the face of the country of every trace of the state of things which preceded their arrival. The few ruins that were left to tell the tale of desolation, and the gigantic pyramidal structures—which the untiring industry of the conquered race had reared, and which even the insatiable hatred of their conquerors was unable to destroy—remained utterly unheeded, failing to awaken the interest of the natives of Spanish descent, and lying beyond the reach of European curiosity through the jealous policy of Spain, which placed innumerable impediments in the way of explorers. However, at the com-

mencement of the present century the illustrious Humboldt, braving all difficulties in pursuance of those scientific objects to which he devoted his life, visited New Spain; and through his reports Europe learned, for the first time, from an authority which admitted of no doubt, the existence of ruins fully confirming the statements of the early Spanish writers relative to the cities and temples of Mexico. Since then, tourists innumerable, scientific and unscientific, have visited and explored the ruins of Mexico; but the territory which stretches from Mexico to the Isthmus of Darien, including the peninsula of Yucatan, remained for a long time comparatively unknown. Yet within the impenetrable forests of those very partially-cultivated states are concealed the most remarkable remains of ancient cities, many of whose buildings and sculptures are in a state of such extraordinary preservation, as to render it difficult to believe that they have been abandoned for centuries.

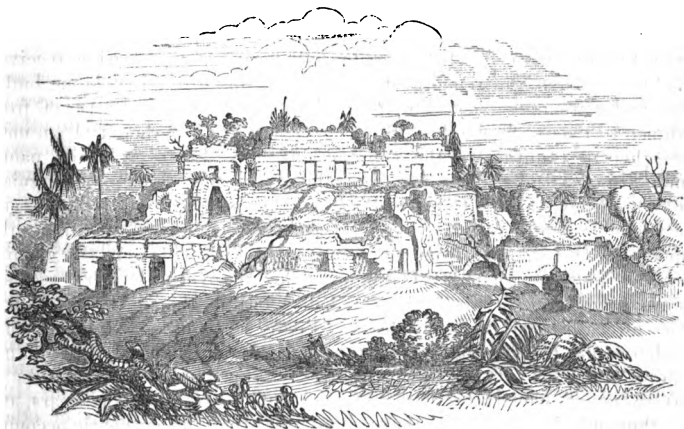
In the year 1750, some Spaniards travelling in the interior of Mexico are said to have penetrated into the province of Chiapas, and to have discovered there, either by chance or through means of information received from the Indians, the remains of a city consisting of ancient stone buildings, and extending, according to their account, over an area of from eighteen to twenty-four miles. So utterly unknown had the city been until then, that no tradition of the country gives any clue even to its name. Among the few Indians who were acquainted with the existence of the ruins, they were known as *Las Casas de Piedras*—that is, *The Stone Houses*—and the travellers who have since explored them have bestowed upon them the appellation of *Palenque*, from the name of the little village in the vicinity of which they are situated. The news of this discovery, though it reached the ears of the Spanish authorities, failed to awaken their interest. Thirty years afterwards, however, the king of Spain sent out an exploring commission under the direction of Captain Del Rio, and subsequently another under Captain Du Paix; but by adverse circumstances the reports of both these gentlemen were withheld from publication for many years, and it is thus only within the last twenty-five years that any authentic accounts of these interesting remains of a bygone civilisation have become known to the world in general. Since the publication of the report of the two above-named gentlemen, the ruins have been visited and carefully explored by several enterprising travellers. The last among these, as far as we are aware, was Mr Stephens, the well-known American writer and traveller, who published in 1839 and in 1842 the result of his researches, illustrated with numerous engravings.*

In the course of his journey through the several provinces of Honduras, Guatemala, Chiapas, Tabasco, and the peninsula of Yucatan, Mr Stephens met with no less than forty-four ruined cities, the greater number situated within short distances of each other in Yucatan, but buried in the depths of forests, without any visible means of communication, and in many cases unknown to the populations within a few hundred yards of whose doors they are. The term *city*, which it is customary to apply to these interesting remains, conjures up in the mind a picture very different from

* 1. *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.* 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.* 2 vols. 8vo. Harper and Brothers, New York.

that which in reality they present; for nowhere among these ruins have there been found any remains of the dwellingplaces of those classes which in all countries and in all times must form the bulk of the population of a city. The buildings that remain are all of a stately character, seemingly intended for the abode of princes, or devoted to the religious worship of a people who decorated with fond reverence the temples of their gods. No general terms will, however, suffice to give a clear conception of that which is so different from all with which we are familiar in the Old World; and we will therefore survey in detail such of the cities and their structures as present certain features common to all.

Though varying in many of their minor features, these ancient remains bear, nevertheless, a strong resemblance to each other—the most general characteristic being the truncated pyramids already alluded to. These, rising in terraces from the level plain, as shown in the subjoined eleva-



tion of the noble ruins of Labphak in Yucatan, are usually crowned with edifices of vast extent, and richly decorated with sculpture. It is a class of objects the more interesting, as they at once connect the ruined cities of Central America with the aboriginal remains throughout the whole North American continent, and likewise show a kindred relation between the builders of these cities and the inhabitants of Mexico at the time of the Conquest.

The ruined city of Copan is situated in the province of Honduras, on the left bank of the river Copan, an unnavigable stream which empties itself into the Montagua. Nature has taken entire possession of the site which man has abandoned. Where the hum of busy populations must once have been heard, where the intellect of man may once have wrought and wrangled, there now reigns the dark and silent seclusion of the forest, save when some inquisitive traveller breaks in upon it in quest of the secrets of the past. Though little more than thirty years had intervened since Del Rio attacked it with fire and axe, laying bare the environs of the ruins, the forest was, on

the arrival of Mr Stephens and his companions, so dense, that they were obliged to work their way forward hatchet in hand. The extent of the ruins of Copan along the left bank of the river is about two miles, but how far they extend into the depths of the forest it has been impossible to ascertain. On the opposite bank of the river, at a distance of about a mile, a ruin has been observed on the top of a mountain 2000 feet high, which may probably have belonged to the city; the latter may consequently have spread in this direction also. Of palaces, or other dwellings, there are no remains in this place; but running along the river from north to south is a wall 624 feet in length, and from 60 to 90 feet high, forming one of the sides of an oblong enclosure, which it is customary to denominate the Temple, and the other three sides of which are formed by a succession of pyramidal structures and terraced walls, measuring from 30 to 140 feet in height. The river wall is built of hewn stones from 3 to 6 feet in length, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot in breadth, and is still in a very good state of preservation. It is accessible from the river-side by flights of steps, similar flights leading on the inner side down into the enclosed area. The whole line of survey taken by Mr Stephens was 2866 feet; but the walls and structures embraced within it do not present themselves to the eye in unbroken ranges, but are in many parts in a state of decay, and in others are concealed by the trees which have introduced themselves, wherever they have found sufficient soil for their roots, and which cover more especially all the level areas.

At a short distance from the south-west angle of the river wall of the Temple are two small pyramidal structures, one of which is connected with part of the city wall running along the left bank of the river, and which seems to have flanked a gateway, probably the principal entrance from the river-side. Running at right angles with the river, and somewhat within the boundary marked by these structures, is the southern wall of the temple, beginning with a range of steps about 30 feet high. At the south-eastern extremity of this wall is another massive pyramidal structure, 120 feet high on the slope. To the east of this are the remains of other terraces and earthen pyramids, and a passage 20 feet wide, which seems to have formed a gateway. From hence, the south-eastern corner of the quadrangle surveyed, stretches northward another massive pyramidal structure; and at a short distance, in the same direction, is a detached pyramid, about 50 feet square at the base, and 30 feet high. To the right of the latter a confused range of terraces branches off into the depths of the forest. The range of the Temple walls, running from south to north, continues for a distance of about 400 feet, and then turning at right angles to the left, runs again southwards, and joins the other extremity of the river wall. Within the area enclosed by these walls are other terraces, and pyramids 140 feet high on the slope, enclosing two smaller areas or courtyards, one of which, situated near the eastern boundary wall, is 250 feet square, and the other, close to the river wall, 140 feet by 90—both being 40 feet above the level of the river, and accessible by steps cut in the sides of the sloping walls that enclose them.

Down the sides of all the walls and pyramids, and covering the ground of the quadrangular enclosures, are innumerable remains of sculpture, some still maintaining their original position, others forming heaps of fragments,

among which, however, many blocks are remarkably well preserved. Half-way up the sides of one pyramid are rows of death's heads of colossal proportions, but which, from their peculiar conformation, are supposed to represent the skulls of monkeys, and not of men—a supposition which is strengthened by the fact, that among the fragments at the foot of the pyramid was found the effigy of a colossal ape or baboon, bearing a strong resemblance to the animals of the same species originally figured on the great obelisk from the ruins of Thebes, which now graces the Place de la Concorde in Paris. These animals were worshipped at Thebes under the name of Cynocephali, and it has been thought not unlikely that the same may have been the case among the ancient inhabitants of Copan. Among the fragments on the ground were also several human heads, sculptured, like those of the apes, in bold relief, and impressing the beholder with the belief that they were portraits—nature being closely followed, and the features and expression of the countenance of each bearing a strong individual character. None of these heads are encumbered with the extraordinary head-dresses which form a striking feature in the generality of the sculptured figures in the ruined cities of Central America. The whole of the sides of the terraced walls and pyramids have seemingly been decorated with similar sculptures, which were fixed by stone tenons, in many cases still adhering to them, and which were driven into the wall. In many cases traces of colour are still visible, indicating that these sculptures, like those of many of the ancient nations of the Old World, had been painted.

At the foot of one of the pyramidal walls in the courtyard most distant from the river stands one of the monuments which form the peculiar characteristics of the ruins of Copan. These are stone columns or obelisks, from 11 to 13 feet in height, and from 3 to 4 feet in width, and something less in depth, in every case having on the principal face a human figure, male or female, sculptured in high relief, presenting its full front, and having the upper part of the arm pressed close in to the body, and the lower part brought forward, so as to allow of the hands being pressed against the breast. They are all clad in rich garments, some in the form of short tunics, others more like long pantaloons. The feet, which are of clumsy form, are generally covered with a kind of buskin; and the heads are adorned with coverings of the most fanciful description, the details of which can hardly be detached from the mass of intricate sculptured ornaments with which the monuments are covered on all sides from top to base. The idol (for such these objects are supposed to have been) to which we have particularly alluded differs from others in its vicinity, inasmuch as it is broader at top than below, while the sculpture is in lower relief. The face is of a calm and placid expression, and the sculptured ornaments, though difficult to define, are graceful and pleasing in design. The back and sides of the monument are covered with hieroglyphics, which, as will be seen, abound among the sculptured remains in the ruined cities, and prove that, if the inhabitants of these regions were not in possession of such characters at the time of the Conquest, the nations or generations which preceded them were fully acquainted with the use of these written signs. In front of the idol is an altar, 4 feet high, and 6 feet square, of one block of stone, and resting on four globes cut out of the same material. The

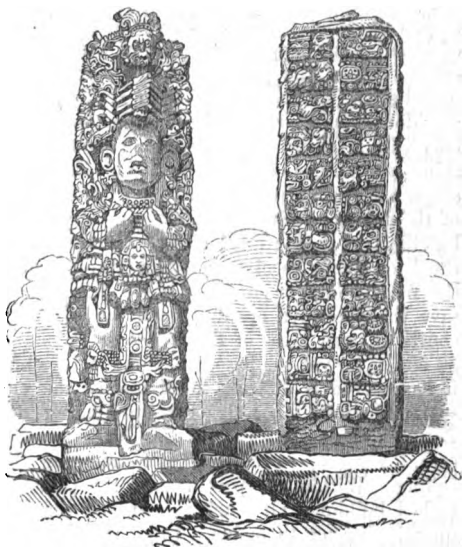
bas-reliefs on the sides represent a series of sixteen human figures, seated cross-legged in Oriental fashion. Each bears in his hand a weapon, the precise character of which it is difficult to ascertain, but in which some archaeologists persist in seeing only spiral shells; and the heads of all are covered with very peculiar head-dresses without plumes. On the side facing the west are the two principal figures of the series, sitting with their faces towards each other, as if engaged in discussion, while seven of the other fourteen figures, turning their heads in the direction of each, seem to form their respective retinues. The top of the altar is divided into thirty-six tablets of hieroglyphics, probably recording the important transaction which the two parties have met to discuss. That precise rules had not existed relative to the costume of the day, may be concluded from the circumstance, that of the sixteen head-dresses not two are alike; and though we are unwilling to believe that the extraordinary facial angles represented could be meant to portray really existing faces, still, it must be admitted that there is likewise much variety in the countenances.

From the pyramidal terrace forming the outer wall of the smaller court within the temple there is a subterraneous passage leading to the river wall, and below this a sepulchral vault was opened by Colonel Galindo, who explored the ruins some years ago on account of the Mexican government. On each side of the vault, which is 6 feet high, and 10 feet long by $5\frac{1}{2}$ in width, are small niches, which, at the time of the opening, contained numerous earthenware vessels of different descriptions, filled with human bones, and packed in lime. The floor of the vault, paved with stones, and coated with lime, was strewn with various articles, such as stone knives, stalactites, marine shells, and a small death's head, cut in a green stone, and described as of exquisite workmanship.

At some distance from the enclosure denominated the Temple, in a level area, enclosed by terraced walls, stands a group of eight stone idols, similar in form and size, and in the position of the hands, to the one above described, but each having a distinct individual character. They are placed at distances of from 50 to 200 feet from each other, and in front of each is an altar of corresponding character. The chief object of the sculptor having evidently been to inspire awe and terror, he has endeavoured to produce the desired effect by exaggeration of feature, and has, in consequence, in some cases represented countenances ludicrously hideous; others have, however, a purely terrific expression, and one or two are, on the contrary, pleasing. The workmanship displayed in some of these monuments is considered equal to the finest Egyptian sculpture, but in others it is more rude. Some are covered on all sides with hieroglyphics, and are for that reason the most interesting in the eyes of antiquaries, as there is always a hope that the industry which found a clue to the hieroglyphics of Egypt may also one day be able to unravel the mysteries of Central America. The engraving on the following page exhibits on a very minute scale the front and back of one of these gigantic idols, every inch of which is covered with ornamental sculptures and hieroglyphics. At the foot of one of them is a colossal sculptured head of an alligator, half-buried in the earth. In one only of the ruined cities have there been found monuments similar to the idols of Copan. At some distance from the ruins, deep in the heart of the wide-spreading

forest, are the quarries whence have been drawn the materials for all the monuments we have surveyed.

Palenque, Uxmal, Kabah, and Chichen, the four other cities which seem to us the most remarkable, offer a character different from that of Copan, inasmuch as the pyramidal structures in these places are still crowned with edifices of a stately and magnificent character, and the pyramids and terraces are in a much better state of preservation. The ruins designated by the name of Palenque are, as before observed, situated in the province of Chiapas, and have borrowed their name from a neighbouring village. With regard to the extent of these ruins, accounts differ:



according to the Indians and the other inhabitants of the village of Palenque—who do not, however, seem to have any real knowledge of the subject, but whose imaginations delight in adding to the marvellous character of the remains in their neighbourhood—they cover an area of no less than sixty miles; Du Paix and Del Rio give them a circuit of seven leagues; while Waldeck maintains that they cover a surface of only one league, or about three miles. How far any of these accounts are correct it would perhaps be difficult to ascertain, as the surrounding country is covered for miles with a forest of gigantic trees, rendered more dense by an impenetrable growth of underwood. In their descriptions of the Casas de Piedras, the most interesting and important objects among these remains, all the explorers agree. When Del Rio visited them, they were fourteen in number, disposed around a rectangular area 450 yards by 300—five being on the north side, four on the south, one on the south-west, and three on the east, while the largest of the group occupied a central position. Mr Stephens mentions only five as being in a good state of preservation, and describes them, on first view, as being 'in style and effect unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful.' The largest building stands upon an oblong mound 40 feet high, formed by human labour, having originally been faced with stone, and measuring at the base 310 feet by 260. The building itself is 200 feet long, and 180 feet deep, while the height of the walls is no more than 25 feet. It is constructed of stone and mortar, coated with stucco, and has originally been painted, the remains of red, yellow, blue,

black, and white paint being still visible in many places. The front faces the east, and contains fourteen doorways, separated by square piers adorned with spirited figures in stucco. Around the top runs a broad projecting stone cornice. The principal doorway is indicated by a flight of broad stone steps on the side of the terrace leading up to it. On the other sides of the palace, which are in a more dilapidated condition, it would seem that there have been similar doorways, all giving access to a corridor running round the building, and communicating by two doors only with a second corridor running parallel with it. Adjoining these corridors are ranges of chambers communicating by doorways and flights of steps, with an open courtyard on a lower level, but enclosed by the walls of the palace: such, indeed, are generally the interior arrangements of the buildings in these ruined cities. In cases where there are no courtyards, the back rooms receive the light through doorways communicating with the front rooms or corridors, these being likewise devoid of all apertures save the doorways opening upon the platforms without. In one of the courts or open areas of the Palace of Palenque is a tower built of stone, 30 feet square at the base, and three storeys high. The purpose for which it has served is difficult to divine, as the outer wall forms but a shell surrounding an inner structure, presenting no visible means of ingress. Between the outer wall and this inner structure is a very narrow staircase, leading up to the top, but terminating abruptly against a dead stone ceiling. Within the precincts of the palace there are several other detached buildings, all much ruined, and the character of which it is consequently difficult to define. From the door of the inner corridor, on the front side of the building, a flight of stone steps, 30 feet broad, leads down into the principal courtyard, a rectangular area 80 feet by 70; and on the opposite side is a similar flight, corresponding with a corridor in the interior of the building. On each side of both these flight of steps are sculptured bas-reliefs of grim human figures, 9 or 10 feet high. Some are standing, others kneeling; others seated cross-legged; and the greater number have one or both hands pressed against the breast, as if expressive of suffering, which is also depicted in some of the upturned faces. The forms are uncouth, and the proportions incorrect; but there is a certain force of expression in the countenances and attitudes which renders them interesting even as specimens of artistic skill. We should far surpass our limits were we to attempt to give a detailed description of the sculptured bas-reliefs, and the figures and groups in stucco, which decorate in rich profusion the walls of the innumerable rooms and corridors in the palace, and are here and there interspersed with tablets of hieroglyphics. We shall therefore limit ourselves to saying that the figures are, as regards the style of countenance, dress, and indeed their whole appearance, unlike those of any other known monuments. But though many of the strange bodily deformities which they exhibit may be attributed to want of skill in the artist, there are nevertheless certain peculiarities of physical conformation which recur so constantly, as to impress the beholder with the belief that such, or nearly such, have been the prevalent forms among the people whom they represent. Among these peculiarities, the form of the heads—flattened behind, and elongated on the top—is particularly remarkable, and would seem to indicate that

among the inhabitants of this city, as among some of the North American Indians of the present day, it has been customary to change the natural form of the head by pressure in infancy. Large noses and protruding lips also very generally prevail. The head-dresses are distinguished by plumes of feathers in exaggerated profusion, and of the strangest forms.

The other buildings at Palenque resemble the palace in architectural and ornamental features, but are of smaller dimensions, each having for its foundation an artificial pyramidal structure. In one, the piers of the front corridor are decorated with figures of men and women with children in their arms, but they are much damaged. In the same building there are on each side of the principal doorway stone tablets, 13 feet long, and 8 feet high, covered with hieroglyphics. And it has been observed as remarkable that these characters are the same as those found at Copan, and also in several of the ruined cities of Yucatan; thus establishing the fact, that these cities must at least have had a written language in common, though the Indians at present inhabiting the intermediate territories speak several distinct languages, and are quite unintelligible to one another. On the back wall of a small oblong chamber in one of the Casas, lighted by a single low doorway, is a sculptured tablet of a very remarkable character. In the centre is a cross placed upon a kind of highly-ornamented pedestal, and surmounted by an extraordinary bird, the wings and tail of which bear a strong resemblance to many of the plumes in the head-dresses to which we have alluded. Around the neck of the bird hang strings of beads, from which is suspended an ornament supposed by some to be the curious flower called by the Mexicans 'macphalxochitl,' or 'flower of the hand,' the pistil being in the form of a bird's foot, with six fingers terminating in so many nails. On each side of the cross, and with their faces turned towards it, are two male figures with the same strangely-shaped heads before-mentioned, but otherwise of great symmetry of proportion, and considered quite equal to any of the sculptured remains of Egypt. One of these figures seems in the act of making an offering to the bird, while the other is looking on. It is remarkable, as a probable indication of the figures being the portraits of living personages, that the looker-on, being considerably shorter than his companion, is mounted on a kind of footstool, in order to reach the same height. The costume of the men is different from that of all the other figures found among the ruins; for while the garments of the latter in many cases seem made of the skins of animals with the tails still attached to them, the folds of the dresses in the present case indicate that they are made of some pliable texture. These two figures occur again on another tablet, placed in a similar position in one of the other Casas. Here they are both apparently making offerings to a hideous mask, with the tongue lolling out of the mouth, and supported by two crossed batons richly ornamented. The objects offered are in this case decidedly infants, and are presented to the mask seated on the palms of the men's hands. The small chambers in which these tablets are placed are believed to have been places for private devotion, and have, in consequence, obtained the name of 'adoratorios.' The floors of these adoratorios were excavated by Del Rio, and found to contain an earthen vessel and a circular stone, beneath which were a lance-head, two small pyramids with the figure of a heart made of a dark crystal, and two covered earthen jars containing a substance of a ver-

million colour. Among the stucco ornaments in all these buildings there are also designs of plants and flowers; and among the fragments of sculpture Mr Stephens mentions a beautiful head and two bodies, 'in justness of proportion and symmetry of form approaching the Greek models.' One statue only has been found among the ruins of Palenque. It is 10 feet 6 inches high, and is more simple and severe in character than any of the other sculptured figures; so much so, indeed, that it might altogether be taken for the production of another land and another time, did not a hieroglyphic, placed in front about the middle of the body, and from which depends some symbolical ornament, at once recall to mind the idols of Copan, in which both are never-failing features. There are no windows in the palace at Palenque; but on the inner wall of the outer corridor, which it will be remembered communicates by two doorways only with the parallel corridor within, there are apertures of about a foot in size, some in the form of the Greek cross, others in that of the Egyptian Tau. The floors are of cement, hard as that in the Roman baths, and the ceilings arched, as is invariably the case in all the apartments and corridors in the buildings of these deserted cities. The perfect arch was unknown to their builders, as to those of many of the nations of antiquity; and their substitute for it is constructed precisely on the same plan as the Cyclopean arch, prevalent among the ancient remains of Greece and Italy. It is formed by superincumbent layers of stones overlapping each other, until the two sides of the walls approach within about a foot of each other, the top being finally covered in with a flat layer of stones.

About seventeen leagues directly south of the city of Merida, in the peninsula of Yucatan, are the ruins of Uxmal, the best-preserved of which are scattered over an area 1600 feet by 1100, and consist of six distinct and extensive buildings, and a large truncated pyramid, the summit of which is not crowned with any edifice. Besides these, there are the remains of numerous other edifices, but in a state of great decay. The walls of the city may also be traced to a considerable distance. The principal building, called Casa del Gobernador, or the governor's house, occupies, like all the other important buildings that we have mentioned, the upper platform of an artificial elevation, which rises in three terraces from the level plain, and which, notwithstanding its great dimensions, bears evidence of being the work of man. The first terrace is 575 feet long, 3 feet high, and 15 broad: the second is 20 feet high, 250 feet wide, and 545 long; the third, on which stands the stately edifice, is 19 feet high, 30 feet broad, and 360 feet long; and the sides of all are supported by substantial stone walls, rounded at the angles. In the centre of the platform of the second terrace commences a flight of steps 130 feet wide, and leading up to the third terrace immediately in front of the Casa del Gobernador, the façade of which is 322 feet long. The effect produced by the grandeur of the position, and the vastness of the dimensions of this magnificent building, is further increased by the richness of the architectural ornaments which have been lavished on the external walls. These walls are constructed entirely of stone; and from the base to the cornice—which runs all round the building immediately above the doorways, and about the mid-height of the building—they present a smooth surface. But above the cornice the four sides of

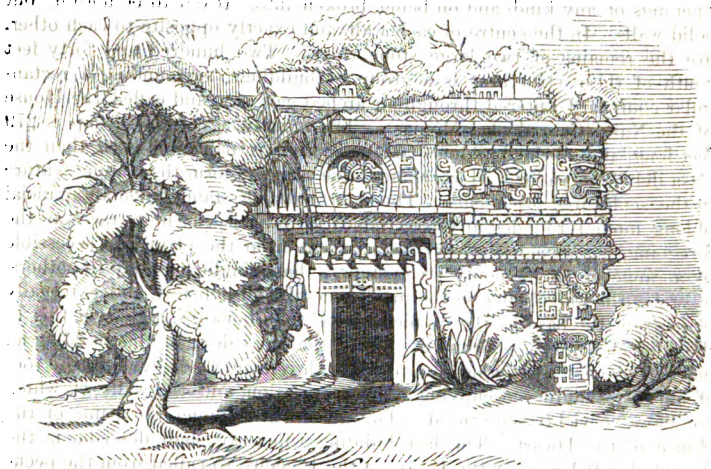
the edifice present 'one solid mass of rich, complicated, and elaborately-sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque.' Above the doorways, of which there are eleven in front, and one at each end, the ornaments are, in particular, very elaborate, representing small human figures, with head-dresses of rich plumes—that above the centre doorway being larger than the others. The roof of this building is flat, and was originally covered with cement; and the rear elevation is a solid stone wall 9 feet thick, without doorways or apertures of any kind. Within are two parallel ranges of rooms, each range numbering as many rooms as there are doorways in the front wall, through which alone they receive the light, each back-room communicating with the corresponding front-room by a door immediately opposite the outer one. The height of this, as of all the other ruined buildings, does not correspond with the imposing breadth of the façade, it being little more than 24 or 25 feet. Apparently, the lintels of the doorways have all been of wood, and some were still in their places, and in very good condition, when examined by Mr Stephens. This is, however, no proof against the antiquity of the buildings, as these beams are of a very hard wood, which, it is said, does not grow in the neighbouring forests, but must have been transported hither from the forests near the Lake of Peten, a distance of about 300 miles. In one of these beams were carved hieroglyphics like those of Copan and Palenque; with this exception, there have been found at Uxmal no sculptured bas-reliefs or stuccoed figures as at Palenque, and no idols as at Copan. From the manner in which the sculptured ornaments on the exterior of the buildings cover the stones—the several parts of one design occupying several adjoining stones—it is evident that these must have been placed in the wall before they were sculptured.

On the terrace below that on which stands the Casa del Gobernador is another edifice, of smaller dimensions, and greater simplicity of ornament, but otherwise of the same general construction. This building is called the House of the Tortoises (*Casa de las Tortugas*), and, according to some of the explorers, owes this appellation to the form of the stones with which the rectangular court enclosed within its four wings was paved. These stones are described as being each 6 inches square, and exquisitely cut in demi-relief with the full and accurate figure of a tortoise, and as being arranged in groups of four, with the heads of the tortoises together. The number required to cover the superficies of the court is said to have been 43,660. Of this interesting feature, proving an amount of skill and enterprise in the builders of the cities even surpassing that displayed in the remains still extant, we are sorry to say Mr Stephens makes no mention. According to him, the edifice has obtained its name from a row of sculptured tortoises adorning the cornice which runs round the top of the whole building. On the same terrace as *La Casa de las Tortugas* are some other remains, the purpose of which is not evident. Such is, for instance, an oblong structure 200 feet long, 15 feet wide, and about 3 feet high, and along the foot of which runs a range of pedestals and broken columns. On another part of the terrace, and within a quadrangular enclosure, is a round stone of rude and irregular appearance, 8 feet high, and 5 feet in diameter, which has obtained from the Indians the name of the *Picote*, or the 'Whipping-Post.' Similar stones in similar positions occur in many of the ruined cities, and

have therefore probably been connected with some national custom or religious rite. The same may be said of two other mysterious structures connected with the ruins of Uxmal. These are two edifices, each 128 feet long, and 30 feet deep, placed opposite to each other, 70 feet apart, and having apparently been precisely similar in plan and ornament. The sides facing each other have been embellished with sculptured ornaments, of which the coils of serpents have formed part. These edifices have no doorways or openings of any kind, and on being broken into, proved to be nothing but solid walls. In the centre of each wall, and exactly opposite to each other, are the remains of two large stone rings. Two hundred and forty feet south of these structures is a group of buildings, surrounding a rectangular courtyard, entered through an arched gateway, and called the House of the Nuns (*Casa de las Monjas*). The chief wing of this group is 279 feet long, and all the buildings are more richly ornamented even than the *Casa del Gobernador*. Here, again, huge serpents form the leading feature in the sculptured ornaments. The next building stands upon an artificial oblong mound, rounded at the extremities, and not cut in terraces as the foregoing, but rising in a very steep ascent from the plain, and accessible by a range of uncommonly steep steps. The building is, like the others, of stone, the walls being on the inside smooth and polished, and externally plain from the base to the cornice above the doorways, and from this to the roof elaborately sculptured. From the front-door of this building an inclined plane, 22 feet long, and paved with cement, leads down to the roof of another building, occupying a lower position, and the walls of which are likewise richly sculptured. This group goes under the name of the House of the Dwarf. The last building which we shall describe is the *Casa de los Palamos*, or the House of the Pigeons, so called from the peculiar character given to it by a range of structures elevated on the flat roof of the building, and presenting the appearance of a range of gables after the fashion of the German buildings of the middle ages, which, being perforated with small oblong openings, bear some resemblance to pigeon-houses. These structures are nine in number, are built of stone, and have all originally been covered with ornaments in stucco. In one of the noble courtyards enclosed within the different wings of this edifice is another of those strange stones to which the Indians have given the name of whipping-posts. It must be observed, with regard to the different appellations given to the edifices in these ruined cities, that they are entirely unconnected with the past history of the cities or of the edifices themselves, and are only applied in consequence of some fancied resemblance. At the north-east angle of the *Casa de los Palamos* is a vast range of terraces facing east and west, and encumbered with ruins, and with these we will take leave of the remains of Uxmal, though we have touched upon comparatively few of the remarkable details which they comprise.

At Chichen, another of the ruined cities of Yucatan, the surviving edifices are spread over an area of about two miles in circumference. The most beautiful, called, like one at Uxmal, *Casa de las Monjas* (House of the Nuns), is 638 feet in circumference, and 65 feet high. This unusual height, which is in fact only apparent, is owing to three ranges of buildings being erected, the one immediately above the other, yet so that

each of the upper ranges, being built back, and not on the roof of the lower structure, rests on an independent foundation, while the roof of the lower range extends like a platform in front of it. Such is the mode invariably followed in these regions when the buildings have the appearance of consisting of several storeys. In the present case, the second range is the most elaborately decorated, the ornaments being in the same style as those of Uxmal, and as shown in the annexed sketch of one of



its façades. The lower range seems to be nothing but a solid mass of masonry, merely intended to serve as a pedestal for the upper ranges. A grand staircase, 56 feet wide, leads from terrace to terrace up to the top of the building. The chief apartment in the interior of the second range, which is entered and lighted by three doorways on the south side, is 47 feet long, and only 9 feet deep, thus having, like all the large rooms in these buildings, more the character of a gallery or corridor than of a room. In the back wall are nine oblong niches; and from the floor to the very centre of the arched ceiling the walls are covered with paintings, now much effaced, but in many places still glowing with bright and vivid colours. The subjects represented have probably been processions of warriors, for human heads adorned with plumes, and hands bearing shields and spears, constantly recur.

One hundred and fifty yards east of the Monjas is a building which does not, like the generality, stand upon a raised terrace, but to which, nevertheless, the appearance of an elevated position has been given by digging out the earth for some distance in front of it. This building, the exterior of which is rude and unadorned, faces the east, and measures 149 feet in front and 48 feet in depth. In the centre of the eastern façade is a broad staircase leading up to the roof, which is flat as usual; and corresponding with this, on the other side of the building, is a solid mass of masonry 44 feet by 34, standing out from the wall, and serving no apparent purpose. The number of chambers within the building is eighteen, and that of the outer

doorways nine. In the dark mystery of one of the back chambers is a sculptured tablet representing a sitting figure, supposed to be engaged in the performance of some mysterious rite, and around it are several rows of hieroglyphics similar to those found in the other cities. In their graphic language the Indians have denominated this building Akatzeeb—that is, 'The Writing in the Dark.' North of the Monjas is another building, called by them Caracol (The Winding Staircase), different in style from any as yet described. It is circular in form, has a conically-shaped roof, and stands on the highest of two terraces, to which ascent is gained by a flight of steps 45 feet wide, and on each side of which runs a kind of balustrade formed by the entwined bodies of two colossal serpents. In front of the steps, and standing against the wall of the second terrace, is a pedestal, supposed to have supported an idol. The building, which stands on the second platform about 15 feet back from the brink, is 22 feet in diameter, and is entered by four small doors facing the cardinal points. Within is a circular corridor 5 feet wide, and within this another 4 feet wide, to which admittance is gained by four doors, smaller than those in the outer wall, and placed at the intermediate points of the compass, so as to face the north-east, north-west, south-east, and south-west. This corridor encircles a cylindrical mass of solid stone, 7 feet 6 inches in diameter, forming, as it were, the axis of the building. The corridors are arched in the usual manner, coated with plaster, and painted.

At some distance from this singular structure and the others we have described are others, repeating on a grander scale what we have seen at Uxmal, and supposed to be connected with the public games of the country. Two walls, each 274 feet long and 30 feet thick, run parallel to each other at a distance of 120 feet. In the centre of each wall, and exactly opposite to each other, at the height of 20 feet from the ground, are two massive stone rings, 4 feet in diameter, and with serpents sculptured on the outer circle. At the distance of 100 feet from the northern and southern extremities of the walls, and facing the open space enclosed between them, are two buildings, the one 35, the other 80 feet long, situated on elevations, and each containing one room only. Both are much dilapidated; but on the inner wall of the smallest there are still traces of rich sculptures, and in front of each are the remains of two columns, also richly sculptured. On the outer side, and at the southern extremity of one of the parallel walls, stands a building surpassing in interest any as yet mentioned. It consists of two ranges—the upper one, which is best preserved, being ornamented externally with a frieze in bas-relief representing a succession of lynxes or tigers; while the whole of the inner wall of the lower structure, laid bare by the falling of the outer wall, is likewise covered with bas-reliefs consisting of rows of human figures interspersed with fanciful ornaments, and each row being separated from the other by an ornamental border of simple and pleasing design. The figures are all males, with buskined feet and helmet-like head-dresses adorned with plumes. The other parts of their dress are so indistinct and different in each, as to allow full scope to the imagination, but to admit of no accurate description. Each of the figures in the upper row carries in his hand a bundle of spears, and all are painted. The upper range of the building, the front corridor of which is supported by massive pillars elaborately sculptured, presents scenes of still greater interest.

Here, for the first time throughout these deserted cities, we catch a glimpse of some of the pastimes and occupations of their mysterious inhabitants, though here, again, the light by which they must be read is wanting. From the front corridor, which overlooks the open space between the walls of what Mr Stephens has denominated the Tennis-Court, a doorway—the lintel of which is a massive beam of sapote-wood richly sculptured, and the jambs of which retain traces of sculptured figures—leads to an inner chamber with walls and ceiling covered with paintings. The colours are in some places still bright and vivid, in others much effaced. Some of the figures seem dancing a war-dance with shield and spear; others are placed on low seats, seemingly of basket-work; and others on cushions: one of these figures holds in one hand a large circular ring, like a child's hoop, which he seems intending to trundle with a short stick which he holds in his other hand. In one place is an old woman crouching down, and apparently unloading a sack, which is placed before her; and in another is a large canoe, with horses and people in it, and one man falling overboard. The head-dresses worn by these figures are quite different from any others mentioned, and the men have their ears pierced, and small round plates attached to them. The colours employed are green, yellow, red, blue, and reddish-brown—the last invariably used to represent the human flesh, the tint in the female figures being a shade lighter than that used for the male.

Five hundred feet south-east of the last-described building is another on an artificial mound rising from the level plain to a height of 75 feet, and ascended on two sides by flights of steps, the balustrades to which have been formed by colossal serpents. The building is not large, but highly ornamented, and commands a view of the whole surrounding plain. On the sides of one of the doorways are sculptured figures, much damaged; but the head of one, which is well preserved, shows the ears and nose decorated with rings. Facing the north is a large doorway supported by columns, the pedestals of which are richly sculptured, and leading into a chamber of uncommonly lofty proportions. The roof of this chamber is supported by square pillars, also richly sculptured.

At Kabah, likewise in Yucatan, the ruins present the same character as those already described—namely, broad and noble terraces, and lofty pyramidal structures, supporting buildings of vast extent, and loaded externally with a profusion of ornaments. The apartments within are arched, as at Uxmal and Palenque; and though more ornamented than those in the former city, are less elaborately so than those in the latter. The sculptured bas-reliefs on the jambs of a doorway in one of the buildings, representing one man in a kneeling position, and another man standing



before him (see engraving on preceding page), are very important, on account of the kneeling figure holding in his hand a weapon answering to the description given by Spanish historians of the swords of the Indians at the time of the discovery of Columbus: 'Swords made of wood, having a gutter in the forepart, in which were sharp-edged flints, strongly fixed with a sort of bitumen and thread.'

In the description of the cities here more particularly mentioned are comprised the main features which characterise the buildings, on the different sites explored. Among the individual peculiarities presented by some of the ruins, the buildings called *Casas Cerradas*, or Closed Houses, deserve mention. These are buildings externally and internally in every respect resembling the great majority of those described, with the usual distribution of doorways, corridors, and inner-chambers, all completely finished, and then, apparently before the roof was closed in, having been filled up with solid masses of stone and mortar, the doorways being at the same time carefully walled up. The meaning of these buildings, like so many of the other arrangements in these extraordinary cities, remains a profound mystery.

On the first survey of these wonderful cities of palaces, buried in the bosom of the vast forests of an uncultivated region, the imagination, struck by the presence of so much grandeur and magnificence, and the total absence of all the petty details connected with the daily necessities and the daily cares of human life, conjures up to itself a race of beings exempt from these necessities and these cares, which has dwelt here in happiness and splendour. But sober reason soon reasserts its sway, and bids us believe that where we find the traces of human habitations, there also, though hidden, we shall find the presence of those conditions without which human nature cannot exist. Thus, though the sites of these cities, particularly in Yucatan, seem selected with an entire disregard of that which is generally considered the first of conditions for the foundation of a city—namely, a natural supply of water—we find, upon nearer investigation, that this seeming indifference with regard to the absence of one of the first necessities of life must have been owing to the consciousness possessed by these builders of their capability of supplying by art the deficiencies of nature. The wonderful perseverance and industry of this race seems to have recoiled before no difficulties: the same hands that raised the immense artificial mounds to bear aloft their stately palaces and their temples, were ready to provide artificial means to supply large populations with water. The ponds and wells which have been found buried in the depths of the forests surrounding the ruined cities, and which were, until very lately, believed by the inhabitants to be natural depressions of the soil, and in most cases looked more like bogs or marshes than like artificial tanks or cisterns, have now been ascertained beyond a doubt to be lined with masonry; and they form a very interesting portion of the ancient works of the aborigines. Several of these ponds (or *Aguadas*, as they are called by the natives of Spanish descent), situated on the property of a gentleman more observant than the generality of his countrymen, were entirely dried up by the heats of summer in 1835. The proprietor, placing confidence in the current traditions that they were artificial contrivances,

and the work of the Antiguos, or Ancients, as the Indians denominate the authors of the many ancient works with which their country abounds, availed himself of the opportunity to make a careful examination of the ponds, and was satisfied that on this point tradition was correct. In 1836 the pond was cleared of mud, and an artificial bottom disclosed, consisting of large flat stones, placed in several layers, the interstices being carefully filled with a reddish-brown clay. In the middle of the basin, sunk from the level of this paved foundation, were four wells 8 yards deep, and 5 feet in diameter, and lined with stone, but at the time of which we speak filled with mud. Besides these, there were around the margin of the pond upwards of 400 pits into which the water had filtered, and which, together with the wells, were intended to furnish a supply of water during the dry season of the year, when the upper basin, which depended upon the floods of the rainy season, should be empty. On another estate within a short distance of the one we have just mentioned, another aguada of a still more extraordinary character has been cleansed and restored to its original uses. When the mud, which covered the bottom to a depth of several feet, was cleared away, the upper basin was found to contain upwards of forty wells, differing in character and construction, and from 20 to 25 feet in depth. These ingenious contrivances of the aborigines to supply the natural deficiencies of the land have proved an immense boon to their degenerate descendants and their Spanish masters; for in a country almost destitute of water-courses as Yucatan, these aguadas were of very great importance, even while their precise character was still unknown.

Besides these artificial reservoirs, which, as has been said, are scattered all over the face of the country, there are in Yucatan other wells of a most extraordinary character, of which the present inhabitants avail themselves, and which, from various indications, it is evident have also been known and resorted to by the ancient populations. One of these, in the neighbourhood of the village of Bolanchen, is most remarkable, and at the same time comprises the leading features of all. The descent to this well, or these wells—for there are seven distinct basins containing water—is through the mouth of a rocky cavern, and continues through the bowels of the earth down to a perpendicular depth of 450 feet, but by a pathway in the rock 1400 feet in length, and at times so precipitous, as to necessitate the use of ladders varying from 20 to 80 feet in length. Of these ladders, which are of a most primitive description—being made of rough rounds of wood bound together with osiers—there are no less than seven to be descended and ascended by the Indians, who, from these mysterious sources, carry up on their backs during four months of each year the full supply of water necessary for the consumption of the population of the village, amounting to 7000 souls. In other parts of the country the Indians, in their descent and ascent from wells of a similar nature, have to pass through passages in the rock so low, as to oblige them to crawl on hands and feet; on which occasion the bands passed round their foreheads, and to which the gourds containing the water are attached, are lengthened so as to allow the latter to hang below their hips, in order that they may not protrude beyond the height of the body in this crouching attitude. The unassuming cheerfulness with which this patient race pursue their daily task, apparently as unconscious of its laboriousness as of

its dangers, affords a little insight into the qualities which render possible the construction of such works of labour as those with which the country is covered; and it further leads to the conclusion—which indeed the history of Mexico corroborates—that the monuments of the ancient civilisation of America, like those of the Old World, have been the work of slaves, toiling like machines, under the direction of masters who allowed them no share in the intellectual light which gave to themselves the power, and taught them the means, of executing such stupendous undertakings.

In addition to the ingenious cisterns above described, there are among the ruins but one kind of structures which may be supposed to have served for useful purposes. These are subterraneous chambers scattered over the whole area enclosed within the walls of the cities, and about five yards or a little more in diameter, with domelike ceilings, and lined throughout with cement. Access to them is gained by circular holes in the ground, so small, that a man can with difficulty introduce his body. As many as have been explored have been found quite empty, with the exception of one, in which was found a small earthenware vessel. At first, it was suggested that these chambers might have been water-cisterns, but nearer examination proved them not to be fit for this purpose; and subsequently a more probable opinion has been adopted—namely, that they have served as depositories for the maize or Indian corn, which was in universal use among the natives of both the American continents at the period of their discovery by the Europeans. Beyond these, the ruins afford no traces of the life and habits of their former occupants. There is, however, one mysterious feature connected with these buildings, and observed even in those most distant from each other, which is of the utmost importance, not only as further proving the similarity of thought and feeling, because of sign and symbol existing between their respective populations, but still more as affording a connecting link between these populations and some of the tribes which to this day inhabit the North American continent. We allude to the print of a red hand, which has been found on the walls of the edifices in almost all the cities explored. The sign of the hand, we are told, is not painted, but seems literally printed upon the stones by the pressure of the living hand while moist with the paint, as every minute line and seam of the palm is visible. It is a remarkable fact that this same sign constantly recurs on the skins of animals purchased from the Indian hunters on the Rocky Mountains, and it is indeed said to be in common use among the tribes in the north. According to Mr Schoolcraft, a gentleman who has devoted much attention to the habits and customs of the Indians, and quoted by Mr Stephens, the figure of the human hand is used by the North American Indians to denote supplication to the Great Spirit, and it stands in their system of picture-writing as the symbol of strength, power, or mastery, thus derived.

By analogies such as the above must the history of the deserted cities and their inhabitants be traced, for their walls and sculptures are the only records of them extant. Among those that we have mentioned, the name of Copan, indeed, holds a place in the history of the Spanish conquest, a city of this name being mentioned as having revolted against the Spaniards in 1530, and as having bravely resisted the attacks of the Spanish soldiers sent to bring it back to subjection. But the general belief is, that these

ruins are of a date much anterior to this period; and there are points in the Spanish narrative of the reduction of Copan which could not be applied to a city surrounded by such strong walls as the one whose ruins we have surveyed. Of the ruins now designated by the appellation of Palenque, not even the name is known, as has been seen, and no tradition hovers round the spot to tell of its past glory: the tale is left to its sculptured walls, and even these will not long survive to tell it. Of Uxmal the same may be said. The name of these ruins is derived from that of the estate on which they stand; in the oldest deed belonging to the family who owns this property, and which goes back 140 years, they are referred to as Las Casas di Piedras, the common appellation for the ruined structures throughout the country. Of the past existence of Kabah not a record or a tradition is extant. These remains lie upon the common lands of the village of Nohcacab, and their very presence was unknown until the opening of a road to Bolanchen disclosed them in the bosom of the wood. The ruins of Chichen, being situated on both sides of the great road which leads to Valladolid, one of the principal modern cities of Yucatan, and full in sight of all passers-by, are, in consequence, more generally known to the people of the country, and the name of this city is recorded in history as that of the first place in the interior where the Spaniards halted. Whether the town was then inhabited, and in the full blaze of that splendour which the magnificent remains indicate, or whether it were already then deserted, is, however, unsettled, for the Spanish chronicler merely mentions the locality as a favourable and strong position for defence against the Indians, on account of the great buildings that were there. However this may be, the reader has no doubt been struck with the general resemblance of the buildings and other monuments which we have been describing to those of Mexico on the arrival of Cortez. The palace of Palenque, or the House of the Nuns at Uxmal, at once familiarise us with the edifice in which he and his companions were lodged by Montezuma; and the vast pyramidal structures call to mind the great Teocalli, which was the first victim of the fanatic fury of the invaders. The total absence of every vestige of the habitations of the humbler classes of the community also leads to the conclusion that the resemblance of these cities to those of Mexico does not stop here, but that, here as there, the houses of the people must have been of much frailer materials than those of their rulers, whether these were kings, nobles, or priests, and could not long survive their abandonment. Indeed the Spanish historian Herrera, who, in describing Yucatan, says, 'there were so many and such stately stone buildings that it was amazing,' adds — 'their houses (dwelling-houses) were all of timber, and thatched.' But why were these cities abandoned? Here the mystery again thickens, and here the analogy to Mexico seems no longer to hold good. The subjugation of Yucatan was thrown so much into the shade by the more splendid achievements of the conquests of Mexico and Peru, which, though later known, were more speedily brought under the Spanish yoke, that the glowing descriptions which reached Spain from those countries were not followed by similar ones from Yucatan; nor are there any records of the Spaniards having in this country, as in the two former, waged a war of destruction against the national monuments of the natives. To this day

the Spanish population in the peninsula is far from numerous, and is gathered in a few large towns; while the Indians generally dwell in villages under the guidance of a Roman Catholic priest, or settle themselves in the immediate vicinity of the haciendas or estates which dot the country, and give their services to the proprietor in return for the permission to draw water from the well or cistern of his establishment. Even the face of the country seems to be pretty much the same as it was at the period of the Conquest. The great dearth of springs and rivers render it unqualified for cultivation, and the immense forests of logwood continue to constitute its greatest riches. Therefore, although it must be admitted that the Spaniards, on their arrival, found the Indians in possession of towns, which, from the incidental mention of them that occurs in the chronicles of the period, seem to have borne very much the same character as those we have been surveying, yet it is difficult to conceive how, within little more than two centuries (we refer to the date of the discovery of the ruins of Palenque), these cities came to be so completely abandoned and forgotten, and that by a race remarkable for the great tenacity with which it clings to its old customs and institutions. In Mexico, where every vestige of their ancient faith and policy was systematically eradicated, and where the native population of Spanish descent is comparatively very numerous, the Indians have, nevertheless, retained so strong a traditional feeling of reverence for their ancient faith, that when two idols were accidentally disinterred in the city of Mexico a few years ago, they secretly, in the night, crowned these objects of their former adoration with wreaths of flowers; but in Yucatan and other districts they live within a few miles, nay, in some cases a few steps, of the remains of their gorgeous temples, and know not of their existence; and when the ruins are pointed out to them, and they are asked who were the builders, their only answer is an indifferent 'Who knows?'

Whoever may have been the builders of the cities of Central America, one thing is established by their discovery—namely, that the civilisation which once embellished these regions must have sprung from the same source as that of Mexico, though whether it was more ancient or more modern, must, notwithstanding all the speculation and ingenuity which has been expended on these subjects, still remain unsettled. That some of the cities, at all events, have been ruined and abandoned at the time of the Spanish conquest, there are incidents in the history of that period that lead us to believe. In the narrative of his travels in these regions, Mr Stephens mentions, at a distance of ten leagues from Palenque, a village called Las Tres Cruces, which, tradition says, derived its name from three crosses that Cortez placed there when on his way from Mexico to Honduras; and justly remarks, that it is not probable that one whose aim was conquest and plunder should have passed by a city of such importance as Palenque must have been when in the full meridian of its glory, without being attracted by its fame; nor is it probable that this fame should not have reached his ears, had the city not been already then, as now—a city of the wilderness, desolate and forgotten. But if ruins such as these, so ancient as to have been forgotten, and their very sites unknown, existed at the period of the Conquest, the civilisation of these countries could not have been of recent date; for there is no reason

to believe that cities of palaces, the foundations of which were artificial mountains, whose construction required an amount of toil almost inconceivable, and the decoration of which must likewise have cost years of labour, have sprung up at the wave of an enchanter's wand, and been abandoned from such caprice as makes a child weary of its new toy. To be utterly unknown, the ruins must have been out of sight; and to be out of sight, forests of slow growth must have had time to close their dark curtain around them. But whence, then, came this ancient race of city-builders; where was the cradle of its civilisation? This question has led to speculations, to enumerate which would far surpass our bounds, and would also be beside our purpose; suffice it to say, that the study of American monuments and traditions, and the analogies which have been described in them to those of the most ancient people of the Old World, have been thought to prove the descent of the Red Men of America from the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Hindoos, Chinese, Tartars, Malays, and Polynesians.

Without attempting to go as far back as the first settlement of the red race on the continent of America, and to enter the regions of pure speculation, we may, however, trace its civilisation back at least a thousand years before the Conquest. The Mexicans, it will be remembered, admitted that in their pyramidal structures they had imitated the earlier works of the Toltecs. This race is the earliest of which any knowledge can be derived from the traditions and picture-writings of the Mexicans. According to these, this people, constituting a powerful nation, arrived from a country somewhere to the north-east of Mexico, whence they emigrated, for some unknown cause, at the commencement of the sixth century of our era; and after about 104 years' wandering through the intervening countries, made an irruption upon the great table-land and valley of Mexico, territories bearing in the language of the country the name of Anahnac. Having established an empire under a monarchical form of government, they ruled the country during four centuries, built large cities, and spread civilisation around them. After the expiration of this period, they were smitten by pestilence and famine, their numbers dwindled, some portions of the population migrated southwards towards Yucatan and Guatemala; and in Anahnac they were superseded in power by other tribes coming from the same direction as they, and of whom the Aztecs or Mexicans of the time of the Spanish conquest were the last. Each of these tribes, in its turn, seems to have adopted as much of the civilisation of the Toltecs as was extant on its arrival; and as the remains in Mexico, though evidently of different dates, do not present characteristics of any distinct civilisation, it is probable that the archetype, of which the remains throughout the whole of the southern part of North America are but slight modifications, has been that of the Toltecs, or of the people from whom they had borrowed it; that it is their architecture, their astronomical division of time, their mythology, and their religious observances and customs, which prevailed throughout these regions. It cannot, however, be maintained with any certainty, notwithstanding the records of the Toltec migration from the north-west, that the territories situated in that direction were the first seat of population and civilisation on the American continent. There is, on the contrary, reason to believe that the population and civilisation of Yucatan, Guate-

mala, and Chiapas, had been anterior to those of Mexico; and that thence they have been diffused through the north, whence the populations have again returned southwards by one of those refluxes which are common in the early history of nations.

That civilisation has at one period extended far to the north-east of Mexico into the territories which, at the period of the discovery of America by Columbus, were inhabited by rude and savage tribes, modern research has sufficiently established. From the Gulf of Mexico to the southern shores of the great lakes in the United States, earthworks and fortifications have been traced entirely distinct from the works of the Indians, giving evidence of a state of civilisation greatly surpassing theirs, yet proving much affinity between the two, and at the same time exhibiting features that show them to be links of the great chain which extends southward also. In the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, the Teocalli-shaped structures, of large dimensions, continue to form the leading feature. Further northward, however, in the region watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, though the ancient earthworks are still of considerable magnitude, and in numerous instances of the pyramidal form, terraced, and with a graded ascent to the top, yet a divergence from the system pursued in Mexico is visible in the greater prevalence of the conical-formed mound, as also in the existence of numerous enclosures formed by embankments of earth and stone. By their number, the regularity of their form, and the vastness of their dimensions, these embankments give an imposing idea of the number and capabilities of the people who raised them. In the state of Ohio alone, the number of tumuli raised by the hand of man is estimated at no less than 10,000, and the enclosures are rated at from between 1000 to 1500. Some of these are of course of minor dimensions, while others are of extraordinary magnitude. Enclosures of 100 or 200 acres are said not to be unfrequent, and works are occasionally found enclosing as many as 400 acres. On the Missouri, indeed, there is an enclosure embracing an area of 600 acres, while embankments varying in height from 5 to 30 feet, and enclosing areas of from one to fifty acres, are of common occurrence. However, the amount of labour expended on the works cannot always, we are told, be calculated according to the extent of the area enclosed; for a fortified hill in Highland County, Ohio, has one mile and five-eighths of heavy embankments, which enclose an area of no more than forty acres. On the little Miami River, in Warren County, in the same state, are similar works, presenting upwards of four miles of embankment, enclosing little more than a hundred acres; and a group at the mouth of the Scioto present an aggregate of about twenty miles of embankment, while the extent of the space enclosed hardly amounts to two hundred acres. The mounds are likewise of various dimensions, some being only a few yards in diameter, and a few feet in height; while others—as, for instance, one at the mouth of Grave Creek, Virginia; another at Miamisburg, Ohio; and the truncated pyramid at Cahokia, Illinois—have respectively a perpendicular altitude of 70, 68, and 90 feet, and measure in circumference at the base respectively 1000, 852, and 2000 feet. The area on the truncated summit of the latter measures several acres, and that of Miamisburg is calculated to contain

311,353 cubic feet. At Selzerstown, Mississippi, there is another great mound, said to cover six acres of ground. With regard to these gigantic structures, an American writer observes, 'We have seen mounds which would require the labour of a thousand men employed on our canals, with all their mechanical aids and the improved implements of their labour, for months. We have more than once hesitated in view of these prodigious mounds whether it were not really a natural hill. But they are uniformly so placed in reference to the adjacent country, and their conformation is so unique and similar, that no eye hesitates long in referring them to the class of artificial erections.' The ordinary dimensions of the mounds are, however, considerably inferior to those here mentioned, and generally range from six to thirty feet in perpendicular height by forty to a hundred in diameter at the base.

In accordance with their different characters, these earth and stone-works have, by scientific inquirers, been classed under several heads—namely, Enclosures for Defence; Sacred and Miscellaneous Enclosures; Mounds of Sacrifice, Temple Mounds, Sepulchral Mounds, &c. which at once indicate the various purposes for which they are supposed to have served, partly from their resemblance to those of Mexico, the purposes of which are known, and partly from their unmistakable characteristics. The works the features of which prove beyond a doubt that they must have been constructed for defence, usually occupy strong natural positions, which give evidence of having been selected with profound skill and great care. They are all contiguous to water, generally on the steep banks of a stream, by which one side of the enclosed area is defended, and the vicinity of higher lands from which they might be commanded has everywhere been avoided. While the approaches, in general, are made as difficult as possible, access to the fortified position is, on one or two points, allowed to be comparatively easy; and for the protection of these points the skill of the builders has been taxed to the utmost. A watch-tower or alarm-post, in the guise of a mound, is generally found close to them; and they are defended by two, or sometimes more, overlapping or concentric walls. In addition to the skill evinced in the choice of position, we must further remark the industry that has reared the works, and the strong conviction of their necessity which must have been entertained, as the stones which, together with earth, form the component parts of the walls, are often foreign to the locality, and must have been brought from a considerable distance. In a large proportion of the works the square and the circle, separate or in combination, very frequently occur; and it has been ascertained by careful admeasurement that in almost every case where they do occur, and even in those cases where the embankments and circumvallations are as much as a mile and upwards in extent, the circles are perfect circles, and the rectangular works perfect squares, circumstances which prove that the builders must have proceeded on scientific principles. It has also been proved that wherever the locality has been deficient in a natural supply of water, or the position of the works has rendered access to this difficult, the deficiency has been rectified by the establishment of artificial reservoirs within the fortifications.

Those enclosures which, from their peculiarities and position, are deemed not to have been intended for defence, and are consequently

supposed to have constituted that sacred line which, among all primitive people, has marked the boundary of the space consecrated to their religious worship, are frequently of very considerable extent. This circumstance has induced the belief that they have not only enclosed that which has strictly been considered the Temple, but that they have embraced likewise some sacred grove, as was the case among the ancient Britons and other nations of the Old World; or, what is more probable, the dwellings of the priesthood, as was the case in Mexico and Peru. The correctness of applying a sacred character to these enclosures is proved by the numerous earthen altars which have been found in the enclosed areas, as also by the frequent recurrence of pyramidal structures within their precincts, which fully correspond to those of Mexico and Central America, except that they are not constructed with stone, and that, instead of being ascended by broad flights of steps, their summits are reached by graded avenues or spiral pathways. Upon the summits there are indeed no vestiges of buildings or mural remains; but as the builders had probably either declined from, or not attained to, the same degree of civilisation as the constructors of the southern cities, their edifices may have been of wood, and consequently more perishable. In the Southern United States, from Florida to Texas, the remains, as has been stated, approach nearest to those of Mexico and Central America; the mounds are pyramidal in form, and their relative positions seem to imply a regular system: broad terraces of various heights, elevated causeways, and long avenues, are of frequent occurrence; but enclosures, and particularly those of a military character, are rare. In these states, however, much remains to be learned relative to the aboriginal remains, which are only now being scientifically and systematically examined.

With reference to all these works the same remark will hold good, that though tribes of half-savage Indians in different parts of the country have erected fortifications in many respects evincing a certain degree of affinity to the ancient works alluded to, they are invariably greatly inferior to these; and though the Indians are sometimes found occupying the sites of the various non-military structures, and apparently putting them to uses in a great measure similar to those for which they are supposed to have been originally intended, yet, independently of all other indications, the tribes in these cases always confess that they are availing themselves of the works of predecessors of a much anterior date—predecessors to whom, in their traditions, they always assign great superiority over themselves. The strongest and most indisputable evidence in favour of the antiquity of these works of man is, however, afforded by the monuments which nature has raised on their ruins. In numerous cases where the forest-trees, which now cover the great majority of these mounds and embankments, have been examined, annual rings, denoting a growth of from 600 to 800 years, have been counted on their trunks. But even these 800 years do not bring us near to the date of the erection of the works; for it has been observed by those who have given attention to these matters, that a homogeneity of character is peculiar to the first growth of trees on lands once cleared and then abandoned to nature, whereas the sites of the ancient works which we have been describing present the same appearance as the circumjacent forests, being covered with the same beautiful variety of trees.

In a discourse on the aborigines of the Ohio, the late President Harrison of the United States, after having stated that upon the first clearing of the forest certain trees of strong and rapid growth spring up in such profusion as entirely to smother the others of more weakly nature which attempt to grow in their shade, expresses himself as follows:—‘ This state of things will not, however, always continue: the preference of the soil for its first growth ceases with its maturity: it admits of no succession on the principle of legitimacy: the long undisputed masters of the forest may be thinned by the lightning, the tempests, or by diseases peculiar to themselves; and whenever this is the case, one of the oft-rejected of another family will find between its decaying roots shelter and appropriate food, and springing into vigorous growth, will soon push its green foliage to the skies through the decayed and withering limbs of its blasted and dying adversary; the soil itself yielding it a more liberal support than any scion from the former occupants. It will easily be conceived what a length of time it will require for a denuded tract of land, by a process so slow, again to clothe itself with the amazing variety of foliage which is the characteristic of the forests of these regions. Of what immense age, then, must be those works, so often resorted to, covered, as has been supposed by those who have the best opportunity of examining them, *with the second growth after the ancient forest state had been regained!*’

In the north and north-western part of the territory over which these ancient remains spread, in Wisconsin, and also in a certain measure in Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri, the earthworks assume a character so different from any we have as yet surveyed, as almost to induce the belief that they must be the productions of a distinct race; yet the transition is not abrupt, for instances of the peculiar mounds which we are about to describe occur, though isolated, in Ohio also. The works to which we allude are described as structures of earth, frequently of gigantic dimensions as to length and breadth, bearing the forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, and even of men, and ‘constituting huge *basso-relievos* upon the face of the country.’ From their relative position and proximity, there is reason to believe that each has formed part of a general design or system, particularly as they are interspersed with other mounds of circular, quadrangular, and oblong shape, of considerable dimensions, and short lines of embankment, which latter, however, never form enclosures. The animal-shaped mounds are situated upon the undulating prairies and level plains; and thus, though they are of inconsiderable height—varying from 1 to 4 feet, and in rare instances only reaching an elevation of six feet—they are distinctly visible, and the imagination is not taxed to trace in them the resemblances of bears, alligators, foxes, pigs, men or monkeys, and birds. Like the embankments of the Ohio valley, they principally occur in the vicinity of the large water-courses, and are always placed above the reach of the annual inundations. The extraordinary care with which the minutæ of details have been attended to in the construction of these huge bas-reliefs, is strikingly exemplified in one in the shape of a serpent, which occurs in the state of Ohio, and the description of which we extract from a very valuable and important work on the antiquities of North America,* recently published

* Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley. By E. G. Squier, Esq. A. M., and E. H. Davies, M. D. New York: Bartlett and Welford.

in the United States, and to which we are indebted for much of the information here given. 'It [the serpent] is situated upon a high, crescent-form hill or spur of land, rising 150 feet above the level of Brush Creek, which washes its base. The side of the hill next the stream presents a perpendicular wall of rock, while the other slopes rapidly. The top of the hill is not level, but slightly convex, and presents a very even surface, 150 feet wide, by 1000 long. Conforming to the curve of the hill, and occupying its very summit, is the serpent, its head resting on the point, and its body winding back for 700 feet in graceful undulations, terminating in a triple coil at the tail. The entire length, if extended, would not be less than 1000 feet. The outline of this work is clearly and boldly defined, the embankment being upwards of 5 feet in height by 30 feet base at the centre of the body, but diminishing somewhat towards the head and tail. The neck of the serpent is stretched out, and slightly curved; and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests partially within the distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment of earth without any perceptible opening, 4 feet in height, and is perfectly regular in outline—its transverse and conjugate diameters being 160 and 80 feet respectively. The ground within the oval is slightly elevated; a small circular elevation of large stones, much burned, which once existed in its centre, has been thrown down and scattered. The point of the hill within which this egg-shaped figure rests seems to have been artificially cut to conform to its outline, leaving a smooth platform, 10 feet wide, and somewhat inclining inwards, all around it.

'Upon either side of the serpent's head extend two small triangular elevations, 10 or 12 feet over. They are not high; and although too distinct to be overlooked, are yet too much obliterated to be satisfactorily traced.'

Another of these embossed figures in Wisconsin is described as follows:—'It represents a human figure having two heads, which gracefully recline over the shoulders. It is well preserved. The arms are disproportionately long. The various parts of the figure are gracefully rounded; the stomach and breasts are full and well proportioned.' Its dimensions are, from one arm-pit over the breast to the other, 25 feet; across the arms at the shoulders, 12; and tapering to 4 feet at the extremities. Over the hips the breadth is 20 feet; and over the legs, near the body, 8; and tapering to 5. The figure above the shoulders measures in width 15 feet, each neck 8, and the heads 10. The length of the body is 50 feet. The elevation of the breasts, and shoulders, and abdomen is 36 inches; the arms at the junction of the shoulders are the same height, diminishing towards their extremities to 10 inches; the thighs near the trunk are 20, and at the feet but 10 inches in height.

Some of these mounds have been excavated, and found to contain human remains; and it has also been ascertained that some of the Indian tribes at present inhabiting the localities deposit their dead in them, though they possess no traditions relative to them, nor has any existing tribe ever been known to construct similar tumuli. The fact of their having at some period or other served for interment, has led Mr R. C. Taylor, a gentleman who has given them much attention, to express the ingenious suggestion, that they may really, originally, have served as sepulchral mounds, and that the figure of the various animals may have

been intended to indicate the cemeteries of the various families or tribes. Among these peculiar works in Wisconsin, occurs one which again presents the missing link in the chain which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the confines of Canada: this is an enclosure upon the west bank of the Rock River, consisting of a wall of partially-burnt clay 5 feet high by 25 feet base, enclosing an area of about twenty acres, over which are scattered a number of truncated pyramids, 40 or 50 feet square upon the top, and between 15 and 20 in height, two of which are connected with each other by an elevated way similar to those which occur in Mississippi and Louisiana. In a paragraph in one of the reports of the United States Exploring Expedition, mention is made of the existence of mounds in the Oregon territory also; but as yet, it has not been ascertained whether these present any affinities to, and may be embraced in, the system of which we have been treating. That they are of frequent occurrence upon the river Gila in California, and also upon the tributaries of the Colorado of the west, has also but recently been ascertained. On the banks of the river Gila, indeed, it has been asserted that ruins of an ancient city have been met with covering more than a square league, and the buildings of which were analogous to those of the south of Mexico. This led to the supposition that in these territories the Toltecs had made one of their halts on their way to the valley of Anahuac, and that their original country was in consequence located somewhere in the 'far west;' but a more accurate knowledge of the localities has led to the abandonment of this opinion, and it is now considered more probable that whatever degree of ancient civilisation had reached the countries along the North American shores of the Pacific, has spread thence from Mexico.

It is not only the earthen structures and stone edifices throughout America which attest the antiquity of the civilisation of that continent—the identity of descent in all its inhabitants, up to the time of its discovery by the Spaniards, and the decline of the greater number of its nations from a cultivated to a savage state; the remains of the manufactures and arts of the people, obtained by excavation, their pictorial arts, their system of hieroglyphics, their modes of interment, their national games and dances, their treatment of their prisoners, their language, and their religion, combine to establish the same conclusion. But however interesting these may be in themselves, and in what they demonstrate, our limits preclude our entering upon them.

With regard to what may be more strictly termed the living testimonies which may serve to shed some faint light upon the strange extinction of civilisation throughout regions so vast, they are but slight, yet not devoid of significance. Among several of the Indian tribes of the United States there exist traditions of their having originally migrated from the west, and of their ancestors having, during their passage eastward, come into hostile collision with, and ultimately defeated, people living in fortified towns. Among the Delaware Indians, for instance, the story goes that, many centuries ago, the great race of the Lenni-Lenapi inhabited a territory far to the west; and that, when subsequently they began to move eastward, they came upon a numerous and civilised people, to whom they give the name of Alligewi, occupying the country on the eastern banks of the Mississippi, and living in fortified cities. Having applied to this

people for permission to cross the river, and to continue their route eastward through their territory, the demand was first acceded to, on condition of the Indians promising not to make settlements within their boundaries—but subsequently, it would seem, repented of; for during the passage of the river the Indians were attacked by the Alligewi. A fierce and obstinate struggle ensued; and the Lenni-Lenapi having made common cause with the Iroquois, who had likewise reached the Mississippi in their migration eastward, the two roving Indian tribes made such fierce and repeated assaults upon the Alligewi, that, to avoid extermination, the latter abandoned their towns and territory, and fled down the banks of the river. The traditions of the Iroquois bear out this of the Lenni-Lenapi; and in every case the Indians dwelling in the localities of the various mounds and earthworks attribute these to a people at an early date exterminated by their forefathers, and never assume them to be the works of the latter. As we have said, the light thus shed upon the history of the past is faint, yet significant, in as far as it seems to reveal the same traces of a downward course in the path of civilisation which appear everywhere in connection with the history of the aborigines of America—a race the wild suckers of which, having grown up in rank luxuriance, had at the period of the arrival of the Europeans well-nigh annihilated the original cultivated and fruit-bearing parent stem.



THE IVORY MINE:

A TALE OF THE FROZEN SEA.

I.—YAKOUTSK.

YAKOUTSK is one of the principal cities of Siberia, a country the name of which excites exaggerated ideas of sterility and desolation. Watered by rivers, which in every direction do the work of railways, with richly-wooded mountains and valleys, with green slopes, cultivated fields, soft meadows, gardens, and grassy islands in the great streams, with all the common vegetables in pretty fair abundance, with an endless source of commerce in furs and ivory, Siberia, except in its extreme northern provinces, presents, like most other lands, a very considerable amount of compensations for considerable rigour of climate. Yakoutsk is a completely northern town on the great river Lena, with wide streets and miserable huts, all of wood, in many of which ice is still used in winter for panes of glass. A very eminent traveller tells us that on his visit there were 4000 people living in 500 houses; with three stone churches, two wooden ones, and a convent. It had once an antiquity to show—the ancient Ostrog or fortress built in 1647 by the Cossacks; but which menaced ruin more and more every day, being not of stone, but of wood, and at last disappeared. Even here progress is observable, and wretched cabins give way gradually to houses, some of which are even elegantly arranged in the interior. It is a great commercial centre: from the Anubra to Behring's Straits, from the banks of the Frozen Sea to Mount Aldana, from Okhotsk and even Kamtchatka, goods are brought hither, consisting chiefly of furs, seals' teeth and mammoths' tusks, which afford excellent ivory, all of which are sold in the summer to itinerant traders, who give in return powerfully-flavoured tobacco, corn and flour, tea, sugar, strong drinks, Chinese silks and cottons, cloth, iron and copper utensils, and glass.

The inhabitants of the town are chiefly traders, who buy of the Yakouta hunters their furs at a cheap rate, and then sell them in a mysterious kind of fashion to the agents who come from Russia in search of them. During the annual fair they stow up their goods in private rooms; and here the Irkoutsk men must come and find them. These traders are the Russian inhabitants,

the native Yakoutas being the only artisans. In this distant colony of the human race, the new-born child of a Russian is given to a Yakouta woman to nurse, and when old enough, learns to read and write, after which he is brought up to the fur trade, and his education is finished.

Ivan Ivanovitch was a young man born and bred at Yakoutsck. His parents had given him the usual amount of tuition, and then allowed him for a time to follow the bent of his inclination. Ivan took to the chase. Passionately fond of this amusement, he had at an early age started with the Yakouta trappers, and became learned in the search for sables, ermines, and lynxes; could pursue the reindeer and elk on skates; and had even gone to the north in quest of seals. He thus, at the age of twenty, knew the whole active part of his trade, and was aware of all the good hunting-grounds on which the Siberians founded their prosperity. But when he was called on to follow the more quiet and sedentary part of his occupation, he was not one-half so quick. His rough and rude life made town existence distasteful to him, and he evinced all that superb contempt for shop-keeping which characterises the nomadic man, whether Red Indian, Arab, Tartar, or Siberian.

But Ivan was told he must make his way in the world. His parents, who died before he attained to manhood, left him a small fortune in rubles and furs, which, if he chose to be industrious and persevering, might pave the way to the highest position in his native town. Acting on the pressing advice of his friends, he gave up his wanderings, and went to reside in the house of his fathers, piled up his skins and ivory, bought new ones, and prepared for the annual fair. The merchants from Irkoutsk, the capital, came, and Ivan, who was sharp and clever, did a good trade. But when his furs and teeth were changed into tea, tobacco, brandy, cloth, &c. he did not feel a whit happier. Ivan longed for the arid hills, and lofty mountains, and pellucid lakes—for the exciting hunt and the night bivouac, when gray-headed Yakoutas would, with their *ganxis*—the Irish duddéen—in their mouths, tell terrible and wonderful stories of ancient days. When eating town fare, his stomach yearned after frozen Yakouta butter, cut up with axes, and for *strougamina* or frozen fish, with reindeer brains, and other northern delicacies. And then his kind friends told him that he wanted a wife—a possession without which, they assured him, life was dull, adding that in her society he would cease to long for communion with bears and savages.

Ivan believed them, and, following their advice, launched into society—that is, he went more than usual to the noisy festivities of the town, which form the occupation of the dull season. The good people of Yakoutsck—like all peoples approaching to a savage state, sentimentally called a state of nature, especially in northern climes—considered eating the great business of life. Fabulous legends are told of their enormous capacity for food, approaching that of the Esquimaux; but however this may be, certain it is that a Yakoutsck festival was always commenced by several hours of laborious eating and drinking of fat and oily food and strong brandy. When the utmost limits of repletion were reached, the patriarchs usually took to pipes, cards, and punch, while the ladies prepared tea, and ate roasted nuts, probably to facilitate digestion. The young men conversed with them, or

roasted their nuts for them, while perhaps a dandy would perform a Siberian dance to the music of the violin or *gousli*, a kind of guitar. Ivan joined heartily in all this dissipation: he smoked with the old men; he drank their punch; he roasted nuts for the ladies, and told them wonderful stories, which were always readily listened to, except when some new fashion—which several years before had been forgotten in Paris—found its way *via* St Petersburg, Moscow, and Irkoutsk, to the deserts of Siberia. Then he was silent; for the ladies had ample subject of discourse, not forgetting the great tea-table topic—scandal; causing the old men to shake their heads, and declare such things were not when they were young. Ivan, however, had one unfailing subject of popularity with the ladies. Like most Russians who have had occasion to travel much in cold places, he relished a cup of tea even better than the punch, for he had learned by experience that there was more genuine warmth in the pot than in the bowl. Most Russian officers are known to share his opinion.

Ivan had several times had his attention directed to Maria Vorotinska, a young and rich widow, who was the admiration of all Yakoutsk. Her husband had left her a fortune in knowledge of the fur trade and in rubles, with a comfortable house nicely furnished, in Siberia the very height of human felicity. It was commonly reported that Maria, young as she was, was the best bargainer in the land. She got her skins for less than anybody else, and sold them for a higher price. With these qualifications, she must, it was said, prove a jewel to Ivan, who was not a close buyer nor a hard seller. But Ivan for some time remained perfectly insensible both to these social advantages and the great beauty of the lady. He met her often, and even roasted her more nuts than any one else, which was a strong case of preference; but he did not seem caught in the fair one's toils. He neither ate, nor slept, nor amused himself one whit the less than when he first knew her. One evening, however, as Maria handed him his tea, with a hot cake, Ivan, whether owing to some peculiar smile on her face, or to the domestic idea which the act suggested, seemed certainly very much struck, and next day formally proposed. Maria laughed, and tossed her head, and spoke a few good-natured words; and then, without either accepting or rejecting him, hinted something about his youth, his want of devotion to business, and his want of fortune. Ivan, a little warmly, declared himself the best hunter in Yakoutsk, and hence the most practically-experienced of any in the trade, and then gave the sum-total of his possessions.

'Just one quarter of what good old Vorotinska left me!' replied the prudent Maria.

'But if I liked,' replied Ivan, 'I could be the richest merchant in Siberia.'

'How?' asked Maria a little curiously, for the mere mention of wealth was to her like powder to the war-horse.

'Being almost the only Russian who has lived among the Yakoutas, I know the secret of getting furs cheaper and easier than any one else. Besides, if I chose to take a long journey, I could find ivory in vast heaps. A tradition is current of an ivory mine in the north, which an old Yakouta told me to be truth.'

'Very likely,' said Maria, to whom the existence of the fossil ivory of

the mammoth in large masses was well known; 'but the *promich lewicks*—trading companies—have long since stripped them.'

'Not this,' cried Ivan; 'it is a virgin mine. It is away, away in the Frozen Sea, and requires courage and enduring energy to find. Two Yakoutas once discovered it. One was killed by the natives; the other escaped, and is now an old man.'

'If you could find that,' said Maria, 'you would be the first man in Siberia, and the czar himself would honour you.'

'And you?' asked Ivan humbly.

'Ivan Ivanovitch,' replied Maria calmly, 'I like you better than any man in Yakoutsk, but I should adore the great ivory merchant.'

Ivan was delighted. He was a little puzzled by the character of the lady, who, after marrying an old man for his fortune, seemed equally desirous of reconciling her interest and her affections in a second marriage. But very nice ideas are not those of the half-civilised, for we owe every refinement both of mind and body to civilisation, which makes of the raw material man—full of undeveloped elements—what cooking makes of the potato root. Civilisation is the hot water and fire which carry off the crudities, and bring forth the good qualities.

However this may be, Ivan nursed his idea. Apart from the sudden passion which had invaded him, he had long allowed this fancy to ferment in his brain. During his wandering evenings, a noted hunter named Sakalar, claiming descent from the supposed Tartar founder of the Yakoutas, had often narrated his perilous journey on sledges across the Frozen Sea, his discovery of an ivory mine—that is, of a vast deposit of mammoths' tusks, generally found at considerable depth in the earth, but here open to the grasp of all. He spoke of the thing as a folly of his youth, which had cost the life of his dearest friend, and never hinted at a renewed visit. But Ivan was resolved to undertake the perilous adventure, and even to have Sakalar for his guide.

II.—THE YAKOUTA HUNTER.

Ivan slumbered not over his project. But a few days passed before he was ready to start. He purchased the horses required, and packed up all the varied articles necessary for his journey, and likely to please his Yakouta friend, consisting of tea, rum, brandy, tobacco, gunpowder, and other things of less moment. For himself he took a couple of guns, a pair of pistols, some strong and warm clothes, an iron pot for cooking, a kettle for his tea, with many minor articles absolutely indispensable in the cold region he was about to visit. All travellers in the north have found that ample food, and such drinks as tea, are the most effectual protection against the climate; while oily and fat meat is also an excellent preservative against cold. But Ivan had no need to provide against this contingency. His Yakouta friend knew the value of train oil and grease, which are the staple luxuries of Siberians, Kamtchatkans, and Esquimaux alike.

The first part of Ivan's journey was necessarily to the *yourte*, or wigwam of Sakalar, without whom all hope of reaching the goal of his wishes was vain. He had sufficient confidence in himself to venture without a guide

towards the plain of Miouré, where his Yakouta friend dwelt. He started at early dawn, without warning of his departure any one save Maria, and entered courageously on the frozen plain which reaches from Yakoutsk to the Polar Sea. The country is here composed of marshes, vast downs, huge forests, and hills covered with snow in the month of September, the time when he began his journey. He had five horses, each tied to the tail of the one before him, while Ivan himself was mounted on the first. He was compelled to ride slowly, casting his eyes every now and then behind to see that all was right. At night he stretched a bear-skin under a bush, lit a huge fire, cooked a savoury mess, and piling clothes over himself, slept. At dawn he rose, crammed his kettle full of clean snow, put it over the embers, and made himself tea. With this warm beverage to rouse him, he again arranged his little caravan, and proceeded on his way. Nothing more painful than this journey can be conceived. There are scarcely any marks to denote the road, while lakes, formed by recent inundations, arrest the traveller every half hour, compelling him to take prodigious rounds equally annoying and perplexing.

On the morning of the third day Ivan felt a little puzzled about the road. He knew the general direction from the distant mountains, and he wished to avoid a vast morass. Before him was a frozen stream, and on the other side a hillock. Leaving the others to feed as well as they could, he mounted his best horse, and rode across. The ice bent under him as he went, and he accordingly rode gently; but just as he reached the middle, it cracked violently right across, and sank visibly under him. Ivan looked hurriedly round him. The ice was everywhere split, and the next minute his horse, plunging violently, fell through. Instead, however, of falling into a stream of cold water, Ivan found himself in a vast and chilly vault, with a small trickling stream in the middle, and at once recollected a not unfrequent phenomenon. The river had been frozen over when high with floods, but presently the water sinking to its ordinary level, the upper crust of ice alone remained. But Ivan had no desire to admire the gloomy, half-lit vault, extending up and down out of sight; but standing on his horse's back, clambered as best he might upon the surface, leaving the poor animal below. This done, he ran to the shore, and used the well-remembered Yakouta device for extracting his steed: he broke a hole in the ice near the bank, towards which the sagacious brute at once hurried, and was drawn forth. Having thus fortunately escaped a serious peril, he resumed his search on foot, and about mid-day pursued his journey.

A few hours brought him to the curious plain of the Miouré, where he expected to find the camp of his friend Sakalar. Leaving an almost desert plain, he suddenly stood on the edge of a hollow, circular in form, and six miles across, fertile in the extreme, and dotted with numerous well-stocked fish-ponds. The whole, as may plainly be seen, was once a lake. Scattered over the soil were the yourtes of the Yakoutas, while cattle and horses crowded together in vast flocks. Ivan, who knew the place well, rode straight to a yourte or cabin apart from the rest, where usually dwelt Sakalar. It was larger and cleaner than most of them, thanks to the tuition of Ivan, and the subsequent care of a daughter, who, brought up by Ivan's mother, while the young man wandered, had acquired manners a little superior to those of her tribe.

This was really needful, for the Yakoutas, a pastoral people of Tartar origin, are singularly dirty, and even somewhat coarse and unintellectual—like all savage nations, in fact, when judged by any one but the poet or the poetic philosopher, who, on examination, will find that ignorance, poverty, misery, and want of civilisation, produce similar results in the prairies of America and the wilds of Siberia, in an Irish cabin, and in the wynds and closes of our populous cities. But the chief defect of the Yakouta is dirt. Otherwise, he is rather a favourable specimen of a savage. Since his assiduous connection with the Russians, he has become even rich, having flocks and herds, and at home plenty of koumise to drink, and horses' flesh to eat. He has great endurance, and can bear tremendous cold. He travels in the snow without tent or pelisse; on reaching the camp, he lies down on the snow, with his saddle for a pillow, his horse-cloth for a bed, his cloak for a covering, and so sleeps. His power of fasting is prodigious; and his eyesight is so keen, that a Yakouta one day told an eminent Russian traveller that he had seen a great blue star eat a number of little stars, and then cast them up. The man had seen the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Like the Red Indian, he recollects every bush, every stone, every hillock, every pond necessary to find his way, and never loses himself, however great the distance he may have to travel.

His food is boiled beef and horses' flesh, cows' and mares' milk. But his chief delicacy is raw and melted fat, while quantity is always the chief merit of a repast. He mixes likewise a mess of fish, flour, milk, fat, and a kind of bark, the latter to augment the volume. Both men and women smoke inordinately, swallowing the vapour, as do many dwellers in civilised lands—a most pernicious and terrible habit. Brandy is their most precious drink, their own koumise having not sufficient strength to satisfy them. In summer they wander about in tents collecting hay; in winter they dwell in the yourte or hut, which is a wooden frame, of beehive shape, covered with grass, turf, and clay, with windows of clear ice. The very poor dig three feet below the soil; the rich have a wooden floor level with the adjacent ground, while rude benches all round serve as beds, divided one from the other by partitions. The fireplace is in the middle, inclined towards the door. A pipe carries away the smoke.

It was almost dark when Ivan halted before the yourte of Sakalar. It was at once larger and cleaner to the eye than any of those around. It had also numerous outhouses full of cows, and one or two men to tend these animals were smoking their pipes at the door. Ivan gave his horses to one of them, who knew him, and entered the hut. Sakalar, a tall, thin, hardy man of about fifty, was just about to commence his evening meal. A huge mass of boiled meat, stewed fish, and a sort of soup, were ready; and a young girl about eighteen, neatly dressed, clean, and pretty—all owing to her Yakoutsk education—was serving the hunter.

'Spirit of the woods protect me!' shrieked the girl, spilling half of the soup on the floor.

'What wild horse have you seen, Kolina?' cried the hunter, who had been a little scalded; and then seeing Ivan, added, 'A Yakouta welcome to you, my son! My old heart is glad, and I am warm enough to melt an iceberg at the sight of you, Ivan! Kolina, quick! another platter, a fresh mug, the best bottle of brandy, and my red pipe from Moscow!'

No need was there for the hunter to speak. Kolina, alert as a reindeer, had sprung up from the low bench, and quickly brought forth all their holiday ware, and even began to prepare a cake, such as Ivan himself had taught her to make, knowing that he liked some sort of bread with his meals.

'And where are you going?' cried Sakalar when the young man had somewhat appeased his hunger.

'To the North Sea in search of the great ivory mine!' said Ivan abruptly.

Kolina started back in terror and surprise, while Sakalar fixed his keen eyes on the youth with sorrow and curiosity, and almost unequivocally testified his belief that his favourite pupil in the chase was mad. But Ivan rose and bade the serving-men of the rich Yakouta bring in his boxes, and opened up his store of treasures. There was tea for Kolina; and for Sakalar rum, brandy, powder, guns, tobacco, knives—all that could tempt a Yakouta. The father and daughter examined them with pleasure for some time, but presently Kolina shook her head.

'Ivan,' said Sakalar, 'all this is to tempt the poor Yakouta to cross the wilderness of ice. It is much riches, but not enough to make Sakalar mad. The mine is guarded by evil beings: but speak, lad, why would you go there?'

'Let Kolina give me a pipe and I will tell my story,' said Ivan; and filling his glass, the young fur-trader told the story of his love, and his bargain with the prudent widow.

'And this cold-hearted woman,' exclaimed Kolina with emotion, 'has sent you to risk life on the horrible Frozen Sea. A Yakouta girl would have been less selfish. She would have said, "Stay at home—let me have Ivan; the mammoth teeth may lie for ever on the Frozen Sea!"'

'But the lad will go, and he will be drowned like a dog,' said Sakalar more slowly, after this ebullition of feminine indignation.

'You must go with him, father,' continued Kolina with a compassionate look at Ivan; 'and as your child cannot remain alone, Kolina will go too!'

'We will start when the horses have had five days' hay,' said Sakalar gravely—the animals alluded to being only fed when about to go a journey—'and Kolina shall go too, for Ivan will be two years on his way.'

Ivan listened in amazement: in the first place, at the sudden decision and warmth of his attached friends, with whom he had dwelt twelve years; then at the time required. He felt considerable doubts as to the widow remaining unmarried such a time; but the explanation of Sakalar satisfied him that it was impossible to perform the journey even in two years. The hunter told him that they must first join the tribes dwelling round Nijnei-Kolinsk (New-Kolinsk), where alone he could get dogs and sledges for his journey across the Frozen Sea. This, with the arrangements, would consume the winter. In the summer nothing could be done. When the winter returned, he must start towards the north pole—a month's journey at least; and if he hit on the place, must encamp there for the rest of the winter. That summer would be spent in getting out the ivory, fattening up the dogs, and packing. The third winter would be occupied by the journey home. On hearing this, Ivan hesitated; but in describing the journey, the spirit of the old hunter got roused, and before night, he was warm in his desire to see over again the scenes of his youthful perils.

Kolina solemnly declared she must be of the party; and thus these experienced savages, used to sudden and daring resolves, decided in one night, on a journey which would perhaps have been talked of half a century elsewhere before it was undertaken.

Kolina slept little that night. In a compartment near her was one who had, since childhood, been the ideal of her future. She had loved Ivan as a playmate—she loved him as a man; and here, he whom she had longed for all the winter, and he whom she had hoped to see once more the next summer, had suddenly come, starting on a perilous journey of years, to win the hand of an avaricious but young and beautiful widow. Kolina saw all her fairest dreams thus vanish, and the idol of her heart crumble into dust. And yet she felt no ill-will to Ivan, and never changed her resolve to be the faithful companion and attendant of her father and his friend in their wild journey to the supposed islands in the Frozen Sea.

III.—NINEI-KOLIMSK.

The five days fixed by Sakalar for preparing for the journey were wholly devoted to the necessary arrangements. There was much to be done, and much to be talked of. They had to travel a long way before they reached even the real starting-point of their adventurous voyage. Sakalar, duly to impress Ivan with the dangers and perils of the search, narrated once more in minute detail all his former sufferings. But nothing daunted the young trader. He was one of those men who, under more favourable circumstances, would have been a Cook, a Parry, or a Franklin, periling everything to make farther discovery in the science of geography.

The five horses of Ivan were exchanged for others more inured to the kind of journey they were about to undertake. There was one for each of the adventurers, and four to carry the luggage, consisting chiefly of articles with which to pay for the hire of dogs and sledges. All were well armed, while the dress of all was the same—Kolina adopting for the time the habits and appearance of the man. Over their usual clothes they put a jacket of foxes' skins and a fur-breast cover; the legs being covered by hare-skin wrappers. Over these were stockings of soft reindeer leather, and high strong boots of the same material. The knees were protected by knee-caps of fur; and then, above all, was a coat with loose sleeves and hood of double deer-skin. This was not all. After the chin, nose, ears, and mouth had been guarded by appropriate pieces, forming together a mask, they had received the additional weight of a pointed fur cap. Our three travellers, when they took their departure, looked precisely like three animated bundles of old clothes.

All were well armed with gun, pistol, hatchet, and hunting-knife, while the girdle further supported a pipe and tobacco pouch. They had not explained whither they were going, but the whole village knew that they must be about to undertake some perilous journey, and accordingly turned out to cheer them as they went, while several ardent admirers of Kolina were loud in their murmurs at her accompanying the expedition. But the wanderers soon left the plain of Miouré behind them, and entered on the delectable roads leading to the Frozen Sea. Half-frozen marshes and

quagmires met them at every step; but Sakalar rode first, and the others followed one by one, and the experienced old hunter, by advancing steadily without hurry, avoided these dangers. They soon reached a vast plain three hundred miles across, utterly deserted by the human race; a desert, composed half of barren rock and half of swampy quagmire, soft above, but at a foot deep solid and perpetual ice. Fortunately it now froze hard, and the surface was fit to bear the horses. But for this, the party must have halted, and waited for a severer frost. The rivers were not frozen when large in volume; and the Aldana had to be crossed in the usual flat-bottomed boat kept for travellers. At night they halted, and with a bush and some deer-skins made a tent. Kolina cooked the supper, and the men searched for some fields of stunted half-frozen grass to let the horses graze. This was the last place where even this kind of food would be found, and for some days their steeds would have to live on a stinted portion of hay.

On they went over the arid plain, which, however, affords nourishment for some trees, fording rivers, floundering through marshes, and still meeting some wretched apology for grass; when, on the third day, down came the snow in a pelting cloud, and the whole desert changed in an instant from sombre gray to white. The real winter was come. Now all Sakalar's intelligence was required. Almost every obvious sign by which to find his way had disappeared, and he traversed the plain wholly guided by distant hills, and by observing the stars at night. This Sakalar did assiduously; and when he had once started under the guidance of the twinkling lights of the heavens, rarely was he many yards out at the next halt. He always chose the side of a hillock to camp, where there was a tree or two, and half-rotten trunks with bushes to make a huge fire.

It was nearly dawn on the fifth morning after entering the plain, and Ivan and Kolina yet slept. But Sakalar slept not. They had nearly reached the extremity of the horrible desert, but a new danger occupied the thoughts of the hunter. They were now in the track of the wild and savage Tchouktchas, and their fire might have betrayed them. Had Sakalar been alone, he would have slept in the snow without fire; for he knew the peril of an encounter with the independent Tchouktchas, who have only recently been even nominally brought into subjection to Russia.

The heavy fall of snow of the two previous days rendered the danger greater. Sakalar sat gravely upon a fallen tree—a pipe in his mouth, and his eye fixed on the distant horizon. For some time nothing remarkable caught his gaze; but at last he saw a number of dark objects on the snow, galloping directly towards the camp. Sakalar at once recognised a number of reindeer. It was the Tchouktchas on their sledges, bounding with lightning speed along the frozen surface!

'Up!' cried the hunter. And when his companions were on their feet, 'Quick with your guns! The enemy are on us! But show a bold front, and let them feel the weight of lead!'

Ivan and Kolina quietly took up their post, and awaited the orders of Sakalar. No time was lost, and fortunately, for the savages were already near, and were next minute alighting from their sledges: hand in hand they advanced along the snow, with their long ice shoes, to the number of a dozen. A simultaneous discharge of the heavy-metalled guns of the camp

—one of which, that of Sakalar, wounded the foremost man—checked their career, and they fall back to hold a conference. It became evident at once that they had no firearms, which removed almost all idea of danger. Ivan and Kolina now proceeded to load the horses, and when all was ready, the whole party mounted, and rode off, followed at a respectful distance by the Siberian Arabs.

The travellers, however, received no further annoyance from them, and camped the next night on the borders of the Tonkoulane, at the foot of the mountains of Verkho-Yansk. After the usual repose, they began the severest part of the journey. Rugged rocks, deep ravines, avalanches, snow, and ice, all were in their way. Now they rode along the edge of frightful precipices, on a path so narrow, that one false step was death; now they forced their way through gulleys full of snow, where their horses were buried to their girths, and they had to drag them out by main force. Fortunately the Siberian horse, though small, is sturdy and indefatigable, living during a three months' journey on faded grass and half-frozen half-rotten herbage. That evening they camped on the loftiest part of the road, where it winds through still elevated rocks.

The middle of the next day brought them to another plain not much superior to that which they had passed through, but yet less miserable-looking, and with the additional advantage of having yourtes here and there to shelter the traveller. The cold was now intense; and glad indeed was Ivan of the comforts of his Siberian dress, which at first had appeared so heavy. The odd figures which Kolina and Sakalar presented under it made him smile at the notion which Maria Vorotinska would have formed of her lover under a garb that doubled his natural volume. Several halts took place, and caused great delay, from the slippery state of the ice on the rivers. The unshod horses could not stand. A fire had to be lit; and when sufficient ashes was procured, it had to be spread across in a narrow pathway, and the nags led carefully along this track—one of the many artifices required to combat the rigorous character of the climate. And thus, suffering cold and short commons, and making their way for days through frosty plains over ice and snow, amid deep ravines and over lofty hills, they at length reached Nijnei-Kolimsk, though not without being almost wholly knocked up, especially Kolina, who was totally unused to such fatigues.

They had now almost reached the borders of the great Frozen Sea. The village is situated about eighteen degrees farther north than London, and is nearly as far north as Boothia Felix, the scene of Captain Ross's four years' sojourn in the ice. It was founded two hundred years ago by a wandering Cossack; though what could have induced people to settle in a place which the sun lights, but never warms, is a mystery; where there is a day that lasts fifty-two English days, and a night that lasts thirty-eight; where there is no spring and no autumn, but a faint semblance of summer for three months, and then winter; where a few dwarf willows and stunted grass form all the vegetation; and where, at a certain distance below the surface, there is frost as old as the 'current epoch' of the geologist. But by way of compensation, reindeer and elks, brown and black bears, foxes and squirrels, abound; there are also wolves, and the isatis or polar fox; there are swans, and geese, and ducks, partridges and snipes, and in the

rivers' abundance of fish. And yet, though the population be now so scanty, and the date of the peopling of Kolimsk is known, there was once a numerous race in these regions, the ruins of whose forts and villages are yet found. The population is about 5000; including the whole district, of whom about 300 are Russians, the descendants of Siberian exiles. They dwell in houses made of wood thrown up on the shore, and collected by years of patience, and of moss and clay. The panes of the windows in winter are of ice, six inches thick; in summer, of skins. The better class are neatly and even tastefully dressed, and are clean, which is the very highest praise that can be given to half-civilised as well as to civilised people.

They are a bold, energetic, and industrious race. Every hour of weather fit for out-door work is spent in fishing and hunting, and preparing food for the winter. In the light sledge, or on skates, with nets and spears, they are labouring at each of these employments in its season. Towards the end of the long winter, just as famine and starvation threaten the whole population, a perfect cloud of swans, and geese, and ducks, and snipes, pour in; and man and woman, boy and girl, all rush forth to the hunt. The fish come in next, as the ice breaks; and presently the time for the reindeer hunt comes round. Every minute of the summer season is consumed in laying in a stock of all these aliments for a long and dreary season, when nothing can be caught. The women collect herbs and roots. As the summer is just about to end, the herrings appear in shoals, and a new source of subsistence is opened up. Later still, they fish by opening holes in the newly-formed ice. Nor is Kolimsk without its trade. The chief traffic of the region is at the fair of Ostrovnoye, but Nijnei-Kolimsk has its share. The merchants who come to collect the furs which the adventurous Tchouktchas have acquired, even on the opposite side of Behring's Straits, from the North American Indians, halt here, and sell tea, tobacco, brandy, and other articles.

The long night had set in when Ivan and his companions entered Kolimsk. Well it was that they had come, for the cold was becoming frightful in its intensity, and the people of the village were much surprised at the arrival of travellers. But they found ready accommodation, a Cossack widower giving them half his house.

IV.—THE FROZEN SEA.

Ivan soon found himself received into the best society of the place. All were glad to welcome the adventurous trader from Yakoutsk; and when he intimated that his boxes of treasure, his brandy and tea, and rum and tobacco, were to be laid out in the hire of dogs and sledges, he found ample applicants, though, from the very first, all refused to accompany his party as guardians of the dogs. Sakalar, however, who had expected this, was nothing daunted, but, bidding Ivan amuse himself as best he could, undertook all the preparations. But Ivan found as much pleasure in teaching what little he knew to Kolina as in frequenting the fashionable circles of Kolimsk. Still, he could not reject the numerous polite invitations to evening parties and dances which poured upon him. I have said evening

parties, for though there was no day, yet still the division of the hours was regularly kept, and parties began at five p.m., to end at ten. There was singing and dancing, and gossip and tea, of which each individual would consume ten or twelve large cups; in fact, despite the primitive state of the inhabitants, and the vicinity to the Polar Sea, these assemblies very much resembled in style those of Paris and London. The costumes, the saloons, and the hours, were different; while the manners were less refined, but the facts were the same.

When the carnival came round, Ivan, who was a little vexed at the exclusion of Kolima from the fashionable Russian society, took care to let her have the usual amusement of sliding down a mountain of ice, which she did to her great satisfaction. But he took care also at all times to devote to her his days, while Sakalar wandered about from route to route in search of hints and information for the next winter's journey. He also hired the requisite *nurtas*, or sledges, and the thirty-nine dogs which were to draw them, thirteen to each. Then he bargained for a large stock of frozen and dry fish for the dogs, and other provisions for themselves. But what most puzzled the people were his assiduous efforts to get a man to go with them who would harness twenty dogs to an extra sledge. To the astonishment of everybody, three young men at last volunteered, and three extra sledges were then procured.

The summer soon came round, and then Ivan and his friends started out at once with the hunters, and did their utmost to be useful. As the natives of Kolimsk went during the chase a long distance towards Cape Sviatoi, the spot where the adventurers were to quit the land and venture on the Frozen Sea, they took care, at the farthest extremity of their hunting trip, to leave a deposit of provisions. They erected a small platform, which they covered with drift wood, and on this they placed the dried fish. Above were laid heavy stones, and every precaution used to ward off the isatis and the glutton. Ivan during the summer added much to his stock of hunting knowledge.

At length the winter came round once more, and the hour arrived so long desired. The sledges were ready—six in number; and loaded as heavily as they could bear. But for so many dogs, and for so many days, it was quite certain they must economise most strictly; while it was equally certain, if no bears fell in their way on the journey, that they must starve, if they did not perish otherwise on the terrible Frozen Sea. Each *narta*, loaded with eight hundredweight of provisions and its driver, was drawn by six pair of dogs and a leader. They took no wood, trusting implicitly to Providence for this most essential article. They purposed following the shores of the Frozen Sea to Cape Sviatoi, because on the edge of the sea they hoped to find, as usual, plenty of wood, floated to the shore during the brief period when the ice was broken and the vast ocean in part free. One of the sledges was less loaded than the rest with provisions, because it bore a tent, an iron plate for fire on the ice, a lamp, and the few cooking utensils of the party.

Early one morning in the month of November—the long night still lasting—the six sledges took their departure. The adventurers had every day exercised themselves with the dogs for some hours, and were pretty pro-

sufficient. Sakalar drove the first team, Kolina the second, and Ivan the third. The Kolimsk men came afterwards. They took their way along the snow towards the mouth of the Tchouktscha river. The first day's journey brought them to the extreme limits of vegetation, after which they entered on a vast and interminable plain of snow, along which the parties moved rapidly. But the second day, in the afternoon, a storm came on. The snow fell in clouds, the wind blew with a bitterness of cold as searching to the form of man as the hot blast of the desert, and the dogs appeared inclined to halt. But Sakalar kept on his way towards a hillock in the distance, where the guides spoke of a hut of refuge. But before a dozen yards more could be crossed, the sledge of Kolina was overturned, and a halt became necessary.

Ivan was the first to raise his fair companion from the ground; and then with much difficulty their hands, despite all the clothes, being half-frozen they again put the nartas in condition to proceed. Sakalar had not stopped, but was seen in the distance unharnessing his sledge, and then poking about in a huge heap of snow. He was searching for the hut, which had been completely buried in the drift. In a few minutes the whole six were at work, despite the blast, while the dogs were scratching holes for themselves in the soft snow, within which they soon lay snug, their noses only out of the hole, while over this the sagacious brutes put the tip of their long bushy tails.

At the end of an hour well employed, the hut was freed inside from snow, and a fire of stunted bushes with a few logs lit in the middle. Here the whole party cowered, almost choked with the thick smoke, which, however, was less painful than the blast from the icy sea. The smoke escaped with difficulty, because the roof was still covered with firm snow, and the door was merely a hole to crawl through. At last, however, they got the fire to the state of red embers, and succeeded in obtaining a plentiful supply of tea and food; after which, their limbs being less stiff, they fed the dogs.

While they were attending to the dogs, the storm abated, and was followed immediately by a magnificent aurora borealis. It rose in the north, a sort of semi-arch of light; and then across the heavens, in almost every direction, darted columns of a luminous character. The light was as bright as that of the moon in its full. There were jets of lurid red light in some places, which disappeared and came again; while there being a dead calm after the storm, the adventurers heard a kind of rustling sound in the distance, faint and almost imperceptible, and yet believed to be the rush of the air in the sphere of the phenomenon. A few minutes more, and all had disappeared.

After a hearty meal, the wanderers launched into the usual topics of conversation in those regions. Sakalar was not a boaster, but the young men from Nijnei-Kolinsk were possessed of the usual characteristics of hunters and fishermen. They told with considerable vigour and effect long stories of their adventures, mostly exaggerated—and when not impossible, most improbable—of bears killed in hand to hand combat, of hundreds of deer slain in the crossing of a river, and of multitudinous heaps of fish drawn in one cast of a seine; and then, wrapped in their thick clothes, and every one's feet to the fire, the whole party soon slept. Ivan and Kolina,

however, held whispered converse together for a little while; but fatigue soon overcame even them.

The next day they advanced still farther towards the pole, and on the evening of the third camped within a few yards of the great Frozen Sea. There it lay before them, scarcely distinguishable from the land. As they looked upon it from a lofty eminence, it was hard to believe that that was a sea before them. There was snow on the sea and snow on the land; there were mountains on both, and huge drifts, and here and there vast *polinas*—a space of soft, watery ice, which resembled the lakes of Siberia. All was bitter, cold, sterile, bleak, and chilling to the eye, which vainly sought a relief. The prospect of a journey over this desolate plain, intersected in every direction by ridges of mountain icebergs, full of crevices, with soft salt ice here and there, was dolorous indeed; and yet the heart of Ivan quaked not. He had now what he sought in view; he knew there was land beyond, and riches, and fame.

A rude tent, with snow piled round the edge to keep it firm, was erected. It needed to be strongly pitched, for in these regions the blast is more quick and sudden than in any place perhaps in the known world, pouring down along the fields of ice with terrible force direct from the unknown caverns of the northern pole. Within the tent, which was of double reindeer skin, a fire was lit; while behind a huge rock, and under cover of the sledges, lay the dogs. As usual, after a hearty meal, and hot tea—drunk perfectly scalding—the party retired to rest. About midnight all were awake by a sense of oppression and stifling heat. Sakalar rose, and by the light of the remaining embers scrambled to the door. It was choked up by snow. The hunter immediately began to shovel it from the narrow hole through which they entered or left the hut, and then groped his way out. The snow was falling so thick and fast, that the travelling *yourte* was completely buried; and the wind being directly opposite to the door, the snow had drifted round and concealed the aperture.

The dogs now began to howl fearfully. This was too serious a warning to be disdained. They smelt the savage bear of the icy seas, which in turn had been attracted to them by its sense of smelling. Scarcely had the sagacious animals given tongue, when Sakalar, through the thick-falling snow, and amid the gloom, saw a dull heavy mass rolling directly towards the tent. He levelled his gun, and fired, after which he seized a heavy steel wood axe, and stood ready. The animal had at first halted, but next minute he came on growling furiously. Ivan and Kolina now both fired, when the animal turned and ran. But the dogs were now round him, and Sakalar behind them. One tremendous blow of his axe finished the huge beast, and there he lay in the snow. The dogs then abandoned him, refusing to eat fresh bear's meat, though, when frozen, they gladly enough accept it.

The party again sought rest, after lighting an oil lamp with a thick wick, which, in default of the fire, diffused a tolerable amount of warmth in a small place occupied by six people. But they did not sleep; for though one of the bears was killed, the second of the almost invariable couple was probably near, and the idea of such vicinity was anything but agreeable. These huge quadrupeds have been often known to enter a hut and stifle all its inhabitants. The night was therefore far from refreshing, and at an

earlier hour than usual all were on foot. Every morning the same routine was followed:—Hot tea, without sugar or milk, was swallowed to warm the body; then a meal, which took the place of dinner, was cooked, and devoured; then the dogs were fed; and then the sledges, which had been inclined on one side, were placed horizontally. This was always done, to water their keel—to use a nautical phrase; for this water freezing they glided along all the faster. A portion of the now hard-frozen bear was given to the dogs, and the rest placed on the sledges, after the skin had been secured towards making a new covering at night.

This day's journey was half on the land, half on the sea, according as the path served. It was generally very rough, and the sledges made but slow way. The dogs, too, had coverings put on their feet, and on every other delicate place, which made them less agile. In ordinary cases, on a smooth surface, it is not very difficult to guide a team of dogs, when the leader is a first-rate animal. But this is an essential point, otherwise it is impossible to get along. Every time the dogs hit on the track of a bear, or fox, or other animal, their hunting instincts are developed: away they dart like mad, leaving the line of march, and, in spite of all the efforts of the driver, begin the chase. But if the front dog be well trained, he dashes on one side in a totally opposite direction, smelling and barking as if he had a new track. If his artifice succeeds, the whole team dart away after him, and speedily losing the scent, proceed on their journey.

Sakalar, who still kept ahead of the party, when making a wide circuit out at sea about mid-day, at the foot of a steep hill of rather rough ice, found his dogs suddenly increasing their speed, but in the right direction. To this he had no objection, though it was very doubtful what was beyond. However, the dogs darted ahead with terrific rapidity, until they reached the summit of the hill. The ice was here very rough and sakt, which impeded the advance of the sledge: but off are the dogs, down a very steep descent, furiously tugging at the sledge halter, till away they fly like lightning. The harness had broken off, and Sakalar remained alone on the crest of the hill. He leaped off the nartas, and stood looking at it with the air of a man stunned. The journey seemed checked violently. Next instant, his gun in hand, he followed the dogs right down the hill, dashing away too like a madman in his long hunting-skates. But the dogs were out of sight, and Sakalar soon found himself opposed by a huge wall of ice. He looked back; he was wholly out of view of his companions. To reconnoitre, he ascended the wall as best he could, and then looked down into a sort of circular hollow of some extent, where the ice was smooth and even watery.

He was about to turn away, when his sharp eye detected something moving; and all his love of the chase was at once aroused. He recognised the snow-cave of a huge bear. It was a kind of cavern, caused by the falling together of two pieces of ice, with double issue. Both apertures the bear had succeeded in stopping up, after breaking a hole in the thin ice of the sheltered *polina*, or sheet of soft ice. Here the cunning animal lay in wait. How long he had been lying it was impossible to say; but almost as Sakalar crouched down to watch, a seal came to the surface, and lay against the den of its enemy to breathe. A heavy paw was passed through the hole, and the sea-cow was killed in an instant. A naturalist would have

admired the wit of the ponderous bear, and passed on; but the Siberian hunter knows no such thought, and as the animal issued forth to seize his prey, a heavy ball, launched with unerring aim, laid him low, and in that blot

Sakali now turned away in search of his companions, whose aid was required to secure a most useful addition to their store of food. And as he did so, he heard a distant and plaintive howl. He hastened in the direction, and in a quarter of an hour came to the mouth of a narrow gulf between two icebergs. The stick of the harness had caught in the fissure, and checked the dogs, who were barking with rage. Sakali caught the bridle, which had been jerked out of his hand, and turned the dogs round. The animals followed his guidance, and he succeeded, after some difficulty, in bringing them to where lay his game. He then fastened the bear and seal, both dead and frozen even in this short time, and joined his companions.

For several days the same kind of difficulties had to be overcome, and then they reached the *schiba*, where the provisions had been placed in the summer. It was a large rude box, erected on piles, and the whole stock was found safe. As there was plenty of wood in this place, they halted to rest the dogs and repack the sledges. The tent was pitched, and they all thought of repose. They were now about wholly to quit the land, and to venture in a north-westerly direction on the Frozen Sea.

On the 10th of December, 1859, the party set out on their journey.

Despite the fire made on the iron plate in the middle of the tent, our adventurers found the cold at this point of their journey most poignant. It was about Christmas, but the exact time of year had little to do with the matter. The wind was northerly, and keen; and they often for night had to rise and promote circulation by a good run on the snow. But early on the third day all was ready for a start. The sun was seen that morning on the edge of the horizon for a short while, and promised soon to give them days. Before them were a line of icebergs, seemingly an impenetrable wall; but it was necessary to brave them. The dogs, refreshed by two days of rest, started vigorously, and a plain hill of ice being selected, they succeeded in reaching its summit. Then before them lay a vast and seemingly interminable plain. Along this the sledges ran with great speed; and that day they advanced nearly thirty miles from the land, and camped on the sea in a valley of ice.

It was a singular spot. Vast sugar-loaf hills of ice, as old perhaps as the world, threw their lofty cones to the skies on all sides, while they rested doubtless on the bottom of the ocean. Every fantastic form was there: there seemed in the distance cities and palaces as white as chalk; pillars and reversed cones, pyramids and mounds of every shape, valleys and lakes; and under the influence of the optical delusions of the locality, green fields and meadows, and tossing seas. Here the whole party rested soundly, and pushed on hard the next day in search of land.

Several tracks of foxes and bears were now seen, but no animals were discovered. The route, however, was changed. Every now and then newly-formed fields of ice were met, which a little while back had been

floating lumps stuck up in every direction, and made the path difficult. Then they reached a vast polina, where the humid state of the surface told that it was thin, and of recent formation. A stick thrust into it went through. But the adventurers took the only course left them. The dogs were placed abreast, and then, at a signal, were launched upon the dangerous surface. They flew rather than ran. It was necessary, for as they went, the ice cracked in every direction, but always under the weight of the narthas, which were off before they could be caught by the bubbling waters. As soon as the solid ice was again reached, the party halted, deep gratitude to Heaven in their hearts, and camped for the night.

But the weather had changed. What is called here the warm wind had blown all day, and at night a hurricane came on. As the adventurers sat smoking after supper, the ice beneath their feet trembled, shook, and then fearful reports bursting on their ears, told them that the sea was cracking in every direction. They had camped on an elevated iceberg of vast dimensions, and were for the moment safe. But around them they heard the rush of waters. The vast Frozen Sea was in one of its moments of fury. In the deeper seas to the north it never freezes firmly, in fact there is always an open sea, with floating bergs. When a hurricane blows, these clear spaces become terribly agitated. Their tossing waves and mountains of ice act on the solid plains and break them up at times. This was evidently the case now. About midnight our travellers, whose anguish of mind was terrible, felt the great iceberg afloat. Its oscillations were fearful. Sakalar alone preserved his coolness. The men of Nijnei-Kolimsk raved and tore their hair, crying that they had been brought wilfully to destruction. Kolima knelt, crossed herself, and prayed; while Ivan deeply reproached himself as the cause of so many human beings encountering such awful peril. The rockings of their icy raft were terrible: it was impelled hither and thither by seven huge masses. Now it remained on its first level, then its surface presented an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and it seemed about to turn bottom up. All recommended themselves to God, and awaited their fate. Suddenly they were rocked more violently than ever, and were all thrown down by the shock. Then all was still.

The hurricane lulled, the wind shifted, snow began to fall, and the prodigious plain of loose ice again lay quiescent. The bitter frost soon cemented its parts once more, and the danger was over. The men of Nijnei-Kolimsk now insisted on an instant return; but Sakalar was firm, and, though their halt had given them little rest, started as the sun was seen above the horizon. The road was fearfully bad. All was rough, disjointed, and almost impassable. But the sledges had good whalebone keels, and were made with great care to resist such difficulties. The dogs were kept moving all day, but when night came they had made little progress. But they rested in peace. Nature was calm, and morning found them still asleep. But Sakalar was indefatigable, and as soon as he had boiled a potful of snow, made tea, and awoke his people.

They were now about to enter a labyrinth of *toroses* or icebergs. There was no plain ground within sight; but no impediment could be attended to. Bears made these their habitual resorts, while the wolf skulked every night round the camp, waiting their scanty leavings. Every

eye was stretched in search of game. But the road itself required intense care, to prevent the sledges overturning. Towards the afternoon they entered a narrow valley of ice full of drifted snow, into which the dogs sank, and could scarcely move. At this instant two enormous white bears presented themselves. The dogs sprang forward; but the ground was too heavy for them. The hunters, however, were ready. The bears marched boldly on, as if savage from long fasting. No time was to be lost. Sakalar and Ivan singled out each his animal. Their heavy ounce ball struck both. The opponent of Sakalar turned and fled, but that of Ivan advanced furiously towards him. Ivan stood his ground, axe in hand, and struck the animal a terrible blow on the muzzle. But as he did so, he stumbled, and the bear was upon him. Kolina shrieked; Sakalar was away after his prize; but the Kolimsk men rushed in. Two fired: the third struck the animal with a spear. The bear abandoned Ivan, and faced his new antagonists. The contest was now unequal, and before half an hour was over, the stock of provisions was again augmented, as well as the means of warmth. They had very little wood, and what they had was used sparingly. Once or twice a tree, fixed in the ice, gave them additional fuel; but they were obliged chiefly to count on oil. A small fire was made at night to cook by; but it was allowed to go out, the tent was carefully closed, and the calorific of six people, with a huge lamp with three wicks, served for the rest of the night.

About the sixth day they struck land. It was a small island, in a bay of which they found plenty of drift wood. Sakalar was delighted. He was on the right track. A joyous halt took place, a splendid fire was made, and the whole party indulged themselves in a glass of rum—a liquor very rarely touched, from its known tendency to increase rather than to diminish cold. A hole was next broken in the ice, and an attempt made to catch some seals. Only one, however, rewarded their efforts; but this, with a supply of wood, filled the empty space made in the sledges by the daily consumption of the dogs. But the island was soon found to be infested with bears: no fewer than five, with eleven foxes, were killed, and then huge fires had to be kept up at night to drive their survivors away.

Their provender thus notably increased, the party started in high spirits; but though they were advancing towards the pole, they were also advancing towards the Deep Sea, and the ice presented innumerable dangers. Deep fissures, lakes, chasms, mountains, all lay in their way; and no game presented itself to their anxious search. Day after day they pushed on—here making long circuits, there driven back, and losing sometimes in one day all they had made in the previous twelve hours. Some fissures were crossed on bridges of ice, which took hours to make, while every hour the cold seemed more intense. The sun was now visible for hours, and, as usual in these parts, the cold was more severe since his arrival.

At last, after more than twenty days of terrible fatigue, there was seen looming in the distance what was no doubt the promised land. The sledges were hurried forward—for they were drawing towards the end of their provisions—and the whole party was at length collected on the summit of a lofty mountain of ice. Before them were the hills of New Siberia; to their right a prodigious open sea; and at their feet, as far as the eye could reach,

THE IVORY MINE.

a narrow channel of rapid water, through which huge lumps of ice rushed so furiously, as to have no time to cement into a solid mass.

The adventurers stood aghast. But Sakalar led the way to the very brink of the channel, and moved quietly along its course until he found what he was in search of. This was a sheet or floe of ice, large enough to bear the whole party, and yet almost detached from the general field. The sledges were put upon it, and then, by breaking with their axes the narrow tongue which held it, it swayed away into the tempestuous sea. It almost turned round as it started. The sledges and dogs were placed in the middle, while the five men stood at the very edge to guide it as far as possible with their hunting spears.

In a few minutes it was impelled along by the rapid current, but received every now and then a check when it came in contact with heavier and deeper masses. The Kolimask men stood transfixed with terror as they saw themselves borne out towards that vast deep sea which eternally tosses and rages round the Arctic Pole; but Sakalar, in a peremptory tone, bade them use their spears. They pushed away heartily; and their strange raft, though not always keeping its equilibrium, was edged away both across and down the stream. At last it began to move more slowly, and Sakalar found himself under the shelter of a huge iceberg, and then impelled up stream by a backwater current. In a few minutes the much-wished-for shore was reached.

The route was rude and rugged as they approached the land; but all saw before them the end of their labours for the winter, and every one proceeded vigorously. The dogs seemed to smell the land, or at all events some tracks of game, for they hurried on with spirit. About an hour before the usual time of camping they were under a vast precipice, turning which, they found themselves in a deep and sheltered valley, with a river at the bottom, frozen between its lofty banks, and covered by deep snow.

'The Ivory mine!' said Sakalar in a low tone to Ivan, who thanked him by an expressive look.

VI.—THE IVORY MINE.

The end of so perilous and novel a journey, which must necessarily, under the most favourable circumstances, have produced more honour than profit, was attained; and yet the success of the adventure was doubtful. The season was still too cold for any search for fossil ivory, and the first serious duty was the erection of a winter residence. Fortunately there was an ample supply of logs of wood, some half-rotten, some green, lying under the snow on the shores of the bay into which the river poured, and which had been deposited there by the currents and waves. A regular pile, too, was found, which had been laid up by some of the provident natives of New Siberia, who, like the Esquimaux, live in the snow. Under this was a large supply of frozen fish, which was taken without ceremony, the party being near starvation. Of course Sakalar and Ivan intended replacing the board, if possible, in the short summer.

Wood was made the groundwork of the winter hut which was to be erected, but snow and ice formed by far the larger portion of the building

materials. So hard and compact did the whole mass become when finished, and lined with bear-skins and other furs, that a huge lamp sufficed for warmth during the day and night, and the cooking was done in a small shed by the side. The dogs were now set to shift for themselves as to cover, and were soon buried in the snow. They were placed on short allowance, now they had no work to do; for no one yet knew what were the resources of this wild place.

As soon as the more immediate duties connected with a camp had been completed, the whole party occupied themselves with preparing traps for foxes, and in other hunting details. A hole was broken in the ice in the bay; and this the Kolimsk men watched with assiduity for seals. One or two rewarded their efforts, but no fish were taken. Sakalar and Ivan, after a day or two of repose, started with some carefully-selected dogs in search of game, and soon found that the great white bear took up his quarters even in that northern latitude. They succeeded in killing several, which the dogs dragged home.

About ten days after their arrival in the great island, Sakalar, who was always the first to be moving, roused his comrades round him just as a party of a dozen strange men appeared in the distance. They were short stout fellows, with long lances in their hands; and, by their dress, very much resembled the Esquimaux. Their attitude was menacing in the extreme, and by the advice of Sakalar a general volley was fired over their heads. The invaders halted, looked confusedly around, and then ran away. Firearms retained, therefore, all their pristine qualities with these savages.

"They will return," said Sakalar moodily: "they did the same when I was here before, and then came back and killed my friend at night. Sakalar escaped."

Counsel was now held, and it was determined, after due deliberation, that strict watch should be kept at all hours, while much was necessarily trusted to the dogs. All day one of the party was on the look-out, while at night the hut had its entrance well barred. Several days, however, were thus passed without molestation, and then Sakalar took the Kolimsk men out to hunt, and left Ivan and Kolina together. The young man had learned the value of his half-savage friend: her devotion to her father and the party generally was unbounded. She murmured neither at privations nor at sufferings, and kept up the courage of Ivan by painting in glowing terms all his brilliant future. She seemed to have laid aside her personal feelings, and to look on him only as one doing battle with fortune in the hope of earning the hand of the rich widow of Yakoutsak. But Ivan was much disposed to gloomy fits; he supposed himself forgotten, and slighted, and looked on the time of his probation as interminable. It was in this mood that one day he was roused from his fit by a challenge from Kolina to go and see if the seals had come up to breathe at the hole which every morning was freshly broken in the ice. Ivan assented, and away they went gaily down to the bay. No seals were there, and after a short stay, they returned towards the hut, recalled by the distant howling of the dogs. But as they came near, they could see no sign of men or animals, though the sensible brutes still whined under the shelter of their snow heaps. Ivan, much surprised, raised the curtain of the door, his gun in hand, expecting to find that some animal was inside. The lamp was out, and the hut in total dark-

ness. Before Ivan could recover his upright position, four men leaped on him, and he was a prisoner.

Kolina drew back, and cocked her gun; but the natives, satisfied with their present prey, formed round Ivan in a compact body, tied his hands, and bade him walk. Their looks were sufficiently wild and menacing to make him move, especially as he recognised them as belonging to the warlike party of the Tchouktchas—a tribe of Siberians, who wander about the Polar Seas in search of game, who cross Behring's Straits in skin-boats, and who probably are the only persons who, by their temporary sojourn in New Siberia, have caused some to suppose it inhabited. Kolina stood uncertain what to do, but, in a few minutes, she roused four of the dogs, and followed Ivan, bawled to her to go back; but the girl paid no attention to his request, determined, as it seemed, to know his fate.

The savages hurried Ivan along as rapidly as they could, and soon entered a deep and narrow ravine, which about the middle parted into two. The narrowest path was selected, and the dwelling of the natives soon reached. It was a cavern, the narrow entrance of which they crawled through; Ivan followed the leader, and soon found himself in a large and wonderful cave. It was by nature divided into several compartments, and contained a party of twenty men, as many or more women, and numerous children. It was warmed in two ways—by wood fires and grease lamps, and by a bubbling semi-sulphurous spring that rushed up through a narrow hole, and then fell away into a deep well that carried its warm waters to mingle with the icy sea. The smoky smoke escaped by holes in the roof. Ivan, his arms and legs bound, was thrust into a separate compartment filled with furs, and formed by a projection of the rock, and the skin-boats which this primitive race employed to cross the most stormy seas. He was almost stunned; he lay for a while without thought or motion. Gradually he recovered, and gazed around: all was night, save above, where by a narrow orifice he saw the smoke, which hung in clouds around the roof, escaping. He expected death. He knew the savage race, he was among, who hated interference, with their hunting-grounds, and whose fish he and his party had taken. What, therefore, was his surprise when, from the summit of the roof, he heard a gentle voice whispering in soft accents his own name. His ears must, he thought, deceive him. The hubbub close at hand was terrible. A dispute was going on. Men, women, and children all joined, and yet he had heard the word 'Ivan.' 'Kolina,' he replied in equally low but clear tones. As he spoke, a knife rolled near him. But he could not touch it. Then a dark form filled the orifice about a dozen feet above his head, and something moved down among projecting stones, and then Kolina stood by him. In an instant Ivan was free, and an axe in his hand. The exit was before them. Steps were cut in the rock, to ascend to the upper entrance, near which Ivan had been placed without fear, because tied. But a rush was heard, and the friends had only time to throw themselves deeper into the cave, when four men rushed in, knife in hand, to immolate the victim. Such had been the decision come to after the debate.

Their lamps revealed the escape of the fugitive. A wild cry drew all the men together, and then up they scampered along the rugged projections, and the barking of the dogs as they fled, showed that they were in hot and eager chase. Ivan and Kolina lost no time. They advanced

boldly, knife and hatchet in hand, sprang amid the terrified women, darted across their horrid cavern, and before one of them had recovered from her fright, were in the open air. On they ran in the gloom for some distance, when they suddenly heard muttered voices. Down they sunk behind the first large stone, concealing themselves as well as they could in the snow. The party moved slowly on towards them.

'I can trace their tracks still,' said Sakalar in a low deep tone. 'On while they are alive, or at least for vengeance!'

'Friends!' cried Ivan.

'Father!' said Kolina, and in an instant the whole party were united. Five words were enough to determine Sakalar. The whole body rushed back, entered the cavern, and found themselves masters of it without a struggle: the women and children attempted no resistance. As soon as they were placed in a corner, under the guard of the Kolimsk men, a council was held. Sakalar, as the most experienced, decided what was to be done. He knew the value of threats: one of the women was released, and bade go tell the men what had occurred. She was to add the offer of a treaty of peace, to which, if both parties agreed, the women were to be given up on the one side, and the hut and its contents on the other. But the victors announced their intention of taking four of the best-looking boys as hostages, to be returned whenever they were convinced of the good faith of the Tchouktehas. The envoy soon returned, agreeing to everything. They had not gone near the hut, fearing an ambushade. The four boys were at once selected, and the belligerents separated.

Sakalar made the little fellows run before, and thus the hut was regained. An inner cabin was at once erected for the prisoners, and the dogs placed over them as spies. But as the boys understood Sakalar to mean that the dogs were to eat them if they stirred, they remained still enough, and made no attempt to run away.

A hasty meal was now cooked, and after its conclusion, Ivan related the events of the day, warmly dilating on the devotion and courage of Kolina, who, with the keenness of a Yakouta, had found out his prison by the smoke, and had seen him on the ground despite the gloom. Sakalar then explained how, on his return, he had been terribly alarmed, and had followed the trail on the snow. After mutual congratulations, the whole party went to sleep.

The next morning early, the mothers came humbly with provisions for their children. They received some trifling presents, and were sent away in delight. About mid-day the whole tribe presented themselves unarmed, within a short distance of the hut, and offered to traffic. They brought a great quantity of fish, which they wanted to exchange for tobacco. Sakalar, who spoke their language freely, first gave them a roll, letting them understand it was in payment of the fish taken without leave. This at once dissipated all feelings of hostility, and solid peace was insured. So satisfied was Sakalar of their sincerity, that he at once released the captives.

From that day the two parties were one, and all thoughts of war were completely at an end. A vast deal of bloodshed had been prevented by a few concessions on both sides. The same result might indeed have been

come to by killing half of each little tribe, but it is doubtful if the peace would have been as satisfactory to the survivors afterwards.

VII.—THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

Occupied with the chase, with bartering, and with conversing with their new friends, the summer gradually came round. The snow melted, the hills became a series of cascades, in every direction water poured towards the sea. But the hut remained solid and firm, a little earth only being cast over the snow. Flocks of ducks and geese soon appeared, a slight vegetation was visible, and the sea was in motion. But what principally drew all eyes were the vast heaps of fossil ivory exposed to view on the banks of the stream, laid bare more and more every year by the torrents of spring. A few days sufficed to collect a heap greater than they could take away on the sledges in a dozen journeys. Ivan gazed at his treasure in mute despair. Were all that at Yakoutsk, he was the richest merchant in Siberia; but to take it thither seemed impossible. But he stepped the adventurous Tchouktchas. They offered, for a stipulated sum in tobacco and other valuables, to land a large portion of the ivory at a certain spot on the shores of Siberia by means of their boats. Ivan, though again surprised at the daring of these wild men, accepted the proposal, and engaged to give them his whole stock. The matter was thus settled, and our adventurers and their new friends dispersed to their summer avocations.

These consisted in fishing and hunting, and repairing boats and sledges. The canoes of the Tchouktchas were wholly made of skins and whalebone, and bits of wood; but they were large, and capable of sustaining great weight. Their owners purposed to start as soon as the ice was wholly broken up, and to brave all the dangers of so fearful a navigation. They were used to impel themselves along in every open space, and to take shelter on icebergs from danger. When one of these icy mountains went in the right direction, they stuck to it; but at others they paddled away amid dangers of which they seemed wholly unconscious.

A month was taken up in fishing, in drying the fish, or in putting it in holes where there was eternal frost. An immense stock of seals' flesh, of oil and fat, was laid in; and then one morning, with a warm wind behind, the Tchouktchas took their departure, and the small party of adventurers remained alone. Their hut was now broken up, the sledges put in order, the tent erected, and all made ready for their second journey. The sledges were not only repaired, but enlarged, to bear the heaviest possible load at starting. A few days' overloading were not minded, as the provisions would soon decrease. Still, not half so much could be taken as they wished, and yet Ivan had nearly a ton of ivory, and thirty tons was the greatest produce of any one year in all Siberia.

But the sledges were ready long before the sea was so. The interval was spent in continued hunting, to prevent any consumption of the travelling store. All were heartily tired, long before it was over, of a day nearly as long as two English months, and hailed the sight of the first white fox with pleasure. Soon ducks and geese began to disappear, the fish sank

away, and were rare, the bears came roaring round the camp, and then the scanty vegetation and the arid rocks were covered with a thin coat of snow. The winter at once set in with intense rigour; the sea ceased to toss and heave; the icebergs and fields moved more and more slowly; and at last ocean and land were blended into one—the night of a month was come, and the sun was seen no more.

The dogs were now roused up, having been well fed during the summer; the sledges harnessed; and the instant the sea was firm enough to sustain them, the party started. Sakalar's intention was to try forced marches in a straight line. Fortune favoured them. The frost was unusually severe, and the ice thicker and more solid than the previous year. Not a single accident occurred to them for some days. At first they did not move exactly in the same direction as when they had come, making more towards the east; but they soon found traces of their previous winter's journey, proving that a whole plain of ice had been forced away at least fifty miles during the thaw. This was Sakalar's explanation, but the men of Kolimsk persisted in stating that they were going wrong. A dispute ensued, which threatened to break up the party. But Ivan declared he would pay no one who abandoned the guidance of Sakalar, and the three men obeyed.

The road was now again rugged and difficult, firing was getting scarce, the dogs were devouring the fish with rapidity, and only half the ocean-journey was over. But on they pushed with desperate energy, every eye once more keenly on the look-out for game. But this time a stray fox alone rewarded their exertions. No man spoke. Every one drove his team in sullen silence, for all were on short allowance, and all were hungry. They sat on what was to them more valuable than gold, and yet they had not what was necessary for subsistence. The dogs were urged every day to the utmost limits of their strength. But so much space had been taken up by the ivory, that at last there remained neither food nor fuel. None knew at what distance they were from the shore, and their position seemed desperate. There were even whispers of killing some of the dogs; and Sakalar and Ivan were loudly upbraided for their avarice, which had brought the party into such straits.

'See!' said the old hunter suddenly with a delighted smile, pointing towards the south.

The whole party looked eagerly. A thick column of smoke rose in the air at no very considerable distance, curling up in dark wreaths, and then dispersing in light vapour through the air. This was the signal agreed on with the Tchouktchas, who were to camp where there was plenty of wood, and guide them in the right direction by a continued beacon.

Every hand was raised to urge on the dogs towards this point. The animals, hungry and weary, pulled, but unwillingly. They were impelled forward, however, by every art; and at last, from the summit of a hill of ice, they saw the shore and the blaze of the fire. The wind was towards them, and the atmosphere heavy. The dogs smelled the distant camp, and darted almost recklessly forward. The adventurers kept ready to leap in case of being overturned. But the will of the animals was greater than their power, and they sank near the Tchouktcha huts, panting and exhausted.

Their allies of the spring were true to their plighted faith, and gave them food, of which man and beast stood in the most pressing necessity. Dogs

and men ate greedily, and then sought repose. The Tchouktchas had performed their journey with wonderful success and rapidity, and had found time to lay in a pretty fair stock of fish. This they freely shared with Ivan and his party, and were delighted when he abandoned his whole stock of tobacco and rum to them, and part of his tea. Two days were spent in the mutual interchange of good offices, in repose, and in letting the dogs recover from their prostration. But no more time could be spared. There were many days yet before them, and certainly not provisions enough for the time.

The Tchouktchas too had been four years absent in their wanderings, and were eager to get home once more to the land of the reindeer, and to their friends. They were perhaps the greatest travellers of a tribe noted for its faculty of locomotion. And so, with warm expressions of esteem and friendship on both sides, the two parties separated—the men of the east making their way on foot towards the Straits of Behring.

VIII.—THE VOYAGE HOME.

Under considerable disadvantages did Sakalar, Ivan, and their friends prepare for the conclusion of their journey. Their provisions were very scanty, and their only hope of replenishing their stores was on the banks of the Vchivaya River, which, being in some places pretty rapid, might not be frozen over. Sakalar and his friends determined to strike out in a straight line. Part of the ivory had to be concealed and abandoned, to be fetched another time; but as their stock of provisions was so small, they were able to take the principal part. It had been resolved, after some debate, to make in a direct line for the Vchivaya River, and thence to Nijnei-Kolmsk. The road was of a most difficult, and, in part, unknown character; but it was imperative to move in as straight a direction as possible. Time was the great enemy they had to contend with, because their provisions were sufficient for a limited period only.

The country was at first level enough, and the dogs, after their rest, made sufficiently rapid progress. At night they had reached the commencement of a hilly region, while in the distance could already be seen pretty lofty mountains. According to a plan decided on from the first, the human members of the party were placed at once on short allowance, while the dogs received as much food as could be reasonably given. At early dawn the tent was struck, and the dogs were impelled along the banks of a small river completely frozen. Indeed, after a short distance, it was taken as the smoothest path. But at the end of a dozen miles they found themselves in a narrow gorge between two hills, and at the foot of a once foaming cataract, now hard frozen. It was necessary to retreat some miles, and gain the land once more. The only path which was now found practicable was along the bottom of some pretty steep rocks. But the track got narrower and narrower, until the dogs were drawing them along the edge of a terrific precipice with not four feet of holding. All alighted, and led the dogs, for a false step was death. Fortunately the pathway became no narrower, and in one place it widened out, and made a sort of hollow. Here a bitter blast, almost strong enough to cast them from their

feet, checked further progress, and on that naked spot, under a projecting mass of stone, without fire, did the whole party halt. Men and dogs huddled together for warmth, and all dined on raw and frozen fish. A few hours of sleep, however, were snatched; and then, as the storm abated, they again advanced. The descent was soon reached, and led into a vast plain without tree or bush. A range of snow-clad hills lay before them, and through a narrow gully between two mountains was the only practicable pathway. But all hearts were gladdened by the welcome sight of some *argali*, or Siberian sheep, on the slope of a hill. These animals are the only winter game, bears and wolves excepted. Kolina was left with the dogs, and the rest started after the animals, which were pawing in the thin snow for some moss or half-frozen herbs. Every caution was used to approach them against the wind, and a general volley soon sent them scampering away to the mountain-tops, leaving three behind.

But Ivan saw that he had wounded another, and away he went in chase. The animal ascended a hill, and then halted. But seeing a man coming quickly after him, it turned and fled down the opposite side. Ivan was instantly after him. The descent was steep, but the hunter only saw the *argali*, and darted down. He slid rather than ran with fearful rapidity, and passed the sheep by, seeking to check himself too late. A tremendous gulf was before him, and his eyes caught an instant glimpse of a deep distant valley. Then he saw no more until he found himself lying still. He had sunk, on the very brink of the precipice, into a deep snow bank formed by some projecting rock, and had only thus been saved from instant death. Deeply grateful, Ivan crept cautiously up the hill-side, though not without his prize, and rejoined his companions.

The road now offered innumerable difficulties. It was rough and uneven—now hard, now soft. They made but slow progress for the next three days, while their provisions began to draw to an end. They had at least a dozen days more before them. All agreed that they were now in the very worst difficulty they had yet been in. The evening they dined on their last meal of mutton and fish they were at the foot of a lofty hill, which they determined to ascend while strength was left. The dogs were urged up the steep ascent, and after two hours' toil, they reached the summit. It was a table-land, bleak and miserable, and the wind was too severe to permit camping. On they pushed, and camped a little way down its sides.

The next morning the dogs had no food, while the men had nothing but large draughts of warm tea. But it was impossible to stop. Away they hurried, after deciding that, if nothing turned up by the next morning, two or three of the dogs must be killed to save the rest. Little was the ground they got over, with hungry beasts and starving men, and all were glad to halt near a few dried larches. Men and dogs eyed each other suspiciously. The animals, sixty-four in number, had they not been educated to fear man, would have soon settled the matter. But there they lay, panting and faint—to start up suddenly with a fearful howl. A bear was on them. Sakalar fired, and then in rushed the dogs, savage and fierce. It was worse than useless, it was dangerous, for the human beings of the party to seek to share this windfall. It was enough that the dogs had found something to appease their hunger.

Sakalar, however, knew that his faint and weary companions could not move the next day if tea alone were their sustenance that night. He accordingly put in practice one of the devices of his woodcraft. The youngest of the larches was cut down, and the coarse outside bark, was taken off. Then every atom of the soft bark was peeled off the tree, and being broken into small pieces, was cast into the iron pot, already full of boiling water. The quantity was great, and made a thick substance. Round this the whole party collected, eager for the moment when they could fall to. But Sakalar was cool and methodical even in that terrible hour. He took a spoon, and quietly skimmed the pot, to take away the resin that rose to the surface. Then gradually the bark melted away, and presently the pot was filled by a thick paste, that looked not unlike glue. All gladly ate, and found it nutritive, pleasant, and warm. They felt satisfied when the meal was over, and were glad to observe that the dogs returned to the camp completely satisfied also, which, under the circumstances, was matter of great gratification.

In the morning, after another mess of larch-bark soup, and after a little tea, the adventurers again advanced on their journey. They were now in an arid, bleak, and terrible plain of vast extent. Not a tree, not a shrub, not an elevation was to be seen. Starvation was again staring them in the face, and no man knew when this dreadful plain would end. That night the whole party cowered in their tent without fire, content to chew a few tea-leaves preserved from the last meal. Serious thoughts were now entertained of abandoning their wealth in that wild region. But as none pressed the matter very hardly, the sledges were harnessed again next morning, and the dogs driven on. But man and beast were at the last gasp, and not ten miles were traversed that day, the end of which brought them to a large river, on the borders of which were some trees. Being wide and rapid, it was not frozen, and there was still hope. The seine was drawn from a sledge, and taken into the water. It was fastened from one side to another of a narrow gut, and there left. It was of no avail examining it until morning, for the fish only come out at night.

There was not a man of the party who had his exact senses about him, while the dogs lay panting on the snow, their tongues hanging out, their eyes glaring with almost savage fury. The trees round the bank were large and dry, and not one had an atom of soft bark on it. All the resource they had was to drink huge draughts of tea, and then seek sleep. Sakalar set the example, and the Kolimsk men, to whom such scenes were not new, followed his advice; but Ivan walked up and down before the tent. A huge fire had been made, which was amply fed by the wood of the river bank, and it blazed on high, showing in bold relief the features of the scene. Ivan gazed vacantly at everything; but he saw not the dark and glancing river—he saw not the bleak plain of snow—his eyes looked not on the romantic picture of the tent and its bivouac-fire: his thoughts were on one thing alone. He it was who had brought them to that pass, and on his head rested all the misery endured by man and beast, and, worst of all, by the good and devoted Kolina.

There she sat, too, on the ground, wrapped in her warm clothes, her eye, fixed on the crackling logs. Of what was she thinking? Whatever occupied her mind, it was soon chased away by the sudden speech of Ivan.

'Kolina,' said he, in a tone which borrowed a little of intensity from the state of mind in which hunger had placed all of them, 'canst thou ever forgive me?'

'What?' replied the young girl softly.

'My having brought you here to die, far away from your native hills?'

'Kolina cares little for herself,' said the Yakouta maiden, rising and speaking perhaps a little wildly; 'let her father escape, and she is willing to lie near the tombs of the old people on the borders of the icy sea.'

'But Ivan had hoped to see for Kolina many bright happy days; for Ivan would have made her father rich, and Kolina would have been the richest unmarried girl in the plain of Miouré!'

'And would riches make Kolina happy?' said she sadly.

'Young girl of the Yakouta, hearken to me! Let Ivan live or die this hour: Ivan is a fool. He left home and comfort to cross the icy seas in search of wealth, and to gain happiness; but if he had only had eyes, he would have stopped at Miouré. There he saw a girl, lively as the heaven-fire in the north, good, generous, kind; and she was an old friend, and might have loved Ivan; but the man of Yakoutsk was blind, and told her of his passion for a selfish widow, and the Yakouta maiden never thought of Ivan but as a brother!'

'What means Ivan?' asked Kolina, trembling with emotion.

'Ivan has long meant, when he came to the yourte of Sakalar, to lay his wealth at his feet, and beg of his old friend to give him his child; but Ivan now fears that he may die, and wishes to know what would have been the answer of Kolina?'

'But Maria Vorotinska?' urged the girl, who seemed dreaming.

'Has long been forgotten. How could I not love my old playmate and friend! Kolina—Kolina, listen to Ivan! Forget his love for the widow of Yakoutsk, and Ivan will stay in the plain of Vchivaya and die.'

'Kolina is very proud,' whispered the girl, sitting down on a log near the fire, and speaking in a low tone; 'and Kolina thinks yet that the friend of her father has forgotten himself. But if he be not wild, if the sufferings of the journey have not made him say that which is not, Kolina would be very happy.'

'Be plain, girl of Miouré—maiden of the Yakouta tribe! and play not with the heart of a man. Can Kolina take Ivan as her husband?'

A frank and happy reply gave the Yakoutsk merchant all the satisfaction he could wish; and then followed several hours of those sweet and delightful explanations which never end between young lovers when first they have acknowledged their mutual affection. They had hitherto concealed so much, that there was much to tell; and Ivan and Kolina, who for nearly three years had lived together, with a bar between their deep but concealed affection, seemed to have no end of words. Ivan had begun to find his feelings change from the very hour Sakalar's daughter volunteered to accompany him; but it was only in the cave of New Siberia that his heart had been completely won.

So short, and quiet, and sweet were the hours, that the time of rest passed by without thought of sleep. Suddenly, however, they were roused to a sense of their situation, and leaving their wearied and exhausted companions still asleep, they moved with doubt and dread to the water's

side. Life was now doubly dear to both, and their fancy painted the coming forth of an empty net as the termination of all hope. But the net came heavily and slowly to land. It was full of fish. They were on the well-stocked Vchivaya. More than three hundred fish, small and great, were drawn on shore; and then they recast the net.

'Up, man and beast!' thundered Ivan, as, after selecting two dozen of the finest, he abandoned the rest to the dogs.

The animals, faint and weary, greedily seized on the food given them, while Sakalar and the Kolimsk men could scarcely believe their senses. The hot coals were at once brought into requisition, and the party were soon regaling themselves on a splendid meal of tea and broiled fish. I should alarm my readers did I record the quantities eaten. An hour later, every individual was a changed being, but most of all the lovers. Despite their want of rest, they looked fresher than any of the party. It was determined to camp at least twenty-four hours more in that spot; and the Kolimsk men declared that as the river must be the Vchivaya, they could draw the seine all day, for the river was deep, its waters warmer than others, and its abundance of fish such as to border on the fabulous. They went accordingly down to the side of the stream, and then the happy Kolina gave free vent to her joy. She burst out into a song of her native land, and gave way to some demonstrations of delight, the result of her earlier education, that astonished Sakalar. But when he heard that during that dreadful night he had found a son, Sakalar himself almost lost his reason. The old man loved Ivan almost as much as his own child, and when he saw the youth in his youth on his hunting trips, had formed some project of the kind now brought about; but the confessions of Ivan on his last visit to Miouré had driven all such thoughts away.

'Art in earnest, Ivan?' said he after a pause of some duration.

'In earnest!' exclaimed Ivan laughing; 'why, I fancy the young men of Miouré will find me so, if they seek to question my right to Kolina.'

Kolina smiled, and looked happy; and the old hunter heartily blessed his children, adding that the proudest, dearest hope of his heart was now within probable realisation.

The predictions of the Kolimsk men were realised. The river gave them as much fish as they needed for their journey home; and as now Sakalar knew his way, there was little fear for the future. An ample stock was piled on the sledges, the dogs had unlimited feeding for two days, and then away they sped towards an upper part of the river, which, being broad and shallow, was no doubt frozen on the surface. They found it as they expected, and even discovered that the river was gradually freezing all the way down. But little caring for this now, on they went, and after considerable fatigue, and some delay, arrived at Kolimsk, to the utter astonishment of all the inhabitants, who had long given them up for lost.

Great rejoicings took place. The friends of the three Kolimsk men gave a grand festival, in which the rum, and tobacco, and tea, which had been left at the place as payment for their journey, played a conspicuous part. Then, as it was necessary to remain here some time, while the ivory was brought from the deposit near the sea, Ivan and Kolina were married. Neither of them seemed to credit the circumstance, even when fast tied by the Russian church. It had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly on

both, that their heads could not quite make the affair out. But they were married in right down earnest, and Kolina was a proud and happy woman. The enormous mass of ivory brought to Kolimsk excited the attention of a distinguished exile, who drew up a statement in Ivan's name, and prepared it for transmission to the White Czar, as the emperor is called in these parts.

When summer came, the young couple, with Sakalar and a caravan of merchants, started for Yakoutsck, Ivan being by far the richest and most important member of the party. After a single day's halt at Miouré, on they went to the town, and made their triumphal entry in September. Ivan found Maria Vorotinska a wife and mother, and his vanity was not much wounded by the falsehood. The *ci devant* widow was a little astonished at Ivan's return, and particularly at his treasure of ivory; but she received his wife with politeness, a little tempered by her sense of her own superiority to a savage, as she designated Kolina to her friends in a whisper. But Kolina was so gentle, so pretty, so good, so cheerful, so happy, that she found her party at once, and the two ladies became rival leaders of the fashion.

This lasted until the next year, when a messenger from the capital brought a letter to Ivan from the emperor himself thanking him for his narrative, sending him a rich present, his warm approval, and the office of first civil magistrate in the city of Yakoutsck. This turned the scales wholly on one side, and Maria bowed low to Kolina. But Kolina had no feelings of the parvenu, and she was always a general favourite. Ivan accepted with pride his sovereign's favour, and by dint of assiduity, soon learned to be a useful magistrate. He always remained a good husband, a good father, and a good son, for he made the heart of old Sakalar glad. He never regretted his journey: he always declared he owed to it wealth and happiness, a high position in society, and an admirable wife. Great rejoicings took place many years after in Yakoutsck at the marriage of the son of Maria, united to the daughter of Ivan, and from the first unto the last, none of the parties concerned ever had reason to mourn over the perilous journey in search of the IVORY MINE.

* * For the information of the non-scientific, it may be necessary to mention that the ivory alluded to in the preceding tale is derived from the tusks of the mammoth, or fossil elephant of the geologist. The remains of this gigantic quadruped are found all over the northern hemisphere, from the 40th to the 75th degree of latitude; but most abundantly in the region which lies between the mountains of Central Asia and the shores and islands of the Frozen Sea. So profusely do they exist in this region, that the tusks have, for more than a century, constituted an important article of traffic—furnishing a large proportion of the ivory required by the carver and turner. The remains lie imbedded in the upper tertiary clays and gravels; and these, by exposure to river-currents,

to the waves of the sea, and other erosive agencies, are frequently swept away during the thaws of summer, leaving tusks and bones in masses, and occasionally even entire skeletons in a wonderful state of preservation. The most perfect specimen yet obtained, and from the study of which the zoologist has been enabled to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the structure and habits of the mammoth, is that discovered by a Tungusian fisherman near the mouth of the river Lena in the summer of 1799. Being in the habit of collecting tusks among the débris of the gravel cliffs (for it is generally at a considerable elevation in the cliffs and river banks that the remains occur), he observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank some fifty or sixty feet above the river; during next summer's thaw he saw the same object rather more disengaged from amongst the ice; in 1801 he could distinctly perceive the tusk and flank of an immense animal; and in 1803, in consequence of an earlier and more powerful thaw, the huge carcass became entirely disengaged, and fell on the sandbank beneath. In the spring of the following year the fisherman cut off the tusks, which he sold for 50 rubles (£7, 10s.); and two years afterwards, our countryman, Mr Adams, visited the spot, and gives the following account of this extraordinary phenomenon:—'At this time I found the mammoth still in the same place, but altogether mutilated. The discoverer was contented with his profit for the tusks, and the Yakoutaki of the neighbourhood had cut off the flesh, with which they fed their dogs; during the scarcity, wild beasts, such as white bears, wolves, wolverines, and foxes, also fed upon it, and the traces of their footsteps were seen around. The skeleton, almost entirely cleared of its flesh, remained whole, with the exception of a fore-leg. The head was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hair. All these parts have necessarily been injured in transporting them a distance of 7330 miles (to the imperial museum of St Petersburg), but the eyes have been preserved, and the pupil of one can still be distinguished. The mammoth was a male, with a long mane on the neck. The tail and proboscis were not preserved. The skin, of which I possess three-fourths, is of a dark-gray colour, covered with reddish wool and black hairs; but the dampness of the spot where it had lain so long had in some degree destroyed the hair. The entire carcass, of which I collected the bones on the spot, was nine feet four inches high, and sixteen feet four inches long, without including the tusks, which measured nine feet six inches along the curve. The distance from the base or root of the tusk to the point is three feet seven inches. The two tusks together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds English weight, and the head alone four hundred and fourteen pounds. The skin was of such weight, that it required ten persons to transport it to the shore; and after having cleared the ground, upwards of thirty-six pounds of hair were collected, which the white bears had trodden while devouring the flesh.' Since then, other carcasses of elephants have been discovered in a greater or less degree of preservation; as also the remains of rhinoceroses, mastodons, and allied pachyderms—the mammoth, more abundantly, in the old world, the mastodon in the new. In every case these animals differ from existing species; are of more gigantic dimensions; and, judging from their natural coverings of thick-set curly-crisped wool and strong

hair, upwards of a foot in length, were fitted to live, if not in a boreal, at least in a coldly-temperate region. Indeed there is proof positive of the then milder climate of these regions in the discovery of pine and birch-trunks, where no vegetation now flourishes; and further, in the fact that fragments of pine leaves, birch twigs, and other northern plants, have been detected between the grinders, and within the stomachs, of these animals. We have thus evidence that, at the close of the tertiary, and shortly after the commencement of the current epoch, the northern hemisphere enjoyed a much milder climate; that it was the abode of huge pachyderms now extinct; that a different distribution of sea and land prevailed; and that, on a new distribution of sea and land, accompanied also by a different relative level, these animals died away, leaving their remains to be imbedded in the clays, gravels, and other alluvial deposits, where, under the antiseptic influence of an almost eternal frost, many of them have been preserved as entire as at the fatal moment they sank under the rigours of external conditions no longer fitted for their existence. It has been attempted by some to prove the adaptability of these animals to the present conditions of the northern hemisphere; but so untenable in every phase is this opinion, that it would be sheer waste of time and space to attempt its refutation. That they may have migrated northward and southward with the seasons is more than probable, though it has been stated that the remains diminish in size the farther north they are found; but that numerous herds of such huge animals should have existed in these regions at all, and that for thousands of years, presupposes an exuberant arboreal vegetation, and the necessary degree of climate for its growth and development. It has been mentioned that the mastodon and mammoth seem to have attained their meridian towards the close of the tertiary epoch, and that a few may have lived even into the current era; but it is more probable that the commencement of existing conditions was the proximate cause of their extinction, and that not a solitary specimen ever lived to be the cotemporary of man.

SECRET SOCIETIES OF MODERN EUROPE.

ONE of the marks which distinguish countries ruled by the despotic will of one individual from those in which the government is the reflex of the popular will, is the existence of Secret Societies, having for their object the overthrow of the established political system. Associations seeking to effect desirable alterations in the constitution or administration of the government now exist in all civilised countries; but it is obvious that their organisation, and the means by which they propose to accomplish their objects, must depend upon the circumstances that have called them into existence, and which they aim at removing. In countries in which the government emanates from the people, none but legal and constitutional means will be resorted to by those who desire to bring about changes which seem to them desirable in the political and social system; but where the people have no political existence, where the right of meeting is denied them, and where the press is shackled by restrictions as impolitic as they are unjust, such associations necessarily take a form which menaces the existence of government, and one too often inimical to social order. It is natural that men, smarting under the yoke of despotism, condemned to serfdom or political nullity, should meet in private to discuss their wrongs when they are forbidden to meet publicly; and it is equally natural that despotic governments should regard every popular movement with jealousy, and keep a watchful eye upon all whom they have reason to suspect of being engaged in designs inimical to their authority. To avoid the intrusion of spies, the association, even if it be merely a political debating society, having at the commencement no ulterior design against the government, will adopt a secret organisation; to guard against the admission of those who might be induced to betray them, they will adopt an initiative oath, with the addition of certain mystical or symbolical ceremonies, calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind of the neophyte; and a password and countersign, that they may know the members, and that no other persons may surreptitiously gain admission to the place of meeting; finally, some definite object is resolved upon, which the members engage themselves to accomplish; propagandist centres are established in various parts; and at length the society comes to embrace a system of affiliations more or less widely ramified.

Such are, in most instances, the circumstances under which secret societies have originated in modern times, and such the manner in which

they have invariably been organised. But for the evolution and growth of such a society it is not imperatively required that all the conditions here indicated should exist; it may spring up under a constitutional government as well as under a pure despotism, when the right of meeting is restricted, and the press is fettered by an unwise and jealous policy. The freedom of the press, the right of meeting in public to discuss political questions, and of petitioning for redress of grievances, are indeed more effectual safeguards against the dangerous tendencies of secret societies than any extension of popular rights which does not include these; for while secret societies of a political nature have kept France in a state of almost constant fermentation from the epoch of the Directory to the present moment, the only strictly secret society which has been engrafted upon the political movements of our own country was that of the Dorsetshire labourers, an association local in its organisation, numerically weak, and of brief existence. The cause of this difference in the mode of conducting the agitation of political questions in the two countries, the constitutions of which will be found, upon an average of periods, to rest upon bases of equal breadth, is obvious: in England the press is comparatively free, and the unenfranchised classes enjoy the right of meeting in public to talk over their grievances and propose remedies; and in France, whether under Napoleon, the Bourbons, Louis-Philippe, or President Bonaparte, the press has been, except during the brief gusts of revolution, so cramped and fettered as to be anything but an index to the state of public opinion, and the right of meeting has only been exercised under restrictions and police surveillance, and often extinguished altogether.

It is also worthy of remark, and a circumstance especially important at the present moment, that the sphere exposed to the dangerous influence of secret societies is always in proportion to the extent of the base upon which the constitution rests. The higher classes are always the first to initiate revolutionary ideas; and when they have attained a degree of political freedom which enables them to exercise a certain control over the monarch, they become conservators; the ideas of progress which they have introduced are then taken up by the middle classes; and when these have achieved their enfranchisement, the working-classes are naturally led to adopt similar principles and views. The succession of great names with which we are presented in the progressive phases of the first French Revolution serves to illustrate this law of political progress: first, we have the Count of Provence, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke d'Aiguillon; then the champions of the burgessy, Lafayette, Bailly, and Roland; and lastly, Marat, Robespierre, and St Just. It has been exemplified in our own country in the constitutional history of the last six hundred years—in the Magna Charta of the barons, the Reform Bill of the middle classes, and the more democratic Charter of present agitation. The history of the secret societies indicates the same course of opinion: the Illuminati, the Carbonari, the Tugendbund, originated with the upper classes of society, while the associations of more recent origin have for the most part been confined to the humbler orders. The attainment of political influence by one class has an inherent tendency to awaken a desire for participation in the class immediately beneath it; and thus the gradual extension of popular rights enlarges the sphere in which alone secret societies are likely to exist,

until the turning-point is reached at which the majority of the people are in possession of political power, and then the sphere of their dangerous influence is narrowed by every new extension. Much, however, depends upon the national character or idiosyncrasy of the people, and still more upon the degree of freedom allowed to the press.

Freemasonry seems to have given the idea of the secret societies treated of in this Paper, and to have furnished them with much of their organisation and machinery. The Masonic order, indeed, is but a transcript of society, traced from its primitive condition through the various phases of its progressive development, and all its grades have been conceived in the spirit of this idea. Every social grade, up to the rank of pontiff and king, is more or less denoted by the different degrees of the Masonic hierarchy; and though much of the conceptions and intentions of the original founders of the order appear to have been obscured by the lapse of time and the addition of many new and often ridiculous ceremonies, they can still be traced by the scrutinising eye of the social philosopher. It was probably the knowledge of these circumstances, and the applicability of Freemasonry to secret societies of a political tendency, which caused so much of the Masonic system to be adopted by the founder of the first association which comes within the scope of this paper.

This was Dr Adam Weishaupt, professor of canon law in the university of Ingolstadt in Bavaria, who, May 1, 1776, commenced the initiation of members of the celebrated society of the Illuminists, which exercised no small influence over the progress of the first French Revolution. Its avowed aim was, as its name imports, to illuminate the world with the aurora of philosophy; to ray forth from secret societies, as from so many centres, the light of science over all nations; to diffuse the purest principles of virtue; and to reinstate mankind in primeval innocence and happiness. The speculations of St Pierre, of Rousseau, and of Helvetius, had tended in the same direction; and Morelly had previously proclaimed to the world a moral code based upon the unwritten laws of nature, and a system of society which reproduced the idealities of Plato and More. Freemasonry supplied Weishaupt with the hierarchical organisation of the new order, and he derived from the same fertile source much of the machinery proper for the working out of his idea, adding to what he borrowed from the Masonic institution a variety of new mystical and symbolical ceremonies. A number of scientific men of liberal principles, as such men usually are—the nature of their studies tending to enlarge the mind, and free it from the influence of antiquated dogmas, musty prejudices, and old associations—gradually became absorbed into the society. Among these were Mesmer, the introducer of the mysteries of *clairvoyance*, and founder of the psychological system to which he has given his name; and the celebrated Condorcet, afterwards a distinguished member of the Girondist party in the French Convention. As the initiations increased in number, the system of affiliated societies was introduced, and lodges were opened in various parts of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, those of each country being dependent upon the grand lodges, and the latter upon the central society at Ingolstadt. Among the members initiated in France were the Duke d'Orleans, Mirabeau, and the Abbé Sieyès.

The ulterior objects of the Illuminatists no sooner became evident, than they awakened the jealous fears of the despotic governments of Europe, and excited against them the prejudices of all who sought to uphold the crumbling institutions of the past. They were accused of designing the overthrow of the European governments, the subversion of social order, and the annihilation of religion. Undoubtedly there were those among the Illuminati who would have hailed with satisfaction the repression of authority within the limits of a constitutional expression of the national will—who would have regarded the complete extinction of feudalism as the dawning of a new era—and who would have sang *Jubilatè* over the wreck and ruin of priestly intolerance and superstition; but they proposed to accomplish aims to them so desirable by the force of reason alone, relying confidently and solely upon the diffusion of knowledge as the most potent weapon of the innovator. If they laid the train which eventuated the revolutionary explosion of 1792, theirs was not the hand that fired it. But so great was the alarm which they created among those who knew that they held an absolute and undivided authority solely in virtue of the popular ignorance, that the Freemasons shared the suspicions with which they were regarded, and heavy restrictions were, by an edict of the Emperor Joseph, laid upon all the Masonic societies in Germany, while in the Netherlands they were totally suppressed.

The initiations, however, continued to multiply up to the time when the French Revolution enabled the Illuminatists to tear off the symbolic bands from the eyes of philosophy, and to lift the veil of mystery under which they sought to advance it. The mystery in which their proceedings were enveloped invested Illuminatism, to imaginative minds, with the halo of romance, and enthusiasm and terror were by turns worked upon by the chiefs of the mystic hierarchy. They even professed to raise the dead, to evoke apparitions, and to make their sepulchral voices heard in those lodges in which everything wore an air of strange and appalling mystery. The magic-lantern, little known at that time, was the means by which these illusions were effected. Cagliostro, a notorious Italian adventurer, who first introduced Illuminatism into France by founding a lodge of the society at Strasburg, professed to have visions, to hold converse with the spirits of the departed, and by phantasmagorical illusions to shadow forth the events of the future.

The Freemasons had in some measure justly drawn upon their order the suspicions of the imperial government, for great numbers of them were initiated by degrees into the mysteries of the Illuminatists. The Masonic societies, which have in England no connection with politics, because the constitutional form of government and comparatively free press of that country serve as vents for the emission of any superabundant political zeal which may exist, possessed a very different character upon the continent. Throughout Germany they were the conventicles of free thought, which enveloped itself in mystery until the time should come when it might throw off its mask and lay aside its mystic symbols. The Masonic lodges occupied among the institutions of that day a place corresponding to that which is held in literature by the parable and the apologue. Frederick II., intrenched amid his well-disciplined armies, had allowed contempt for established institutions, and particularly for religion, to be freely propagated in his domi-

nions; and by his assiduous cultivation of the friendship of Voltaire, and the favour shown by him to literary men in general, he had given a new tone to popular opinion. The German princes had become initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, esteeming it the highest honour to be associated with the literati, and seeing nothing in the craft but a few general principles of virtue and philanthropy, without any direct application to politics or societary science. Frederick had in his youth been initiated at Brunswick by Major Bielfeld, and the Emperor Joseph had at one time wished to be initiated at Vienna by the Baron de Born, grandmaster of the Freemasons of Austria.

The order of the Illuminati absorbed into itself all the Freemasons who were looking forward to the regeneration of society, the triumph of philosophy, and the government of opinion. They wished to commence with the minds the most advanced, that by the aggregation of these, the diffusion of the new ideas of the philosophy of progress might be more easily and rapidly effected. At first the princes of Germany were dazzled by the air of romance and mystery which the Illuminists contrived to throw around them; and the founder of the order, forced to fly from Ingolstadt, found an asylum at the court of Prince Augustus of Gotha. But when the French Revolution began to loom threateningly upon the horizon, the Illuminati were regarded as its authors; and their principles were renounced by those whose eyes were opened by that event to their inevitable tendencies. Royalty and aristocracy now regarded them with abhorrence; and the Freemasons, as we have seen, fell under the same ban. It was they who had applied the match to the mine of passions that had slumbered since the Reformation; it was they whose spells had evoked the terrible phantom of democracy! At the first looming of the danger, the Illuminists were encountered by this royal repudiation and condemnation; but their secret organisation enabled them to elude the hand of despotic authority that was outstretched to crush them; and the melodramatic rapidity with which the events of the Revolution succeeded each other, soon rendered secrecy no longer necessary. The French Revolution was the triumph of the Illuminists through the members affiliated in France, and their reply to the despotism which had menaced their existence in Germany and the Netherlands. The Duke of Orleans was a member of the Jacobins, though distrusted by them; the Abbé Sieyès, the champion of the *tiers-état*, had given to France the constitution of 1791; the voice of Mirabeau was potential in the Assembly; Condorcet, the philosopher of the Gironde, exercised by his genius an undoubted influence on public opinion; and Romme, a mystical enthusiast, by his connection with Theroigne de Mericourt, the Lais of the French Revolution, became a link between the Illuminists and Jacobins, and the populace of the faubourgs.

The system of secret societies, in the natural order of things, could have no existence while democracy was in the ascendant, and while the existing government was a reflex of the national will; but when the reaction which succeeded the conspiracy of Tallien and Barras had narrowed the basis of the constitution, and the government of opinion was upon the eve of being merged in a military dictatorship, it was natural that the system should

revive. At the time when the authority of the Directory passed into the hands of Bonaparte as First Consul, there existed at Besançon an association called the Philadelphic Society, consisting of about sixty members, mostly young men, who, without having any political object in view, were united by congeniality of disposition and tastes. The society was purely literary and philosophic; but General Mallet becoming a member, determined to make it instrumental in effecting the restoration of the Bourbons; an object which he was led to contemplate partly through revenge at being recalled by Bonaparte from the command at Rome, and partly from a desire to curb the despotic tendencies of the First Consul's disposition, which he thought could be effected by no other means. Not possessing sufficient tact or talent himself to remodel the society in conformity with his ulterior views, he selected for that purpose Lieutenant-Colonel Oudet, who, though only twenty-five years of age, had attained a high military reputation. He was the son of respectable parents in the Jura Alps, and had commenced his career of arms as a volunteer in the war of La Vendée; his right arm had been twice fractured by a bullet, he had been wounded in the leg, the stroke of a sabre had slightly divided both lips in a vertical direction, and he had been again wounded at San Bartolomeo by the bursting of a shell. He had received only an ordinary education; but he possessed a fertility of genius and a profundity of judgment which capacitated him for great undertakings, and the daring and resolution requisite to carry these out.

Oudet was intimately acquainted with Freemasonry, and he resolved to apply his knowledge of the system to the reorganisation of the Philadelphic Society, in conformity with the views entertained by himself and Mallet. He began by classifying the members in certain ranks, assigning to each certain duties defined and controlled by fixed laws; and in order to conceal his real design at the beginning, the better to insure eventual success, he threw over the new organisation of the society the veil of mystery and fanciful extravagance. He divided the members into three classes, of which each was completely unacquainted with the functions of the other two; while Oudet, as the founder and chief, wielded an absolute authority, and was thus enabled to concentrate the whole force upon any given point at will. Every member took an oath of secrecy and fidelity upon his initiation; and thus Oudet held in his hands the strings of the secret machinery by which was directed every subsequent conspiracy against that growing incubus which at length overshadowed not France alone, but all Europe. The avowed and ostensible objects of the society had been changed but little: the specious pretext of the new organisation being to realise a type of moral perfection and a grand idea of society and civilisation; but it was so organised as to be ready for action whenever the opportunity might offer.

As soon as the primary organisation was complete, Oudet sent emissaries throughout the country, who established affiliated societies in the departments; but these were composed only of the humbler classes. Thus were formed the Miquelets in the west, the Barbets in the south-east, and the Bandoliers in Switzerland and Savoy. He likewise contrived to introduce Philadelphism into the army; and three regiments of the line—two of light infantry, and one of dragoons—were very soon initiated, and formed into the

affiliated societies of the *Frères Bleus*. The first result of the military affiliations was the conspiracy of Adjutant-General Arena, concerning which Bonaparte never could obtain any certain information; and for obvious reasons: Oudet was the centre of many circles, and these, though links of one chain, exhibited no apparent connection. Without him, none of the links were perfect; so that all the efforts of the astute and indefatigable Fouché could never discover more than a few trifling ramifications. Suspicions, however, were excited; and Bonaparte, alarmed by the very vagueness of the danger which threatened him, dismissed two generals and some other superior officers; and Oudet was sent to join his regiment, then in garrison at St Martin in the Isle of Rhé. He was received with a burst of enthusiasm, which excited renewed distrust, but led to no discovery; and this first reverse increased the importance of the Philadelphic Society without compromising any of its interests.

Among the arrested Philadelphians was a Captain Morgan, against whom the only evidence was that of a man not belonging to the society, who asserted that he had seen among the jewels of the accused some of a remarkable form. These were seized, and it was contended that they were the signs of some secret confederacy. Morgan was subjected to a rigorous confinement, closely interrogated, and threatened with perpetual imprisonment unless he made the fullest disclosures. He refused to give any explanation, and was found dead in his dungeon, having, as is supposed, committed suicide: his breast was bare, and on it was tattooed the same figure as that displayed on the jewels which had led to his arrest. This emblem afterwards became that of the Legion of Honour, the head and device alone being changed; and thus the symbol of a secret society became that of a national institution. 'My brothers,' said Oudet, when he heard of the circumstance, 'who could have anticipated such a result? Bonaparte is our accomplice; and it is the Legion of Honour that will destroy the tyrant.' Still suspicious of Oudet, the Consul shortly afterwards deprived him of his rank, and banished him to Menale—a small village in the Jura Alps near his birthplace—with strict injunctions not to quit it.

Among the general officers who were affiliated to the Philadelphic Society, in addition to Mallet, were Moreau, Lahory, and Pichegru, the last having recently succeeded in effecting his escape from Sinnimari in Guiana, to which place he had been banished for participation in a former conspiracy. From among these Oudet chose Moreau to succeed him as chief of the order, unfolding to him all the ramifications of his policy. Georges Cadoudal and Lajolais were also in the first class of the Philadelphians, and a new conspiracy was entered into against the Consul. The motives which induced Moreau to engage in this affair were not sufficiently known by his cotemporaries themselves to inspire a hope that the complete details will ever become matter of authentic history. That the hero of Hohenlinden, one of the most prominent instruments by which the Revolution had been upheld against the antagonism of the crowned heads of Europe, should at this moment have become a pure monarchist, prepared to use all the influence of his military renown and moral credit to effect a counter-revolution, is scarcely credible. It is more probable that, seeing the Republic about to become extinct, without any hope of a speedy

resuscitation, and dreading the consequences to France and to the liberties of Europe of military dominance in the person of one so ambitious and so unscrupulous as Bonaparte, he wished to establish a constitutional monarchy upon the basis of a national compact with the Bourbons. A numerous party in the senate had privately offered him the dictatorship; a large portion of the army would have hailed the event with acclamation, and he possessed the confidence of four thousand officers, members of the Philadelphic Society. It is undeniable, therefore, that he held at his command all the elements of a counter-revolution; but he was unwilling to hazard so important an enterprise without being assured of the concurrence of the Bourbon princes, and obtaining from them guarantees for the establishment of liberal institutions.

Pichegru was at this time in England, where he had been in close communication with the brothers of Louis XVI.; and from his former connection with Moreau in the Army of the Rhine, he sought an interview with that general, who was on bad terms with Bonaparte and his government. Moreau met him more than once; but his prudence and his moderate principles alike revolted from the idea of restoring the Bourbons unconditionally, as was proposed by Pichegru. Neither was the scheme of the latter practicable, since the number of pure Royalists of the *ancien régime* was very inconsiderable; and Cadoudal, so prominent in this affair, had no other weight than what was derived from his personal courage and unqualified loyalty to the Bourbon cause. He had no national, or even Parisian reputation; and he felt that he was only countenanced because he might be made useful. Moreau felt embarrassed by the connection with the Chouans; and despite his prudence and consummate sagacity, his cool and profound combinations were rashly and prematurely pushed forward by Lajolais and his associates, among whom were two of the Polignacs. He was frequently and impatiently urged to seize Bonaparte dead or alive; but he constantly refused, deeming the time not yet favourable for the execution of so bold a design. Moreau could not enforce upon Pichegru and Cadoudal the obedience due to him as the Philadelphic chief; and as he persisted in refusing to participate in any movement against the Consular government, without a guarantee for a constitutional basis of that of the Bourbons, his associates virtually deposed him from the chieftainship.

The conspiracy was now directed by Pichegru and Cadoudal; and the assassination of Bonaparte having been determined upon, about fifty Chouans were secretly introduced into Paris to execute the crime. The plan proposed was to attack the Consul on his way to Malmaison or St Cloud, overthrow his guards, and slay him—the preliminary skirmish being supposed to give to the affair the colour of a regular conflict. The existence of some such conspiracy as this had been suspected since the affair of Arena, and the police had been on the alert; but as yet they were unaware of its magnitude, and had discovered nothing to implicate any person of distinction. A clue was at length obtained to the whole affair; and in February 1804 the police succeeded in arresting Moreau, Pichegru, Cadoudal, the Polignacs, and more than seventy others. These arrests took place three months after the banishment of Oudet to Menale; and as the ramifications of the conspiracy remained unknown, and no connection was suspected between Oudet and Moreau, it was at this moment that Bonaparte

chose to put a period to the banishment of the former, and gave him the commission of major. He arrived in Paris just after the arrest of the conspirators, resumed his original functions as chief of the Philadelphians, and proceeded immediately to concert a plan for the liberation of Moreau, in the event of his being capitally convicted. The First Consul knew Oudet to be his enemy, but he knew him to have formerly been a decided republican; and deeming rightly that he would not engage in any scheme for the unconditional restoration of the Bourbons, he never suspected for a moment his complicity in the plot of Pichegru and Cadoudal. He was thus enabled to rally around him a great number of Philadelphians, chiefly officers in Paris on furlough, with the design of rescuing Moreau in the event of his condemnation to death. It is this conspiracy which is alluded to by M. Beauchamp, who was unacquainted with the entire facts, in his 'Private Life of Moreau.' 'The disgraceful victory,' says he, 'which Bonaparte gained over an enchained enemy, nearly caused his own ruin. During the trial of Moreau, there was a conspiracy formed to liberate him by force, had he been condemned to death. The authors of this scheme were for the most part officers on furlough from the army. The police, apprised of the fact, had surrounded the Palace of Justice with troops and cannon. It seems certain that this military conspiracy was anterior to the pretended conspiracy of Moreau; and, moreover, that it was not the hesitation of Moreau which caused the failure of the conspiracy of Pichegru, but the rash precipitancy of Pichegru which defeated the real plans of Moreau.'

The arrested conspirators were brought to trial before the chief criminal court of the department of the Seine. The association of names included in the indictment was singular. Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland—Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden—Pougnac, an ex-noble of the old régime—Cadoudal, the chief of the brigands of La Vendée! The trial, which lasted fourteen days, created a most extraordinary sensation not only in Paris, but throughout France; and the excitement was increased by the startling fact of Pichegru being found one morning strangled in his cell—whether a suicide, or the victim of assassination, is still involved in mystery and doubt. A verdict of guilty was returned against all the prisoners, but the sentences were for some time deferred. Vague rumours of plots, inflammatory placards posted up in Paris, anonymous letters of a menacing character, and so numerous as to alarm the government, excited the most vivid fears in the mind of Bonaparte that if Moreau was sentenced to death, his condemnation would be followed by some serious outbreak. The government had failed to penetrate the secret of Philadelpy, and to discover all the hidden ramifications of the plot, and the First Consul felt that he might be standing on the brink of a volcano. He wished, yet feared to remove Moreau from the path of his ambition, and in his perplexity he sought the counsel of Murat. Fearing that the condemnation of Moreau to death would occasion an outbreak which might be with difficulty repressed, and only at the cost of a terrible slaughter, and that the memory of his fate would tend to keep up a dangerous spirit of insubordination in the army, Murat proposed to spare the general's life, but to reduce him to insignificance by the very leniency of his treatment. The First Consul was pleased with this suggestion, and acted upon it: Moreau was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and subsequently retired to America, after disposing

of all his property in France. Polignac and his aristocratic associates were likewise spared, because their families had recovered some of their former influence in France, and Bonaparte had no desire to irritate them at a moment when he required their countenance to his contemplated assumption of the imperial dignity. He would even have spared the life of Cadoudal, whose indomitable courage inspired him with involuntary admiration; and he despatched a confidential agent to the prison in which the Chouans were confined, on the night which preceded their execution, to offer them their lives on certain conditions. The officer found the condemned at prayers; and addressing Cadoudal, told him that he came, in the name of the First Consul, to offer him a commission in the army—adding that the lives of his companions would likewise be spared, provided they earned such clemency by an unreserved renunciation of the hopeless cause of the Bourbons. ‘That does not concern me alone,’ returned the Chouan chief; ‘permit me to communicate your proposals to my comrades, that I may hear their opinions.’ He then repeated Bonaparte’s message, and paused for their reply. One of them, Burban, rose up immediately, and shouted *Vive le roi!* The rest of the prisoners echoed the cry with one voice. ‘You see,’ observed Cadoudal, turning to the officer, ‘we have only one thought and one cry—*Vive le roi!* Have the goodness to report faithfully what you have heard.’ The officer sighed, and left the cell; and on the following morning the brave Cadoudal and his associates were executed on the Place de Grève.

Oudet remained the directing chief of the Philadelphic Society, and though personally absent on a mission to the south of France, his mind was present in all the councils of the secret fraternity. Still resolved upon carrying out his original aim, he now devised a union of the Royalists and Republicans, and the Philadelphic Society eventually merged in that of the Olympians, the members of which held the same principles and pursued the same objects. Several diplomatic agents of the British court—particularly Mr Drake, the British envoy at Munich—were strenuously labouring at this time to excite a royalist outbreak in France; and the treasonable correspondence which rose out of these intrigues was at length detected by Fouché, who was still engaged in endeavouring to unravel all the mysteries of the secret societies, from which had sprung the late military conspiracies—the Philadelphians and the Olympians. The latter, like the former, consisted chiefly of officers of the army; and the transition from Philadelphism to Olympianism was made on account of the discoveries by the police in connection with the former system. Fouché had no sooner detected the correspondence with Drake, than he set a snare to entrap the British envoy, whom he actually decoyed into a direct correspondence with a secret agent of the police. The letters were dictated by Bonaparte himself in his own cabinet, and the simple envoy replied to them in the full conviction of their authenticity. A passage occurs in one of these letters which, though not express or positive, clearly shows, by way of inference, that Oudet was the person alluded to:—‘The chief of whom you desire particulars,’ says the writer, ‘is a man twenty-eight years of age, of a remarkable and distinguished figure. His bravery exceeds all praise; he speaks with grace, and writes with talent. The Republicans have such entire confidence in

him, that they see, without the least inquietude, his familiar visits to the First Consul when he leaves the army to come to Paris, and pay his court to the ladies who grace the saloons of the Consular palace. If you desire my personal opinion of him, it is this: his ambition is unbounded, and he plays with both Republicans and Royalists, using both to gain his own ends. I flatter myself with having gained his confidence. The First Consul does all he can to conciliate him; but there is only one mode of success—to yield up his own place in his favour.'

The Marquis of Jouffroy acted as the agent of the Bourbon princes in negotiating with the secret societies, and through them with the Republicans. Lieutenant-Colonel Pyrault was to be the commander-in-chief of the military force by which their schemes were to be carried into execution. It was ascertained at this time that Bonaparte was about to undertake a journey through the forests and mountains of the Jura, with an escort of only one hundred guards; and it was resolved to waylay and capture him, if he were not slain in the skirmish. A provisional government was then to be established, and negotiations opened with the Bourbons; the condition of whose restoration to the throne was to be made the establishment of a constitutional government similar to that of England. The daring scheme was frustrated; and by the treachery of an officer of the army, instructed by Fouché for the purpose, so many of the secrets of the Olympic Society became known to the police, that its plans were rendered abortive, though the entire organisation of the secret societies of this period was never fully discovered. The British envoy at Munich having at the same time completely compromised both himself and his government, all his correspondence with the secret agent of the French police was published by order of Bonaparte, who thus sought to overwhelm his enemies with confusion, and at the same time justify his seizure and execution of the Duke d'Enghien. The elevation of the Consul to the imperial dignity followed immediately afterwards, and all the hopes of both Royalists and Republicans were for the present extinguished.

In a few years continental Europe was prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, and kings and emperors were themselves made to feel how galling were the fetters of despotism. Then the Prussian monarch, smarting under the humiliation imposed on him by the Gallic conqueror, and seeing that Germans would not fight for a mere choice of despots, bethought him of the expedient of making the war a struggle for liberties which could not be enjoyed under the yoke of Napoleon. The war was no longer waged for legitimacy and absolutism, but for the liberty and independence of all peoples. Vague hints at representative government and a free press were judiciously thrown out, and the low murmur of smothered patriotism immediately arose from the Rhine to the Elbe. The youth of Germany burned with patriotic ardour to earn liberal institutions for their country by the expulsion of the French. It was a dream which their rulers never intended to realise; but it served the exigency of the period. All Germany was speedily in a ferment of patriotic excitement, and it was solely because a new soul had been infused into her people that the campaign of 1813 differed so remarkably from those of 1806 and 1809. Napoleon

might shoot a Palm, and threaten a Hatzfeld with the same fate; but he could not prevent the formation of secret societies, by which a nation was quietly and mysteriously prepared for the struggle, awaiting the signal of their chiefs to start up into an armed host.

The Tugendbund, or 'League of Virtue,' which at this time had its affiliated societies throughout Germany, was founded by the Prussian minister Stein. Napoleon, finding that Stein had committed himself in a letter, demanded his dismissal, and Frederick was fain to comply with the requisition. Hardenburg, who succeeded in the ministry, had been initiated into the Tugendbund, and under his auspices it continued to spread and flourish, until it numbered among its members princes, statesmen, generals, authors, and students. Among the more prominent initiations in the earlier stages of the League's existence were those of Arndt the popular author, and Jahn, a professor of the Berlin Gymnasium, both of whom afterwards served in Lützow's volunteer corps, which formed part of the army of General Walmoden throughout the campaign of 1813. When the war of liberation finally broke out, the Tugendbund had served its purpose as a secret society, and its members hastened to enrol themselves in the volunteer corps just referred to. It was formed and commanded by Major Lützow, with the view of acting as a guerilla force in the rear of the retreating French after Blucher's victory of the Katzbach, and rousing the whole population in the name of liberty and independence. Von Ense is of opinion that there were too many men fit to be officers in this legion, and that with a less proportion of princes, philosophers, and poets it would have done more real service. 'But with the utmost truth may we say,' says Richter, 'that in Lützow's volunteer corps lived the *idea* of the war. The universal enthusiasm elevated itself here to a noble self-consciousness. In the other corps, this and that individual might attain the same high intellectual position that was the property here of the whole body; every soldier entered with full sympathy into the dignity of his personal mission, and fought from a clear conviction, not from a blind impulse. . . . These men were all penetrated by the conviction that, in the nature of things, no power merely military, no cunning of the most refined despotism, can in the long-run triumph over native freedom of thought and tried force of will. These men looked upon themselves as chosen instruments in the hand of the divine Nemesis, and bound themselves by a solemn oath to do or to die. These men were virtually free while Germany yet lay in chains; and for them the name of Free Corps had a deeper significance than that of volunteer soldiers. Here the deed of the individual was heralded by the thought that measured inwardly, and rejoiced in the perception of its capability.' The prince, the philosopher, the hard served under Lützow, as volunteers, in the humblest capacity. The Prince of Karolath, Steffen, Jahn, Theodore Körner, and many other consecrated names, belonged to this noble body.

Körner, the author of the patriotic lyrics, 'Lützow's Wild Chase,' 'Battle Prayer,' and 'Sword Song,' fell by the rifle of a French sharpshooter in a foraging affray; and many of the 'lyre-and-sword' heroes of the war of liberation—they whose patriotic effusions were the spells which raised Germany from the slough of degradation into which Napoleon had plunged her—found themselves subsequently immured in the dungeons of

Spandau as revolutionists and traitors. The object of their rulers was gained, and the warrior-bards of 1813, the chiefs of the Tugendbund, being no longer necessary, were regarded as obstacles to the restoration of order and the old régime.

Freemasonry, as it was the parent of Illuminatism, seems also to have lent the aid of its organisation, its symbolic ceremonies, and its mystic nomenclature, to Carbonarism, though the origin of this system is involved in mystery and doubt. The Carbonari of Naples had a tradition that it originated in Germany in the middle ages, and afterwards spread over the Netherlands and France; the Abbé Barruel states that it was established in France in the reign of Francis I.; and a French work, attributed to M. Charles Nodier, asserts that the secret association of the Charbonniers had existed for ages in the Jura. Be this as it may, it is certain that the order acted no conspicuous part in public affairs until the commencement of the present century. The Freemasons were established in Italy among all ranks, and the Illuminists had reckoned among their initiated some of the Knights of Malta, including Dolomieu. Lady Morgan states, in opposition to the various opinions just noticed, that the Carbonari were at first a private association, formed for the cultivation of political science on the principles of constitutional liberty. 'In its original formation,' she says, 'there were no mysteries to conceal, no forms to celebrate, no dogma, no secret.' The league was that of intellect, of spirits ardent in the cause of liberty and of truth; and, like the League of Lombardy, it soon embraced all that desired or deserved to be free. She acknowledges, however, that it is very difficult to arrive at the truth with regard to the order; and indeed the Carbonari themselves knew not the precise means by which they were restored or reorganised—some attributing the work to a Neapolitan officer who had been some time in Spain, and others maintaining that the system was introduced at Capua in 1810 by a French officer. Nothing authentic in connection with the Carbonari, however, can be discovered until a period of five years later than the date just mentioned, when the affiliated lodges of the order began to be established in the Neapolitan and Roman States by Maghella. This individual was a native of Genoa, and had been minister of police in the Ligurian republic; becoming subsequently acquainted with Murat, he obtained, on the elevation of that personage to the throne of Naples, the appointment of director-general of the police, and a seat in the council of state. Having urged Murat to declare against Napoleon, and proclaim the independence of Italy, the Emperor claimed Maghella as a Genoese, and consequently a subject of France, and he was arrested and sent to Paris. He effected his escape from confinement in a daring and romantic manner, returned to Naples, prevailed upon Murat to declare against the French Emperor, and immediately began to organise the Carbonari as a means of effecting the complete independence of Italy.

From the character of Murat, which must have been well known to Maghella, it is probable that he was only regarded as an instrument, which a successful revolution would enable the conspirators to set aside. Maghella began by proposing a constitution for Naples, by which the power of Murat would be limited, and an inducement held out to the other Italian states to join the contemplated movement. The nobility and higher classes of

Naples generally favoured his endeavours, and the names of the first families in the kingdom were among the signatures to the address soliciting from Murat the oft-promised constitution. They saw their ancient privileges disappearing, and their feudal revenues diminishing, and they hoped, by means of a parliament, to transfer authority from the king to their own order. The army saw with jealousy and indignation French officers of all ranks employed in great numbers, and often in preference to their own countrymen, and hence were induced to make common cause with the nobility. The inferior gentry of the provinces, and the rural classes, particularly in Calabria and the Abruzzi, were indifferent or hostile to the constitution; and it was to remove their prejudices against innovations, and to gain the entire people by degrees to his cause, that Maghella resolved to introduce among them the system of Carbonarism. While Murat was amused with the idea of becoming the sovereign head of the Italian league, the aristocracy supported the constitutional project for the selfish purposes just alluded to, and was joined by the army; and the middle and lower classes had their patriotism, their devotion, and their pecuniary interest by turns appealed to, as the Carbonaro leaders depicted the future glories of Italian unity and independence, upheld the imitation of Jesus as the religious object of the order, and represented a large diminution of taxation as the inevitable result of the political changes which they were labouring to bring about.

The grand lodge of the Carbonari was composed of honorary members, and of deputies from the provincial lodges, and was formed in the city of Naples, where it was intended to be permanently established, as affording the most effectual means of concealment. It was the business of the grand lodge to grant dispensations, or charters of organisation, to new lodges, to make new laws and regulations, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. It was also a court of appeal in all cases of dispute between lodges or members, and formed for some time the centre from which all the revolutionary movements of Southern Italy radiated. Allusion has already been made to the political aspect of Freemasonry upon the continent; and we find that from the first establishment of the Carbonaro lodges, all Freemasons were admitted into them simply by ballot, and without undergoing the initiation and probation to which ordinary candidates were subjected. The order was professedly founded on principles of religion and virtue; and, as among the Freemasons, Odd-Fellows, Foresters, and other secret benefit societies, all conversation upon theological topics, or contrary to morality, was strictly prohibited in their lodges. The uninitiated were called Pagans, the initiated Good Cousins; and these were divided into classes—Apprentices and Masters. The former consisted of the newly-initiated members, who, at the expiration of six months, were admitted to the higher grade. All the members were required to preserve inviolable secrecy concerning the mysteries of the order and the business transacted in their lodges, which latter those of one lodge were even forbidden to communicate to those of another.

The lodge was as rude and plain in appearance as the meeting-room of the Jacobins of Paris. The grand-master sat at the centre of the upper end, with a large block of wood before him to serve as a table, an axe in his hand, and before him a crucifix. On his right and left, behind similar

blocks, were seated the secretary and orator. The Masters were ranged on benches on the left of the grand-master, and the Apprentices on the right; and at the lower end of the room were seated a master of the ceremonies and two assistants, the latter having blocks of wood before them, and being provided with axes. The axes were used to strike upon the blocks to command silence, and to make other signals. The various articles used in the ceremony of initiation lay on the block of the grand-master, and five transparent triangles were suspended from the ceiling: that over the grand-master's block contained the initials of the passwords of the second rank, that on the left various Carbonaro symbols, and the three on the right the initials of the sacred words of the first rank. The candidate for initiation was brought in blindfolded; and when the secretary had taken down his name, profession, and residence, he was questioned by the grand-master concerning sincerity, contempt of danger, morality, and benevolence. He was then led out, and made to pass through certain symbolical ceremonies of moral application, after which he was again led into the lodge, and made to kneel on a white cloth before the grand-master, in which position, and amid solemn silence, the oath of secrecy was administered by the grand-master. As he pronounced the final words, 'So help me God,' the grand-master and assistants struck on the blocks with their axes, the bandage was removed from the eyes of the candidate, and he perceived the axes gleaming above his head. 'These axes,' said the grand-master, 'will surely put you to death if you become perjured. On the other hand, they will strike in your defence when you need them, if you remain faithful.' He was then instructed in the secret signs and words of the order; and at the end of six months he underwent a new examination, and was initiated into the Carbonari of the second grade. This second initiation consisted of a dramatic representation of the trial and torments of Jesus: the Apprentice was made to pray, to drain the cup of bitterness, to wear a white robe, to be crowned with thorns, to hold a reed in his hand, and to bear a cross. Then the Good Cousins asked his pardon of the grand-master and his two assistants, who represented Pilate, Caiaphas, and Herod; which being granted, he was made to kneel down on his left knee, with his right hand on the grand-master's axe, and to take the following oath, which is a recapitulation of that of the Apprentices, with additions:—'I promise and swear before the grand-master of the universe, upon my word of honour, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument for the perjured, to keep scrupulously and inviolably the secrets of Carbonarism, and never to talk of those of the Apprentices before the Pagans, nor of those of the Masters before the Apprentices. Also not to initiate any person, nor to establish a lodge, without permission, and in a just and perfect manner; not to write or engrave the secrets; to help, even with my blood, if necessary, the Good Cousins Carbonari, and to attempt nothing against the honour of their families. I consent, if I perjure myself, to have my body cut in pieces, then burnt, and the ashes scattered to the wind, that my name may remain in execration with all the Good Cousins Carbonari spread over the face of the earth. So help me God.'

He was then girded with a tri-coloured scarf—black, blue, and red, as symbolical of charcoal, smoke, and fire, and instructed in the signs and words of the second rank. The sign of fellowship was made by pressing

the middle finger upon the right thumb of the member accosted; the sacred words of the first rank were Faith, Hope, Charity; those of the second rank Honour, Virtue, Probity. The first rank had no password; that of the second rank was *ferm*, and the countersign *nettle*.

Two registers were kept by the secretary of the grand lodge, called respectively the Golden Book and the Black Book. In the first were registered all the laws and regulations of the order, the elections of all the officers, the opening of all new lodges, and the minutes of such debates as were of general interest to the society. The Black Book was divided into two parts: in the first were inscribed the names, ages, professions, and residences of all unsuccessful candidates for admission into the order, with the names of the lodges in which they had been proposed, and the number of votes by which they were rejected; the second part contained the names and rank of all members who had been expelled from the society for betraying its secrets. When a Carbonaro was guilty of perjury, his name, written on a slip of paper, was burned in the presence of all the members of his lodge; his memory solemnly devoted to general execration; and notice of his expulsion sent to every lodge, where it was affixed to the wall, after being read by the grand-master to the assembled brethren. Though the Neapolitans are notoriously the most immoral nation of Europe, the penal code of the Carbonari was remarkable for its austere severity: habitual association with vicious characters was punished by suspension for a period of from two months to one year; and the same punishment was awarded to gambling, drunkenness, abandonment of families, and general dissoluteness of morals. Any attempt upon the honour of female members of Carbonaro families was punished by expulsion; the seduction of female servants of Carbonari, by suspension for a term of from one year to three years; and adultery, by suspension for a period of from two to six years. No other society with members so widely distributed ever sought to detach them from the state by means of a code of laws so distinct in its form, and so much at variance with those of the nation. Its members were forbidden to refer cases of litigation to the ordinary judges, until they had been brought before the Council of Appeal of the grand lodges, and reason given for permitting a further investigation in a Pagan court.

Admission to the first rank of Carbonarism was easily obtained; and whoever objected to being initiated in a full lodge, was allowed to go through the ceremony before three grand-masters in private. As nothing was trusted to the Apprentices, nothing was risked by multiplying them. The main object was to secure a numerous and organised body of men, ready to obey the commands of invisible superiors, and enter, at a word, upon any desperate undertaking. The inferior clergy were enrolled in great numbers; a proof that the Roman hierarchy has for the last half century been endangered by its own members. Actuated by the same feelings and opinions as many of the same order in France at the present day, they promulgated, by every means in their power, the principles which Carbonarism was instituted to uphold and advance, and openly took part in the subsequent disturbances at Benevento, at Nola, at Salerno, at Palermo, and at Girgenti. The affiliations, indeed, increased among all classes with astonishing rapidity: in a few months from the opening of

the grand lodge, the Carbonari numbered from 25,000 to 30,000. In some of the towns of Calabria and the Abruzzi the entire adult male population was initiated. Lanciano, for example, though an inconsiderable place, contained 1200 Carbonari so early as 1814.

In the lodges of the Carbonari absolute equality was observed; social distinctions were set aside; and the rich and the poor, the noble and the artisan, sat together on the same bench. So far was this carried, that an assassin, condemned to the chain, was permitted to take his place in the lodge of the Castle of St Elmo at Naples, where he was confined with other galley-slaves; and the commandant of the fort, himself a Carbonaro, did not dare to exclude him, but was obliged to sit by his side. 'Carbonarism,' says an initiatory discourse found upon one of the conspirators of Macerata in 1817, 'presents itself without mystery to those who know how to understand it: it receives them into its bosom, and elevates them to the contemplation of nature, to the love of man collectively, to the hatred of oppression and despotism, to the knowledge of good and of all that is useful to society, and confirms the general system of truth and justice. Carbonarism teaches in its lodges the true end of existence, and gives rules of conduct for social life. It points out the means for diffusing the light of truth, and for disseminating the principles of philosophy and equality. It is to the sacred rights of equality that the Good Cousin must especially attach himself.'

The feeling of devotional ardour diffused among the Carbonari, and the circulation of a document professing to be a bull of Pius VII., encouraging them, induced a belief that they were protected by that pontiff; and so convinced was Murat of the truth of this report, that one of his first requests, when he met the pope at Bologna, was, that he would recall the obnoxious bull. Pius assured him that the document was a forgery; and no sooner had he returned to Rome, than he fulminated an edict against secret societies, in which category the Freemasons were included. About this time the project of establishing a counterpoise to the Carbonari was conceived by Cardinal Ruffo, who obtained a list of the brigands who had been concerned in the sanguinary scenes of 1799, and formed them into the Secret Association of the Holy Faith. Its members swore to obey his orders, to defend the Catholic faith, and to use every means to exterminate all Jansenists, Molinists, Economists, Illuminists, Freemasons, and Carbonari. The last-mentioned continued to increase; and an implacable hatred arose between the rival orders. Disturbances ensued, and the public tranquillity was often endangered by the tumults arising out of their relentless hostility to each other. It was clearly the policy of Murat to support the Carbonari; but he knew that his throne was being sapped by both societies, and he instituted judicial proceedings against them, which resulted in the execution of several persons. The Carbonari saw that his power was tottering; they read his doom in the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna, and prepared for triumph and revenge. By exciting insubordination in the army, whole battalions were induced to desert; and his precipitate retreat after the battle of Tolentino was a necessity brought about by their machinations. Conceiving that they held the game in their own hands, the Carbonari sent deputies into Sicily to offer the kingdom gratuitously to the deposed Ferdinand. The Chevalier de Medici treated

with them; they demanded the establishment of a constitution, and a formal recognition of their society. These terms were refused; and the Carbonari saw that they had no more to hope for from Ferdinand than from Murat. The successes of the Austrians under Bianchi in 1815 put an end for the time to the intrigues of Maghella and his associates, and the former was arrested, and confined in a fortress in Hungary. After some time, he was given up to the king of Sardinia, by whom he was again imprisoned twelve months in the fortress of Fenestrelles.

The return of Ferdinand to Naples was followed by frightful massacres and excesses committed by the Santa Fedists, the members of Cardinal Ruffo's secret society of the Holy Faith, upon the Carbonari and their families. The Prince of Canosa, minister of police, secretly encouraged the Santa Fedists, and distributed among them 20,000 muskets, procured from the government arsenals, or purchased for the purpose. Two of his colleagues in the administration, disgusted and horrified by the outrages perpetrated by the Santa Fedists, urged their suppression; but Canosa openly avowed the policy of protecting and favouring them, as a means of exterminating the Carbonari. The latter took additional precautions for their safety, drew the bands of their union closer, and renewed their oaths of mutual assistance and defence. The terror inspired by the Santa Fedists, the dread of a terrible retaliation by the Carbonari, and the representations of some of his ministers, at length induced the king to deprive Canosa of his office, and banish him from his dominions. He left Naples in June 1816; and the king about the same time gave General Nunziante, the military commandant of Calabria, a secret commission to collect information respecting the numbers and organisation of the Carbonari, with a view to their suppression. The general succeeded in corrupting a member of the order; but shortly afterwards the body of the man was found pierced with numerous wounds, and with a paper affixed to it addressed to the general, exhorting him to relinquish the undertaking, unless he wished to share the fate of the perjurer and traitor. Nunziante accordingly sent information to Naples that the means at his disposal were wholly inadequate to suppress the Carbonari, whose number in Calabria alone he estimated at 50,000 or 60,000.

The Carbonari do not appear to have extended their lodges beyond Italy until 1821; but the restoration of the Bourbons in France, and of absolutism in Germany, was naturally followed by the formation of similar societies in those countries. In 1816, a secret society, called the Associated Patriots, was formed in France by one Pleignier, a currier, and Carbonneau, an engraver. The central society was seated at Paris, but it had affiliations at Amiens, Lyons, Nismes, and Grenoble. It embraced numerous members in a higher rank of life than its founders, chiefly military officers and civil functionaries displaced by the Restoration. They distributed a great number of inflammatory circulars; and availing themselves of the wide-spread discontent engendered by recent events, they excited disturbances at Lyons and Tarrascon, and kept Nismes in a state of continual agitation and tumult. The unemployed workmen of Paris and Lyons, and the disbanded soldiers of the army of Napoleon, were the sources from which they drew the mass of the members. At length it was resolved, by a simultaneous rising in Grenoble and Paris, to capture the Duchess of

Berri on her way to the capital—to seize or destroy the whole of the royal family—and set up a provisional government, preparatory to the establishment of a republic. The plan of operations was, to enter the Tuileries during the night by a subterranean passage worked from a sewer; and as Paris was very slenderly garrisoned at the time, and principally by British regiments, the daring project might have been attended with success; but one of the initiated betrayed the conspiracy to the police, and thus frustrated it. Numerous arrests were made; and the prisoners being consigned to the rigorous justice of the arbitrary provostal courts, most of them were capitally condemned and executed. In the communes around Grenoble, however, an actual insurrection took place, large bodies of peasantry suddenly rising in arms, and marching upon the town, under the command of one Didier, a gray-headed veteran of sixty-four. General Donnadieu, the military commandant of Grenoble, though the force at his disposal was small, succeeded in repulsing the insurgents; and pursuing them with merciless rigour, massacred more than a hundred of them, and took a great many prisoners. Didier escaped for the moment into Savoy; but being delivered up by the Sardinian authorities, he was publicly executed, together with twenty-one of his fellow-insurgents.

In 1817 the Carbonari again began to excite the apprehensions of the Neapolitan government by an extensive distribution of printed papers, in which they demanded a constitution from the king, and excited the people to withhold payment of all taxes in the event of his refusal. The commissioner Intonti was despatched by the government to Foggia, the chief town of the Capitanata, in which province the Carbonari were most active, though their manifestoes had been largely circulated through the adjoining districts of Lecce, Bari, and Avellino. He was intrusted with unlimited authority to suppress the Carbonari, even to the extent of executing suspected persons without trial; but he preferred milder and more moderate means, and did not even acquaint the local authorities with the nature of his commission. He had been an attorney at Foggia, and was acquainted with many of the Carbonaro leaders in that district. These he summoned to his presence, and represented to them that it was impossible for the king to yield to their demand for a constitution, as neither the Emperor of Austria, whose troops were still on the frontiers, nor the other allied powers of the north, would consent to such a measure. Through his persuasive measures tranquillity was preserved, and the operations of the Carbonari in the kingdom of Naples were for some time suspended.

In Calabria and the Abruzzi, however, three new associations of a secret nature had sprung from Carbonarism—namely, the Philadelphians, the Reformed European Patriots, and the Decided. The lodges of the first-named society were called *camps*, and consisted of 300 or 400 members each; those of the Patriots were called *squadrons*, each containing from forty to sixty members. The organisation of both these societies was military. There were in 1817 no less than 117 camps and squadrons in the province of Lecce alone, and they began at that time to organise a corps of cavalry. Their sittings were at first held by night, and their lodges carefully guarded by sentinels. Their military exercises took place in solitary houses, or in suppressed and deserted monasteries; but growing bolder by degrees, they were soon seen performing their evolutions by day,

and in the open air. Many of them had firearms, and all of them had poniards. The seal used by these two societies, and found impressed on their dispensations and certificates, bore the figure of Liberty holding the Phrygian cap on a pike, and leaning upon the Roman fasces and axe. A similar seal, with the addition of a serpent, which the goddess tramples upon, was used by the Carbonari, and the device of the fasces and axe often appears in their dispensations and other papers. The Reformed European Patriots had also a second seal, with the device of the sun enclosed within two triangles. The Decided were less numerous, but surrounded with every circumstance which could invest them with terror. It embraced the fanatics of the movement party; men expelled from the Carbonari for their offences; those whom political enthusiasts had hurried into crime; and those who were pursued with unrelenting rigour by the government, and could find safety only in joining themselves to others of equally desperate fortunes. The symbols of lightning darting from a cloud and striking crowns and mitres—the fasces and the Phrygian cap planted upon a skull between two axes—the skulls and cross-bones, with the words *Sadness, Death, Terror, and Mourning*—sufficiently characterise this terrible association. Its members mostly maintained themselves by plundering the houses of those obnoxious to them, and the torch and dagger were among the means by which they revenged themselves upon their enemies. Among their officers was a registrar of the dead; and a register was actually kept of the names and condition of the victims whom they immolated.

Ciro Annichiarico, a Calabrian priest, who had been condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment for murder, but had escaped from prison after undergoing four years' confinement, was a member of both the Decided and the Reformed European Patriots. Many priests, indeed, belonged to these societies, and also to the Philadelphians. Encouraged by the weakness of the government and the apathy of the local authorities, these three societies began to send forth bands of resolute men to wreak their vengeance upon their enemies, and plunder their houses. Some of the less wealthy proprietors, and even of the inferior nobility, joined them, partly to preserve their property, partly from a spirit of opposition to the government. The superior nobility and the opulent proprietors were regarded by the government with distrust; and General Pastore, commandant of Calabria, and the Marquis of Predicattella, intendant of Lecce, could find no better means of repressing disorder than by imitating the examples of Cardinal Ruffo and the Prince of Canosa, which only aggravated the evil. The number of the Decided, the Patriots, and the Philadelphians, reached its greatest height at the beginning of 1818, when they were estimated at 20,000. Assassination had become a crime of frequent occurrence, and robberies were daily committed by armed bands of the Decided. Among others a magistrate and his wife were killed in their own garden at Luogo Rotondo; and an old man, his wife, and their servant, were murdered at Francavilla by one Perrone. The government could depend upon neither the army nor the militia, in both which bodies, even in the crown battalion of reserve, these societies had many members; but the evil increased to such an extent, that it became imperatively necessary to do something, and in its perplexity and consternation it superseded Pastore and Predicattella, and replaced the former by General Church. A foreign legion was raised by the new com-

mandant, composed principally of Germans, Swiss, and Albanians, and with these he commenced vigorous operations against the secret societies. The Dukes of Cesareo and Monte Jasi, with some of the wealthy proprietors, gave him their ready and zealous co-operation; but the bulk of the population either regarded his efforts with indifference, or secretly aided Annichiarico and his armed bands.

General Church divided his legion into movable columns, which scoured the country in all directions, gradually narrowing the circle of their operations until the brigand bands of the secret societies were hemmed in about and within the towns of Grottaglia, Santo Marzano, and Francavilla. Annichiarico attempted to escape from the country; but being foiled in an attempt to embark at Brindisi, he resolved to strike a desperate blow: he attacked a detachment of the foreign legion at Santo Marzano, but was repulsed, and compelled to fly. Taking up a strong position near that place, he twice repulsed the troops of Captain Montorj, but was at last put to flight, and five of his band being made prisoners, were executed at Francavilla. The black flag of the insurgents also fell into the hands of the legions, and was presented to the king. At Francavilla a general tumult broke out, but was suppressed by Major Bianchi; and at Santo Marzano the militia refused to aid General Church until he threatened to pillage the town. Hunted from place to place, Ciro Annichiarico at last took refuge, with a few comrades, in a farm-house ten miles from Francavilla, and after a desperate and protracted resistance, surrendered to Major Bianchi. He was executed at Francavilla in the presence of all the inhabitants, who preserved a gloomy silence, and evidently sympathised with the condemned. Ten more of the Decided were executed at the same place on the following day; and the military tribunal instituted by General Church afterwards tried 227 persons, nearly half of whom, being convicted of murder or robbery with violence, were executed, and their severed heads set up before the churches.

In the autumn of 1816 the Carbonari had begun to extend their lodges into the Papal States, where the secret association of the Guelphs was already in existence. The central council of the Guelphs sat at Bologna, and between its members and those of the Carbonaro lodge of Fermo a plan was laid down for the union of all the secret societies in the Roman territories, and the formation of new lodges. A system of secret correspondence was invented, by the substitution of certain mystical words for others of real meaning, by means of which the orders of the central council at Bologna were communicated to the Carbonaro and Guelphic lodges. Guelphic councils were established at Fermo, Macerata, and Ancona, and to these the Carbonari were admitted without initiation, as the Freemasons had formerly been to the lodges of the Carbonari. The Papal dominions were divided into three divisions, which were subdivided into primary and secondary centres. The divisions were those of Bologna, Forli, and Ancona: the first was a primary centre in itself; the second included the primary centres of Forli, Ravenna, and Ferrara; and the third those of Ancona, Macerata, and Fermo. Each secret society observed its own constitution, and had its own peculiar organisation. Each lodge or council was required to send to the central council at Bologna a monthly statement of its members, their names, ages, and

condition. The grand lodge of the Roman Carbonari was established at Ancona, and by it secret passports were issued, by which they might obtain hospitality at the houses of the members they passed in travelling. In the initiation of members the Roman Carbonari substituted daggers for axes, and they adopted for the device on their seal a hand grasping a dagger. Though mostly of a higher rank than their Neapolitan brethren, they seem to have been actuated by the same vindictive spirit with the Decided; and Brigadier Pastori, after repeated threats, and a narrow escape from a pistol-shot, was poisoned, as supposed, by them; besides which, several individuals were attacked at night by persons unknown and masked, and wounded with stilettoes.

Early in 1817 the Roman Carbonari and Guelphs began plotting an insurrection in the Papal States, the pope being at the time dangerously ill. The plan of organisation for this revolt was drawn up by Monti, grand-master of the Carbonaro lodge at Ferrara, and was approved by the central council of the Guelphs at Bologna. In the correspondence between Monti and Count Fattiboni an allusion is made to the 'grand dignitaries' of Milan, so that it is probable that either the Carbonari or Guelphs, or both, had commenced operations in Lombardy also. The lodges of the Roman Carbonari and the councils of the Guelphs now rang with denunciations of the papal authority, with calls to arm, and with threats of death against those who should become perjured. The outbreak was arranged to commence at Macerata, where the Guelphs and Carbonari of the district were to assemble in the night; when the barracks were to have been taken by surprise, the troops who refused to join them were disarmed and confined, the prisons broken open, and all the prisoners able to bear arms made to join them. Four caldrons of flaming pitch on the summit of the tower of Macerata, with rockets discharged from the square, were to have announced to the other towns of the district the success of the enterprise; and signal-fires, on appointed heights, were to have communicated the result to the Guelphic council at Bologna. The peasantry were to have been drawn into the town on the following morning by the tolling of all the bells, and then the establishment of an independent republic was to have been proclaimed, and Count Gallo proposed as consul. The recovery of the pontiff disconcerted the conspirators, and they deferred the execution of their plans; but the plot was not laid aside, and June 24th was finally appointed for the enterprise. A proclamation calling upon the people to take up arms for the recovery of their ancient liberties was extensively circulated, and at midnight the members of the secret societies began to assemble within and without Macerata. The incautious discharge of two muskets at a sentinel near the walls, who observed them, gave the alarm to the authorities, and all the troops turned out under Captain Pesci. The insurgents of Fermo and Ancona not having arrived, those of Macerata thought it advisable to separate, and reserve the execution of the plot for another opportunity. Meanwhile the police lost no time in instituting a rigid inquiry into the events of the night, and some of the conspirators were immediately arrested. From the desire of the papal government to become fully acquainted with the ramifications of the plot, in order to crush future attempts the more easily, the arrest of the principal persons implicated was delayed till the end of November, when they were seized

simultaneously in their respective localities, and confined in the Castle of St Angelo. They were not brought to trial until October 1818, when Count Gallo, the advocate Castellano, a merchant named Papis, a soldier named Carletti, and an ex-gendarme named Riva, were sentenced to death; and Count Fattiboni, a notary named Sampaolesi, and Cottoloni, the Carbonaro secretary at Macerata, were condemned to imprisonment for life. They were likewise condemned to pay the expenses of the judicial proceedings; but Pius VII. commuted the sentence on Gallo, Castellano, Papis, Carletti, and Riva, into one of imprisonment for life in a fortress, and that passed on the other prisoners to confinement for ten years.

It appears from the report of these proceedings, published by order of the Papal government, that all the secret societies of Italy were considered to be derived from Freemasonry. 'We had become fully acquainted,' says the report, 'with the Masonic sect during past calamities, which owe their origin to it. That of the Carbonari was called forth just as these calamities were about to cease, as if to increase and perpetuate them. It had its origin and principal seat at Naples, whence it spread to some provinces of the Papal States; and its inauspicious influence had been particularly felt in the Marches. While, in the midst of general peace, this society was making progress in several cities of Dalmatia, other secret associations, no less audacious, established themselves. The Guelphs extended themselves into Lombardy from the northern provinces of the states of the church; the republican Brother Protectors, of French and Lombard origin, insinuated themselves into some parts of the Marches; the Adelphi lurk in great secrecy throughout Piedmont; and lastly, the Society of the Black Pin has attempted to introduce itself into Italy from France. These different denominations, which succeeded each other, were artfully contrived not only for the purpose of deepening their secrecy, but to enable their chiefs, whenever it suited their purposes, to get rid of such members as change of times or circumstances had rendered obnoxious to suspicion. They also served to inform all the initiated at once of whatever was going on in the way of innovation or reform, and to keep them in constant activity, that they might be ready and ardent to support, on the first opportunity, a political change agreeable to their wishes. In fact the adherence of any individual to one of the secret societies suffices to insure his reception with a corresponding rank into all those that may be formed afterwards, so that one sect is always merging in another while procuring new proselytes. That they are all, however, no other than so many ramifications of Masonry, some of the best-informed sectaries themselves allow; and none of them differ essentially as to the object they have in view—namely, independence, and a constitutional government.'

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Papal and Neapolitan governments to suppress them, the Carbonari continued to maintain their ground in Italy; and in 1819 they extended their system to Spain, and in both peninsulas a general insurrection was planned, to take place simultaneously in the following year. The Tugendbund was revived at the same time in Germany, where numerous affiliated societies were formed to wring from its rulers the constitutions they had promised, but now withheld. The assassinations of Kotzebue and Ibelle, who had lent their services to the cause of despotism, were laid to their charge; and though the assassins denied that they

were connected with the secret societies, and there was no evidence to prove the contrary, the circumstance was eagerly seized by the Austrian and Prussian governments, and made the pretext for a general persecution of all who were known to entertain liberal opinions. The governments of the minor states of Germany were compelled to follow their example; and the most severe and oppressive measures were adopted to suppress the *Tugendbund*, and extinguish the last sparks of German freedom. Similar measures of repression were taken by the Austrian government against the *Guelphs* and *Carbonari* of Lombardy; and among other victims of its tyranny, the poet *Pellico* was arrested at Milan, on the charge of participation in the machinations of the secret societies, and condemned to a long imprisonment in the fortress of *Spielberg*, though his real offence was the editing of '*Il Conciliatore*'—a liberal paper, published at Milan, and which the government suppressed.

The project of a revolution at Naples had been conceived by the *Carbonaro* leaders in 1817, but its execution was deferred through the representations of the commissioner *Intonti*. The plan was arranged by the *Salerno* lodge, and the leading members of that and the grand lodge at Naples held a conference on the subject at *Pompeii*. Circulars were despatched from Naples to all the subordinate lodges in the kingdom; and *Gagliardi*, grand-master of the *Salerno* lodge, went into Calabria to ascertain how far the *Carbonari* of that province were prepared for a rising. Only those of the district of *Principato Citra* were considered sufficiently organised; and it was deemed advisable to defer the enterprise. The initiations continued to multiply, and soon embraced a considerable part of the army; and a constant correspondence was maintained between the grand and provincial lodges, the former having been transferred to *Salerno*. In March 1820 the example of Spain raised the enthusiasm of the *Neapolitan Carbonari* to the highest degree of fervour. A meeting was held towards the end of April, at which it was resolved to concentrate a large force at Naples, seize the king and royal family, and keep them in confinement until *Ferdinand* consented to grant the constitution which they desired. All the *Carbonaro* leaders present approved of the plan; and on examining their force, it was found that, besides officers and privates in nearly every regiment, they had gained over an entire regiment of dragoons, and could count upon ten pieces of cannon. During the month of May the greatest activity prevailed among the *Carbonari*; and all the provinces being organised in readiness to rise on the first movement at Naples, the night of the 29th was fixed upon for the enterprise. Unfortunately, however, for their immediate success, a newly-initiated member betrayed their designs to the police; and on the night of the 26th nineteen of the most active *Carbonari*, including Lieutenant *Bologna* and five non-commissioned officers of the army, were arrested. The intelligence was instantly communicated to all the lodges, and the rising was postponed, in consequence, to the night of June 10th. The doubts and fears of the conspirators led to a second delay—until July 1st, when the standard of the constitution was raised at *Monteforte*; and a portion of the Bourbon regiment of dragoons, led by Lieutenants *Morelli* and *Silvati*, marched from *Nola* to join the insurgents. On the 2d the *Carbonari* rose in arms at Naples, and that city continued in a state of excitement and disorder until the 6th,

when Ferdinand IV., finding the insurrection extending, and the army siding with the insurgents, consented to the promulgation of a constitution similar to that which had a few months previously been wrung by the Spanish Carbonari from his relative Ferdinand VII.

Whoever, says General Colletta, is curious to trace the progress of public disaffection, has only to consult the progressive registers of Carbonarism. The number of Carbonari enrolled during the month of March in the present year (1820) amounted to 642,000. In the city of Naples there were 340 lodges; the Capri ship of war contained 3. In the province of Principato Citra there were 182 lodges, and they were equally numerous in all parts of the kingdom, so that the total number of the Carbonari was estimated at this time at little less than one million. The most eminent and influential man of the revolution was the Canon Menecchini, who was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and distinguished himself by the services in the cause of humanity which his popularity enabled him to render. Some sanguinary scenes ensued in the progress of the revolution; and when a number of persons had been massacred at Naples, and the enraged populace assembled before the palace, it was Menecchini who calmed them. Again, when the Carbonari threatened the lives of the ex-ministers Medici and Tommasi in the Field of Mars, it was he who dissuaded their resentment. Sonnets in his praise were published at Naples, and his lithographed portrait was sold by thousands in the streets. The Carbonaro leaders had the entire direction of the revolution, but the order appears to have been divided into two parties, differing as to the interior results to be obtained. The more moderate of the Carbonari considered their mission performed when the constitution had been proclaimed, while the ultras wished to establish a republic, and would have done so but for the strenuous opposition of their constitutionalist brethren. Tumults and dissensions, excited by the ultras, agitated the Basilicata throughout July and August, and they threatened to march upon the capital. The cry of imbecility and treason was raised against the constitutionalists, and several lodges sent emissaries to Naples to excite the Carbonari there against the government. Paladini, Vecchiarelli, and Maenza, the leaders of the ultra-Carbonari of Naples, visited Salerno on the 2d September, and Avellino on the 5th, to concert a republican rising, and returning to the capital on the 6th, were immediately arrested. They had destroyed their papers, and consequently, after an imprisonment of sixty-seven days in the Castle of St Elmo, they were discharged for want of sufficient proofs to criminate them.

A Carbonaro guard was organised at Naples, which was of great service in maintaining order and tranquillity; and, as might be expected, there was a numerous sprinkling of Carbonari in the Neapolitan parliament, but mostly of the moderate party. On the 15th January 1821, however, the royal veto having been pronounced upon certain modifications of the Spanish constitution relative to religion, against which Cardinal Ruffo and twenty-two archbishops and bishops had vehemently protested, Naples again became the scene of disorder. Several hundreds of the republican Carbonari invaded the assembly, took possession of the tribunes, and demanded the arrest of Cardinal Ruffo, the adoption of the modifications in defiance of the veto, the dissolution of the Committee of Public

Safety, and the reduction of the Royal Guard. The reproaches of the popular deputies, however, were sufficient to induce them to withdraw, though several skirmishes ensued at night between the National and Carbonaro Guards, in which the former were uniformly successful. These dissensions and tumults made the moderate Carbonari desirous of effacing from their order the character of a secret society, and impressing it with that of an institution for the maintenance of the constitution, which they regarded as their own work. With this view the laws of the order were revised, the dispensations of many of the lodges were withdrawn, and the more violent of the ultras were everywhere expelled. The Carbonaro Guard was remodelled at the same time, and subjected to a thorough weeding, to get rid of the Republicans. Troyse, the minister of justice, addressed a circular letter to the clergy, in order to persuade them that the Papal bulls refusing absolution after confession to the members of secret societies were no longer applicable to the Carbonari. 'All mystery being now laid aside,' said he, 'and the object of the Carbonari openly avowed, their societies are no longer subject to the bulls in anyway, but are amenable directly and exclusively to the laws of the realm.' The grand lodge addressed a remonstrance to Pius VII. on the same subject, and published several manifestoes disavowing the ultras, and condemning their proceedings. The expelled ultras formed themselves into a separate society under the name of Pythagoreans; but the intendant of Teramo ordered the lodges which they had opened to be closed, and in the capital they were placed under the surveillance of the police.

The success with which the efforts of the Carbonari had been crowned in the kingdom of Naples caused a thrill of hope to pervade the hearts of the patriots throughout the peninsula, and produced a corresponding uneasiness at Vienna. Several assassinations, attributed to the Carbonari, had taken place in the Romagna, and the Carbonari of Northern Italy, with the kindred societies of the Guelphs and the Adelphi, were supposed to be plotting all kinds of mischief. The Emperor of Austria, accordingly, thought it necessary to promulgate a decree declaring Carbonarism to be high treason, and all the initiated subject to the pains and penalties prescribed by law—namely, death and confiscation; and all persons aware of the existence of Carbonaro lodges, and neglecting to denounce them to the police, were declared accomplices in the treason, and, as such, subject, on conviction, to imprisonment for life. The promulgation of this decree repressed the patriotic ardour of the Lombards; but in Piedmont an insurrection broke out in March 1821, and here likewise, as in Spain and Naples, a considerable portion of the army joined the insurgents. The king of Sardinia abdicated, and the Prince of Carignano proclaimed a constitution similar to that of Naples; but the Emperor of Austria immediately ordered the army of reserve in Lombardy to invade Piedmont; and as the new king, Charles Felix, was very willing to be rid of the trammels of the constitution, a counter-revolution was easily effected.

In the meanwhile Carbonarism had penetrated into France, where its lodges were established in almost every town, with a grand lodge regulating the affairs of the association. The provincial lodges had no correspondence with each other, nor any cognisance of their respective proceedings. The members of the grand lodge were alone acquainted with all the ramifications.

tions of the society, and in secret conclave set in motion the elements of revolution at the distance of hundreds of miles. Members appear to have been initiated in France with more care than in Italy, and only after the most minute inquiries, in order to guard against the admission of spies. Numerous initiations were made in the army, as well among the officers as in the ranks; and the military Carbonari were most prominent in the outbreaks which took place in the spring of 1822. No popular assemblage was ever allowed to occur without a considerable number of the Carbonari being present, in order to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer of creating a tumult which might be favourable to the attainment of their object. Whenever a review took place in the gardens of the Tuileries, or Louis XVIII. went to open the Chambers, the Carbonari were on the alert; for the seizure of the royal family formed a part of their plans, as it had done of the Associated Patriots in 1816. An insurrection, in order to establish the republican form of government, was determined upon, and the Carbonari rose simultaneously at Befort, Saumur, and Rochelle. Bazard, subsequently a chief of the St Simonians, proclaimed at Befort the formation at Paris of a provisional government, consisting of Lafayette, Constant, Lafitte, and other republican members of the Chamber of Deputies. The insurrection, however, was quickly suppressed at all these places, and the rash enterprise of General Berton only entailed destruction on himself and the most prominent of those engaged in it. This officer, who had distinguished himself in Spain, raised the tri-coloured flag at Thouars, and marched on Saumur with a body of soldiers and retired officers of the army of Napoleon. The general and officers were captured, and suffered death, together with four sergeants who had headed the revolt at Rochelle, and Captain Vallée, arrested at Marseilles on a charge of participation in the conspiracy. The intelligence of the outbreak threw the populace of Lyons into a revolutionary ferment, and caused disturbances which continued for several days, and were not suppressed without considerable bloodshed.

This conspiracy and abortive insurrection of the French Carbonari excited much uneasiness in the minds of Louis XVIII. and his ministers; and as the Carbonari lodges were discovered to be most numerous in the departments of the west and south, the system was supposed to have been introduced from Spain. This constituted an additional motive for the invasion of that country by the Duke d'Angoulême, the results of which were the abrogation of the constitution, and the proscription of the Carbonari and the liberal party generally. While such various success attended the enterprises of the Carbonari in Western Europe, the order was secretly and silently extending its lodges among the oppressed peoples of the Eastern monarchies, and sowing the seeds of revolution in the very bosom of the Holy Alliance. The Emperor Alexander, the framer of that iniquitous compact, had seen with alarm the successive revolutions in Spain and Naples, and the subsequent insurrections of the Piedmontese and French Carbonari; and though the flame of liberty had been for the time quenched in blood, the secret societies caused him the most profound uneasiness. The Carbonari were an enemy far more to be dreaded than the armies of Napoleon, and their mysterious symbols excited more alarm in his breast than the sight of the French eagles on the towers of the Kremlin

would have done. His Cossacks, and the rigours of a Russian winter, would rout the latter; but the former might undermine the very ground beneath his feet without his knowledge!

What, then, must have been his dismay when the police of St Petersburg made the astounding discovery, in the autumn of 1825, that lodges of the Carbonari existed in the capital itself—in the Russian army, that army which had done so much to overturn the work of revolution in Western Europe—nay, in the very guards about his sacred person! It was so; and that very subversion had been the primary cause of a movement that was near inflicting a signal retribution. A number of young officers, belonging to the most distinguished families in Russia, who had been attached to the Army of Occupation in France, had there imbibed revolutionary ideas, which they transplanted to their native soil on their return. Whether Carbonaro lodges had been opened in France previous to the evacuation of her territory by the allied armies in 1818 is not known, but during the period of occupation, the Associated Patriots had existed on one side of the Rhine, and the Tugendbund on the other; and the Neapolitan revolution of 1820 had made the entire system of Carbonarism widely known, since secrecy and mystery were no longer observed by the initiated of the south of Italy. The refusal of Alexander to assist the Greeks, with whom much sympathy was manifested in Russia, on account of community of religion, did much to increase the discontent fomented by the Carbonari, and to multiply the initiations in the army. Alexander received timely warning of a plot to assassinate the whole of the imperial family; and to avoid the impending danger, he left the capital, and made a tour through the southern provinces. Being seized with fever and erysipelas, he expired at Taganrog in December 1825; and his brother Constantine having renounced the throne, it was ascended by his youngest brother, the present emperor. The occasion was seized by the conspirators to excite a tumult at St Petersburg, where they persuaded the troops that Constantine had not renounced the throne, and that Nicholas was a usurper. Constantine being in Poland, the conspirators proposed to seize the new emperor, and hold him in confinement until he consented to grant a constitution; and with this view they assembled tumultuously in the square of the Senate-House, to the number of 1800, and being joined by a great number of the inhabitants, they fortified their position with several pieces of artillery. The governor of St Petersburg, who endeavoured to persuade them to lay down their arms, was shot dead; and when Nicholas, relying upon the superstitious veneration with which the czar is usually regarded by his subjects, essayed a remonstrance to the same effect, he had a narrow escape from a similar fate. Troops upon whose loyalty he could depend were then brought up, and after an obstinate conflict, and a frightful amount of carnage, the insurgents were routed. A great number of arrests were made during the night, including the Princes Odoeffsky, Obolensky, Taubetskoy, and Valbolsky, and many other officers of all ranks, both of the army and navy. They were all confined in the citadel, around whose gloomy walls flow the waters of the Neva; and some of them were subsequently hanged, while the rest were banished to the dreary plains of Siberia. Of all the nations of Europe, Russia is perhaps the least prepared for self-government; and even if the conspirators had succeeded in their immediate object

of obtaining a constitution, the immense military force at the disposal of the emperor would speedily have enabled him to annul a concession extorted from him by force. If the constitutionalists, in self-defence, had proclaimed the emancipation of the serfs, the result would inevitably have been the reign of anarchy and terror, which could only be terminated by the restoration of despotic authority. When Russia has gradually emancipated her serfs, and diffused among them the blessings of education, she will be in a better position to demand a constitution; but unfortunately irresponsible rulers are prone to forget the necessity of progress as an imperative condition of the continuance of order, and thus revolutions become inevitable.

The spirit of liberty had been so effectually crushed by the Holy Alliance, that no further revolutionary movements were concerted by the secret societies until the French Revolution of 1830 again fanned the smouldering embers into a flame. Of the numerous insurrections which immediately broke out in various parts of Europe, only those in Italy can be distinctly traced to the secret societies. In the Papal dominions the insurrection maintained itself the longest, and it is remarkable that the chief points of action were the same as those established by the Guelphs and Carbonari in 1817. By the intervention of an Austrian army, the insurrection was for the time suppressed, and the authority of Gregory XVI. restored; but on the refusal of the pontiff to accede to the recommendation of the five great powers, that he should institute certain necessary reforms in the civil administration of the Roman States, the inhabitants of the Romagna again rose in arms. Ancona and Bologna had been evacuated by the Austrians previous to this second insurrection; but on the application of the pope the latter city was again occupied by them, and Ancona was subsequently taken possession of by the French. The insurrection was ultimately suppressed by the Austrian troops and the Swiss Guards of the pope, and the most horrible barbarities marked the conduct of the victors at Forlì, Cesena, and other places.

Though any association comprising more than seventy persons, and meeting at stated times for a political, religious, or literary purpose without a previous license from the government, was forbidden by the 291st article of the Penal Code, and though, under this law, the societies of the Friends of the People and of the Rights of Man had been suppressed, the former within three months after the revolution of 1830, no secret society was formed in France while the press remained comparatively free. But the enactment of the severely restrictive laws of September 1835 was immediately followed by the formation of the secret society of the Families at Paris, the founders of whom were Barbes, Blanqui, and Bernard, well-known chiefs of the French Socialists and Communists. On the 25th June 1836 an attempt to assassinate the king was made by a member of this society, a young man named Alibaud, who fired at him as he was leaving the Tuileries in his carriage to visit the château of Neuilly. Alibaud was apprehended, but no disclosures of any importance could be elicited from him, though he confessed the act, and endeavoured to justify it. 'Regicide,' said he before the Chamber of Peers, 'is the right of the man who can procure justice only by his own hands.' He was executed on the 11th July, exclaiming aloud, as he mounted the scaffold, 'I die for the cause of

liberty!' A plan of insurrection was subsequently prepared with great secrecy by the chiefs of this society, which broke out in Paris on the 12th May 1839. The members of the society, to the number of about 1500, turned out under the leadership of Barbes, Blanqui, and Bernard; but not being joined by the populace, as they had expected, they were unable to accomplish anything of importance. An officer on duty before the Palace of Justice was shot dead by Barbes himself, and several soldiers were killed by the insurgents at the military posts. When the military appeared in force, the insurgents were quickly put to flight, and Barbes and many of his fellow-conspirators were captured. They were tried before the Chamber of Peers, by whom Barbes was condemned to death; but numerous memorials being presented to the government praying for a remission of the sentence, the judgment was commuted by Louis-Philippe into imprisonment for life. The remainder of the conspirators were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and no further attempt against the government of Louis-Philippe was made until 1848.

There can be little doubt that the memorable explosion of February 1848 was not the result of a predetermined plan on the part of the secret societies, but the spontaneous ebullition of popular wrath. At the same time it must be observed that the secret societies had been in active operation for some time previous to that event, waiting for the outburst which all save the infatuated monarch himself saw to be inevitable, and that they had prepared all within the sphere of their influence for the establishment of a republic. The society of the Families was still in existence, and its prominent chiefs were still Blanqui and Bernard. They had seen, however, in repeated failures and disasters, the imprudence of initiating of themselves a movement in favour of a republic, and they waited for the liberal deputies to sound the tocsin of revolt before they descended into the streets. Until that moment, the republican leaders, the chiefs of the secret societies, kept in the background, and allowed Odillon-Barrot and his party to monopolise all the honour of the reform agitation, while they laboured in secret, and made the opposition deputies their unwitting tools. But no sooner had the actual insurrection commenced, than the members of the secret societies were the most active of the insurgents; and when blood had been shed, and barricades raised, and the National Guards were fairly committed in the revolutionary struggle, they knew that their object would be accomplished. The result proved that their plans had been well laid, for the revolution—as indeed the opposition deputies might have foreseen—passed from the hands of Odillon-Barrot and his colleagues, and the republic was established in their despite.

The Revolution liberated Barbes from the prison in which he had been confined since 1839, and he was elected colonel of the 12th legion of National Guards. In conjunction with Blanqui and others, he concerted the demonstration of the 16th April, and the less defensible movement of the 15th May, when, supported by an armed mob, he proposed to the National Assembly the dissolution of the National Guard, and the imposition of a heavy tax upon real property, to defray the expenses of an armed intervention to restore the nationality of Poland. A new provisional government was nominated, including Barbes and Blanqui; but as soon as the National Guards had recovered from the consterna-

tion which this outbreak and the defection of General Courtais, their commander, had created in their ranks, they stormed the Hôtel de Ville, captured Barbes, and lodged him at once in the fortress of Vincennes. Blanqui and others were subsequently arrested, and consigned to the same state prison. They were not brought to trial until November, when they were arraigned before the High Court of Bourges, a tribunal not in existence at the time of their arrest; and being all convicted, Barbes was sentenced to transportation for life, and Blanqui and several others to various terms of imprisonment. These details must be fresh in the memory, and are not introduced here on account of any novelty they may possess, but because of their connection with the secret societies in existence prior to 1848, and the antecedents of Barbes and Blanqui. The former is a man of good education and considerable property, and was elected into the Constituent Assembly; but such is his restlessness and his fiery zeal for the establishment of those principles of equality in which he is a sincere believer, that, though only liberated by the Revolution of February from an imprisonment which had lasted nine years, they hurried him in May into courses which will probably render him an exile for the remainder of his life. Bernard, his coadjutor in the society of the Families, and his fellow-conspirator in 1839, was also elected a deputy to both the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies; but becoming implicated in Ledru-Rollin's abortive movement of the 13th June 1849, it became necessary for him to leave the country, to avoid a prison, and he is now in London.

Little information has yet reached this country concerning the more recent secret societies of Germany, Italy, and Spain; it is only known that such societies do exist in those countries, and that their aim is political unity and republicanism. Concerning similar associations in Switzerland we possess more definite information, the government of Zurich having published a report on the subject in 1844. From this we learn that there are in Switzerland three secret and illegal associations — 1. Young Germany; 2. The Society of Grütli; 3. The Communists. The first was introduced from Germany, where it has extensive ramifications, by the German workmen so numerous in Switzerland, but who, according to the custom of the continent, are constantly passing from one country to another. Their aim is the unity of their country, and the establishment of a German republic: the number of members in 1844 was 1100; but as they were constantly leaving the spot, to be replaced by others, it was calculated that 600 new members were enrolled every year. The object of the Grütli is the abolition of the federative principle in the Swiss constitution, and the substitution of that of unity and indivisibility, by which many fruitful sources of discord and ill-feeling would be at once removed. None but Swiss are admitted as members of this society. The Communist societies are of more recent date than the others, and are thirteen in number, having an aggregate in 1844 of 750 members. They are composed of both Germans and Swiss, and are found chiefly in the cantons adjacent to France. At their first establishment in 1840, singing clubs already in existence appear for the most part to have been their foundation, being turned into Communist societies having the same outward form. These have for their end, in the words of Wilhelm Weitling, who took a prominent part in their for-

mation, 'the enfranchisement of all humanity, the abolition of property, of heritage, of money, of wages, of laws, and of punishments; they desiring an equal repartition of works and of enjoyments, according to the natural proportions.' By the rules of admission to the Communist societies, every candidate is required to be proposed fifteen days before his reception, in order that time may be given to make inquiries concerning him. On his admission he pays an entrance fee, and receives in return a card bearing his name, age, condition, and date of admission. The chief and secretary of the society attach their signatures to the card, and the member by whom the candidate has been proposed endorses it. A register is kept in each society of the names, ages, and conditions of its members, and the dates of their respective admissions. The following is the formula of initiation, as it appears—copied from the manuscripts of Weitling, seized on his arrest in 1844—in the official report of the commissioners appointed by the government of Zurich:—

- 'a. They demand of those who present for what end they bring them.
- 'b. What end they have in view, and what means they believe efficacious.
- 'c. They complete their answers, and enlighten them further.
- 'They represent to them especially the necessity of silence and of sacrifices, and make them comprehend that, if each furnished his man every month, or even two months, they would at the end of the year attain their end without violence by a simple majority.
- 'd. They demand again if they adhere to all these things.
- 'e. After which they take their engagement.
- 'f. The junction of the association follows.'

An appropriate address and declaration are likewise read by the chief on the admission of the candidate. At each meeting of the society the chief asks each member in turn what he has done since the last meeting in furtherance, of their common object, whether in propagating their principles or in enlisting new members, and if any one has been unproductive, he is counselled how to proceed in future.

Such are the most prominent features in the organisation of the Swiss societies; and in taking leave of the subject, the writer would again call attention to the fact, that restrictions on the liberty of the press are the most prolific parents of secret associations, and that the cause of order is in more danger from them than from the widest extension of popular rights, by which they would be disarmed.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE recent death of the most distinguished citizen of Edinburgh, the Hon. Francis Jeffrey, and the national importance of his career as a man of letters, a lawyer, and a politician, have suggested that some brief record of him should appear in this miscellany. A durable and fitting memorial of his life and services will soon, we trust, be raised by worthy hands, but in the meantime we may be allowed, like the Roman soldier at the grave of his general, to collect some fragments for the funeral pile. The history of Francis Jeffrey is of interest to all classes. It furnishes one of those examples which are the peculiar glory of a free state; for it exhibits talents, integrity, and perseverance—without extrinsic aid, and without one shade of subserviency or moral debasement—conducting its possessor to the highest professional rank, to opulence, and fame. It is instructive to note the stages in his onward march, as difficulties disappear, and honours gather round his name, and to perceive that, though endowed by nature with various and exquisite powers, he was no less remarkable for indefatigable study and patient application. It was by the union of those intellectual gifts and acquirements with inflexible principle, with energy, and with the graces of private life, that he won his way to public and social distinction. His course was long and prosperous.

‘Another race hath been, and other palms are won.’

His work was accomplished. His early and courageous championship of toleration and freedom had been crowned with success; the school of criticism, which he had founded and built up with such incessant care, was crowded with new and worthy disciples, and its essential principles had spread into all lands. He was still able, however, to serve his country on the judicial seat as a most upright, laborious, and penetrating judge. He was still able to counsel and direct, and to dispense a generous but not ostentatious hospitality. There was a sunset brilliancy and benignity in his latter days that made his age beloved as well as venerable.

It is to the honour of the profession of the law that some of its most eminent members have been great also in literature and science, and have dignified their legal career with important public services. The names of Sir Thomas More, of Bacon, Coke, and Selden—of Clarendon and Somers—of Mansfield, Blackstone, and Sir William Jones—the unrivalled forensic oratory of Erskine, and the enlightened humanity of Romilly and Mack-

intosh—form a splendid bead-roll. The Scottish list is less brilliant; but we may instance, not without pride, Viscount Stair, whose 'Institutes' form the text-book of the Scottish lawyer, and who was also a philosopher and statesman; Lord Fountainhall, who resisted the tyranny of the Stuarts, and vindicated the independence of the bar; Sir George Mackenzie, who, though the persecutor of the Covenanters, was an elegant author, the friend of Dryden, and the founder of the Advocates' Library; Duncan Forbes, the upright and intrepid judge, the scholar, and the pure self-sacrificing patriot; and Lord Hailes, the early and accurate explorer of Scottish history, and the opponent of Gibbon. We may notice the metaphysical acuteness and learning of Kames and Monboddo, and the accomplished associates of the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger,' with their chief, Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling.' To these might be added many living instances of the happy union of law and literature. The world is slow to admit that a man can excel pre-eminently in more than one pursuit, but even the proverbial severity of legal studies need not exclude from more elegant attainments, and extensive legal practice need not extinguish taste or patriotism.

FRANCIS JEFFREY—who was destined to afford one more illustrious instance of this intellectual and moral combination—was born in the city of Edinburgh on the 23d of October 1773. He could boast of no high lineage. His family was one of humble industrious Edinburgh citizens; but his father, Mr George Jeffrey, being bred to the law, had attained to the position of a depute-clerk of session, an office now inferring a salary of about four hundred pounds a year. He has been described as a writer or attorney in respectable practice, chiefly from the northern counties. His wife's name was Henrietta Loudon, and she was a native of Lanarkshire. This worthy, careful, and respected couple had several children, of whom Francis was the eldest. The exact spot of his birth has been disputed, and the sarcastic line of Byron—

'The sixteenth storey where himself was born'—

would of itself give interest to the question in what part of the town he first saw the light. We may therefore state on authority that Francis Jeffrey was born in the *fourth* storey, or flat, of a house in Buchanan's Court, Lawnmarket, nearly opposite Bank Street. The Lawnmarket is one of the upper sections of that great line of buildings extending about a mile in length from Holyrood Palace to the Castle, and which, from the stupendous height of the houses, their air of antiquity, the steepness of the ascent, the crowded and various population, and the historical associations connected with the Old Town, is perhaps the most remarkable and unique street in Europe. The lines of Scott—which it is impossible not to recall—give a glowing yet accurate picture of the outline of this great thoroughfare:—

'Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high—
Mine own romantic town!'

It has been related, though we cannot give the anecdote authoritatively, that when Francis Jeffrey was about a year old, his father's house took fire, and in the alarm and confusion of the moment, the child, who was in his crib in the garret, was forgotten. At length one of the neighbours, a slater, volunteered to rescue the infant. With much difficulty, and no little danger, he succeeded in carrying him out of the burning house, and delivered him to his anxious parents. Many years afterwards, when Mr Jeffrey had gone to the bar, the slater, being, through no fault of his own, involved in a series of legal troubles, applied to him for his professional assistance. This was readily and gratefully extended, and with such success, as soon to replace the honest tradesman in comparatively easy circumstances.

Francis Jeffrey was of a slight and delicate frame. From his infancy he evinced the greatest quickness of apprehension and lively curiosity; and he could read well when only in his fourth year.* Having made rapid progress at a day-school, he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and in October 1781 (when he had about completed his eighth year) was entered in the second Latin class, then taught by Mr Luke Fraser. He remained under Mr Fraser four years, until October 1785, when, according to the usual routine, he was transferred to the class of the rector, Dr Adam, where he continued two years. In Fraser's class Jeffrey distinguished himself; although in the higher department of the rector he never attained the honour of *dux*. He was, however, a good Latin scholar; and in 1825, when the High School was rebuilt, chiefly by public subscription, he signified his gratitude to the institution by contributing the sum of fifty pounds.

From the High School of Edinburgh Jeffrey proceeded to the university of Glasgow. He matriculated as a student of the logic class, under Professor Jardine, in the session of 1787-8, having just completed his fourteenth year. Glasgow was then famous for its professors. Mr Young, who held the Greek chair, was one of the most eminent philologists of his day, and a highly successful teacher. Professor Jardine was not less able in his department of logic and belles lettres; and Jeffrey said he owed to the judicious instructions of this gentleman his taste for letters, and any literary distinction he had attained. Dr John Millar was then professor of law; and being himself a zealous Whig, he seems to have instilled his own opinions into the minds of his admiring pupils. 'By his learning, sagacity, and wit,' says Thomas Campbell, 'John Millar made many converts.' Jeffrey has also borne testimony to Millar's extensive learning and penetrating judgment, and to the 'magical vivacity' which he infused into his lectures and conversation. The chair of moral philosophy was held

* The late Mr Alexander Smellie printer (son of William Smellie the naturalist, and correspondent of Burns), used to relate the story of Jeffrey's *début* at school. It took place at a seminary situated in a now unapproachable den of the Old Town, called Baillie Fyfe's Close. Smellie was in the *Collection Class*, so called from the book taught being a 'Collection of the Beauties of English Authors,' and which is usually introduced about the third year of an ordinary English course. Jeffrey came, a small creature in petticoats, and was put into the lowest class. From the marvellous quickness of parts shown by the tiny scholar, he was soon transferred to the *Collection Class*, the top of which he gained in *half an hour*. Cockburn, the schoolmaster, prophesied that the little fellow would come to something; and Smellie cried heartily at being so completely beaten by a child not yet deemed fit for male attire.

by Professor Arthur, but his great predecessor, Dr. Thomas Reid, still superintended the progress of the class—'hallowing,' as Jeffrey has finely remarked, 'with the sanctity of his venerable age, and the primitive simplicity of his character, the scene over which his genius has thrown so imperishable a lustre.'

With such able and congenial instructors, it is to be regretted, that Mr Jeffrey did not remain longer than two sessions. His academical career was desultory and incomplete; but he was always preparing himself for the profession of the law, to which he was early destined. In December 1789, his name appears in the records of the university of Edinburgh as a student in the Scots Law Class, taught by Professor Hume. The following winter he was again at the university of Glasgow. In 1791 he proceeded to Oxford, and was entered of Queen's College.* His journey southwards had been very leisurely performed, for he was twelve days in getting to London, and he remained a week in the metropolis. He seems to have entered Oxford with no prepossessions in favour of that ancient seat of learning. Its classical renown had no inspiration for the young metaphysical law student; and its stately Toryism was alien to his nature. It was a jocular remark of Johnson that much might be made of a Scotchman, if he was caught young; but Jeffrey would not be caught. In a letter written six days after his arrival, and addressed to one of his college companions in Glasgow, he says—'Separated as I am from all my friends, and confined to the society of the students of one college, I shall not cease to regret the liberty and variety of intercourse which was permitted, and I hope not abused, at Glasgow. I have been too much in the company of ladies and relations to be much interested with the conversation of pedants, coxcombs, and strangers.' In a second letter to the same friend, without date, but apparently about a month after the former, the young student writes—'You ask me to drop you some English ideas. My dear fellow, I am as much, nay, more, a Scotchman, than I was while an inhabitant of Scotland. My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems, are all Scotch. The only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon is the language, and language is all that I expect to learn in England. And indeed, except it be prayers and drinking, I see nothing else that it seems possible to acquire in this place.' He then describes the scenes of uproar and dissipation which took place among the students, and the fragments of broken doors, windows, and stairs, which lay scattered about. Of the fellows and heads of colleges he gives a very unfavourable account. 'They are men,' he says, 'who had in their youth, by dint of regular, persevering, and indefatigable study, painfully acquired a considerable knowledge of the requisite branches of science, which knowledge served only to make them pedants, and to render still more austere and disgusting that torpid insensibility and awkwardness which they had contracted in the course of their painful retirement from the world—men who accustomed themselves to a vile and sycophantical reverence to their superiors while they had them, now insist upon a similar adoration and observance to themselves. If you add to this a violent attachment to the

* The following is an extract from the Register of Matriculations of the University of Oxford:—'Termino Sti. Michaelis, 1791. Oct. 17, COLL. REGINÆ. Franciscus Jeffrey, 17, Georgii de Civitate Edinburgi armigeri Filius.' He was, however, in his eighteenth year.

game of whist, and to the wine called port; you will have a pretty accurate conception of the venerable men to whose hands I am now committed.' In a third letter he indulges in the same querulous and lachrymose strain: the home-sickness was evidently strong upon him.

'As for the times, I know little more of them than that they are such as have succeeded to the past, and must pass away before the future can come on; that they are measured out by hours, and days, and years; and that people observe their lapse with the same testifications of joy and sorrow as have divided their sensations from the creation of the world. To say the truth, I know less of the world than almost any man alive in it. I hardly ever see a newspaper, politics are banished from our conversation, and a man may spend ten years in Oxford without hearing anything but the history of foxes and fox-chases, and riots and trials. Such an institute as your Juridical Society, which seems to occupy so much of your time, would have no more chance of succeeding here than an institution which required a sermon from each of its members once a week. The collected and accumulated study of an Oxonian in a whole year is not in general equivalent to the reflection you bestow upon one of your orations. But I would labour to no purpose to give you an idea of the indolence which prevails here. For my own part, I would attempt to persuade you that I am an exception; but I hate to tell lies, and I had better say nothing at all about it.

These graphic sketches are probably a little exaggerated. The writer, like most young artists, may have been more intent on force and liveliness of colouring than on correctness of outline or literal truth. His opportunities for observation had at least been too limited to justify such wholesale censure of the fellows and heads of colleges. It is clear that the atmosphere of Oxford did not agree with his Scottish tastes and feelings. He might not have been prepared to appreciate the importance which is attached to classical learning at that university, and his patience would be sorely tried by the syllogisms of Aristotle and the system of college tutors, so different from popular lectures in natural and moral philosophy, and from the social studies to which he had been accustomed. That there was at that time, and long previously, as well as afterwards, no small share of bigotry and careless discipline in the colleges and halls of Oxford, has been proved from various sources. Jeffrey's statements agree in a remarkable manner—even to the port-wine potations—with the experiences of Gibbon, which he could not have seen (for the Memoir by Lord Sheffield was not published till 1795); and it is obvious, from the constitution of the colleges, that, along with the quiet and retirement of the monastic life, a considerable portion of its indolence and prejudice had descended to those venerable institutions. It is unfortunate, as Adam Smith had said long before, that the Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed stipend, without the necessity of labour or the apprehension of control. The system is now considerably improved; but the vast wealth of the university can never be efficiently employed until it be freed from the ancient statutes, which fetter its powers of teaching, and directly encourage sloth and inactivity.

The letters of Jeffrey at this early period evince his acuteness and discrimination, his love of intellectual pursuits, and that strong attachment

to *home and friends* which marked him throughout life. Even the style of his composition seems to have been formed. Its flexibility, vigour, and copiousness are already there, and no small portion of the polish which afterwards more highly distinguished it. In nearly all of his letters he makes apologies for writing so much at length, and this was another peculiarity in his character. He was always a voluminous letter-writer, and was seldom a day absent from his family or familiar friends without communicating with them in long and lively epistles.

It is a tradition at Queen's College that Jeffrey left Oxford in disgust at the *intense idleness* which prevailed at the time. He remained only one session, and consequently did not graduate at the university. On his return to Edinburgh he resumed his legal studies. In the session of 1791-2 he again attended the Scots Law Class under Professor Hume. In the session of 1792-3 he repeated his attendance at this class, adding to it the study of civil law under Professor Wilde, and that of civil history and Greek and Roman antiquities under Professor Tytler. He is not entered as having attended any of Dugald Stewart's classes, which is the more remarkable, considering his partiality for ethical studies, and the high reputation of the professor. He may, however, have been present occasionally at the lectures without being enrolled as a student.

In December 1792 Mr Jeffrey became a member of the Speculative Society—an extra-academical school of oratory and debate, and of literary composition, connected with the university of Edinburgh, and sanctioned by the *Senatus Academicus*. Institutions of this kind have long been popular with young and ambitious students, as affording a ready mode of trying their scarce-fledged powers in generous rivalry with their fellows, and of preparing them for a higher flight. Of all our modern orators or statesmen, the second William Pitt was perhaps the only one who, when barely of age, started into full maturity as a public speaker. The flower and the fruit were of simultaneous growth. But his rivals and compatriots, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, &c. were early members of Debating Clubs. The Speculative Society of Edinburgh is an institution of a higher class: the members are nearly all, or have been, students at the university. They are required to produce written essays, as well as take part in debates on questions of political economy, legislation, and philosophical history; and the rules with regard to attendance, the selection of topics, and the conduct of the proceedings, are judicious and rigid. The society has been in existence since the year 1764, and many of the greatest Scottish lawyers and professors disciplined their minds in its exciting discussions. There Dugald Stewart, the most accomplished and eloquent of all commentators on moral philosophy, read his first essay; there Sir James Mackintosh made his first speech; there Playfair, so distinguished in physical science, and the classic Dr James Gregory, found a fitting audience. Divines mingled with lawyers and philosophers; for two of our greatest theologians, Professor Hill and Sir Henry Moncreiff, were members of the Speculative. Baron Hume the able lecturer on Scots law, John Clerk (Lord Eldon), Malcolm Laing the historian, Benjamin Constant the French economist and statesman, and Sir Astley Cooper the eminent physician, participated at the same period in its debates; and when Jeffrey entered, to add new attraction and celebrity to the society, he found Walter Scott

officiating as its secretary. In a few years he was joined by Henry Brougham, by Francis Horner, John Archibald Murray, James Moncreiff, and Henry Cockburn. Three students destined to eminence as British statesmen—the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Glenelg, and Lord John Russell—were subsequently members of this society. An institution boasting such an array of varied and commanding talent, and enriched with historical associations, might well breathe an invigorating spirit and generous emulation into all its members. Its fame and importance imposed the necessity for careful preparation; knowledge was acquired in its debates; and the practice it gave in the mechanical part of public speaking was of inestimable importance to the future advocate or senator.

The meetings of the Speculative Society were held once a week in the evening, during the winter session of the university, from November to May. At the meeting when Jeffrey first saw Scott, who was for several years secretary and treasurer, the future prince of novelists read an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr Jeffrey called on him next evening, and they adjourned to a tavern and supped together. 'Such,' says Mr Lockhart, 'was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh produced in their time.' The secretary must have been gratified by the kindred ardour which his new acquaintance evinced in the business of the society. He was a frequent speaker, and during four sessions, from 1794-5 to 1797-8, he was annually elected one of the presidents. We find he brought forward the following questions:—

1793. Feb. 12. Is a System of Influence necessary to the Support of a Free Government? Carried in the affirmative by 8 to 3 votes.

... Dec. 17. Is the National Debt to be considered as a Grievance? Carried unanimously in the affirmative.

1794. Jan. 21. Is Monarchy more Favourable than Democracy to Excellence in the Arts and Sciences? Carried in the affirmative by 3 to 1.

... Feb. 3. Whether is Theism or Polytheism most natural to a rude state? Carried by a majority of 3 that polytheism is most natural.

The essays contributed by Mr Jeffrey were on the following subjects:—

1. Nobility; 2. Effects derived to Europe from the discovery of America; 3. Authenticity of Ossian's Poems (a subject on which he had already produced two essays); 4. Metrical Harmony; 5. The Character of Commercial Nations. The titles of these early prelections indicate the writer's prevailing tastes and studies.

In the discussions of the Speculative Society questions of party politics and religion were prohibited; and in 1798, when the celebrated Irish barrister, Thomas Addis Emmet, became a member of the Executive Directory of the Irish Union, and was privy to the carrying on a treasonable correspondence with France, his name was expunged from the records of the society. This was done at the instance of Henry Brougham. But notwithstanding the prudent caution and abstinence of the members, the Speculative Society fell under the ban of one of the political parties of the day. The French Revolution had roused the fears and jealousies of men in authority. The 'Reflections' of Burke, followed by the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' of Mackintosh, had made political discussion the favourite exercise of young and ardent

minds. Then came the stormy debates in parliament, the secret associations, and state trials throughout the kingdom—all filling the minds of the timid and anxious with suspicion and alarm. There were years of agitation and doubt, during which the constitution was in danger both from the excesses of revolutionary zeal and the uncontrolled exercise of arbitrary power. The crisis passed; but parties were not reconciled:

‘They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.’

Jeffrey was no unmoved spectator of the rapidly-shifting scenes of this great drama. He had been present at the trials of Mair, Palmer, and Gerald (1793-4 and 5), and was deeply affected by what he witnessed. The lofty bearing of the accused parties, their romantic enthusiasm, and the severity of the sentences inflicted on them, deepened his convictions in favour of reform. Another eminent Scotsman—Thomas Campbell, then a youth of sixteen—had walked from Glasgow to Edinburgh to witness the trial of Gerald, and from that day was a sworn enemy to oppression. Jeffrey was less of a democrat than Campbell. He was a Whig of the school of Fox and Burke, before Burke had receded from his ancient principles, scared by the horrors of the French Revolution. His leanings were all towards the popular branch of the constitution, but without the slightest tincture of democratic violence. He conceived that the prerogatives of the crown had encroached on the rights of the commons, and required to be curtailed. He saw state prosecutions conducted with oppressive rigour; and he contended for freedom of opinion, and the impartial administration of justice. There was a native independence in his character; and a jealousy of all power and control, which kept him apart from the slavish adherents of party and the unscrupulous dispensers of patronage.

The suspicion that the Speculative Society, under the guise of academic debate, had been converted into a political club, led to the secession of above twenty of its members. Mr Jeffrey exerted himself to protect the institution. He joined in drawing up an earnest appeal; and committees of the Senatus Academicus and the town-council having investigated the charge, it was found to be groundless. The society soon regained its popularity and influence; and from 1797 to 1805—with the exception of the temporary cloud we have alluded to—has been considered the most splendid period of its history. Long afterwards, Jeffrey delighted to recall his connection with the society. He was present at two great anniversary dinners of the old members—one in 1814, and another in 1835. At the latter he presided. Several of his early associates were gone—dropt through the broken arches of the Bridge of Life. Horner had been cut off in his prime, and the unrivalled genius of Scott had been extinguished amidst delirium and gloom. Mackintosh also had departed. But around him were Cockburn, Murray, and Moncreiff—now all Scottish judges—and he had risen to be a judge himself. Henry Brougham was a peer, and had been chancellor of England. These were examples of the advantages of such institutions in training men at an early period of life to vigorous exertion and to the use of their minds. ‘For my own part,’ said Jeffrey, ‘in looking back to that period of my life when I had experience of this society, I can hardly conceive anything in after-life more to be envied

than the recollection of that first burst of intellect, when, free from scholastic restraint, and throwing off the thralldom of a somewhat servile docility, the mind first aspired to reason and question nature for itself; and half wondering at its own temerity, first ventured without a guide into the mazes of speculation, or tried its unaided flight into the regions of intellectual adventure, to revel uncontrolled through the bright and boundless realms of literature and science.

Having duly qualified himself by his studies in the classes of Scots and Civil Law, Mr Jeffrey passed his trials, and was called to the bar. The official record bears, that on the 13th of December 1794 Francis Jeffrey was 'publicly examined on Title 7, Lib. 50, Pand. de Legationibus, and was found sufficiently qualified.' The minute is signed by the witty and famous Henry Erskine, then dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The study of the Pandects and Institutes—Roman jurisprudence and Scots law—would now be varied by attendance at the Parliament House and the drudgery of Session papers. Mr Jeffrey applied himself with his usual energy to his professional success at the bar; however, is seldom attained until after years of dreary toil and perseverance. Sir Walter Scott, though assisted by business from his father—a Writer to the Signet, in good practice—was four years an advocate ere his professional earnings amounted to £100 per annum. He ascribed his failure mainly 'to the prejudices of the Scotch solicitors against employing, in weighty cases at least, any barrister supposed to be strongly imbued with the love of literature;' and he instanced the case of his friend Jeffrey as almost the solitary instance within his experience of such prejudices being entirely overcome. Overcome they were at last, but not without a tedious and disheartening probation. The really valuable part of the practice was engrossed by his seniors, who had toiled up the steep ascent, or by plodding junior counsel, who never diverged into the flowery paths of literature, or presumed to meddle with politics. So late as 1803, in writing to his brother in America, and discussing the possible effect which literary pursuits might have on his business, Mr Jeffrey expressed indifference on the subject, because, he said, he had never in any one year made £100 by his profession. His indifferent success, however, did not prevent him from assuming the dignity of a housekeeper, and giving, as Lord Bacon has said, 'hostages to fortune.' On the 1st of November 1801, Mr Jeffrey was married to Miss Catherine Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wilson, professor of ecclesiastical history in St Mary's College, St Andrews. This lady (described by Mrs Grant of Laggan as a 'beloved and very deserving wife') survived the union only a few years: she died August 8, 1805.

It was obvious that the intellectual activity of Jeffrey and his associates, urged by ambition and conscious power, could not long be restrained within the narrow professional channels to which it was then confined. Literary and scientific societies might afford better scope for argument and oratory than they could find at the bar, but these were only a preparatory exercising-ground. They were *private*, and the youthful aspirants longed for a public theatre and more numerous audience. Their social circle had received a valuable addition by the arrival in Edinburgh, in the year 1797, of an accomplished Englishman—the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the most

original and genial of wits, with the classical learning of an Oxford M.A.; and with a fund of natural sagacity, toleration, and manly simplicity, which kept him free from the slightest tinge of pedantry. Mr Smith had been a curate, as he has humorously told the world, 'in the middle of Salisbury Plain'—at Netheravon, near Amesbury. 'The squire of the parish,' he adds, 'took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the university of Weimar. Before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war; and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet, in the eighth or ninth storey, or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the "Edinburgh Review." The motto I proposed for the Review was—

"Tenui musam medilamur avena."

"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted; and so we took our present grave motto from "Publius Syrus,"* of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line. And so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.

We are happy at being able to produce a still more interesting and detailed statement of the circumstances attending the commencement of the Review—a document hitherto unpublished, and written by Lord Jeffrey, at the request of Mr Robert Chambers, in November 1846. It is as follows:—"I cannot say exactly where the project of the "Edinburgh Review" was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in *Buccleuch Place* (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk, and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible

* [*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.* Literally: 'The judge is condemned when the guilty is absolved.' This famous motto was much canvassed at the time. The adventurers, it was said, had hung out the bloody flag on their title-page. 'It was a sort of imprecation on themselves and their infant publication, if they withheld their arm from battle for pity, need, or respect of persons.'—*Scott.*]

editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time Constable was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after, the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had (for a long time at least) a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy.

'Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches or different lanes! He also had so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time in a magazine the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.'

In this document (which must be regarded as an important contribution to literary history) the distinguished writer has made no mention of his own emoluments as editor of the Review. The principal publisher was Mr Archibald Constable—a liberal and enterprising bookseller, the Mæcenas of Scottish authors, whose highest pride it was to elevate the literary reputation of his country, and associate his name with all its triumphs. Constable remunerated the editor of the Edinburgh Review on a scale of what must then have appeared princely liberality. From 1803 to 1809 a sum of 200 guineas was given for editing each number. The account-books are missing for three years after 1809, but from 1813 on to 1826 Mr Jeffrey is credited 'for editing' £700 a number, so that his salary appears to have been more than trebled.

The youth of the Edinburgh critics was at first a fertile subject of comment and ridicule. The Review was pronounced to be the result of 'a conspiracy of beardless boys,' and the veteran Richard Cumberland wrote against the *young gentlemen* of the 'Edinburgh Review.' It may be as well, therefore, for the sake of accuracy, to note the respective ages of the leading contributors. The youngest of the band, it will be seen, was about as old as Pitt when he became a cabinet minister and chancellor of the exchequer. In 1802 Sydney Smith was in his 34th year, Jeffrey was 29, Dr Thomas Brown 24, Horner 24, Brougham 23, Allen 32, Dr John Thomson 38, and Thomas Thomson 32.* The title of the work, and some parts of its general plan, were most probably suggested by a periodical of a superior class, bearing the name of 'The Edinburgh Review,' which was

* Of this fraternity, Lord Brougham and Mr Thomas Thomson are now (1850) the only survivors.—Ed.

started in 1755 under the auspices of Adam Smith, Robertson, and Blair, but which was discontinued for want of encouragement after two half-yearly numbers had been issued. As a medium between the half-yearly plan and the ordinary monthly term, the quarterly form of publication was a happy and judicious arrangement. It allowed the critics a greater variety of selection than the shorter period could furnish, as well as more time and space for their lucubrations. They were not under the necessity of noticing the trivial and ephemeral works which the press throws off in the summer months when publishers rarely launch their important ventures, but which were indispensable towards filling the pages of the monthly miscellany; and they had no occasion, within their enlarged bounds, to continue any article from one number to another. Thus a generally grave and permanent character was given to the work, distinguishing it from all its critical contemporaries of that period. The liberal copyright allowance made to the writers was also a novel and judicious feature in the scheme. It tempted and rewarded study, and no contributor could be degraded by what was one of the conditions of authorship imposed upon all.

A still more favourable circumstance for the new adventurers was the low state into which periodical criticism had then fallen. The 'Monthly Review' was the principal critical journal of that day, and it had been much improved in its management since the time that poor Goldsmith groaned under the tyranny of Griffiths and his wife. Sir James Mackintosh, William Taylor of Norwich, Southey, and other men of talent, made it the repository of their political and literary theories. There were other respectable literary journals, but none of an independent or commanding character, none supported by an organised body of able well-paid contributors, working on a regular plan, and exempt from bookselling influence and control. The general complexion of the whole was that of insipid compliment and tame uniformity, and both writing and quotation were dealt out in scanty measure. The advent of the northern Rhadamanthus in the midst of this rose-water criticism was an event startling to authors and booksellers, but sure to arrest in a strong degree the attention of the public, who have a malicious satisfaction in witnessing high pretensions brought low, or drowsy learning and gentle dulness routed by the lively forces of wit and satire.

The first number of the 'Edinburgh Review' appeared on the 1st of November 1802. The greater part had been written, and even printed, some months previous, but it was suggested by Constable that the publication should be deferred until the commencement of the winter season. The number of copies printed was 750. The demand, however, exceeded this limited supply: 750 more were thrown off, and successive editions still more numerous were called for. In 1808 the quarterly circulation of the Review had risen to about 9000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum about 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were printed. Before the poems of Byron and the novels of Scott had taken the public, as it were, by storm, this success was unprecedented.

Never again perhaps will one generation of critics have such a splendid harvest to reap—such a magnificent vintage to gather in. Could the editor have surveyed the thirty years' produce that lay before him, awaiting his critical distribution, he must have been overwhelmed by its prodigality and

richness. There was the poetry of Crabbe, of Campbell, Moore, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth—types of different schools; there was the gorgeous chivalry of Scott, with his long file of novels and romances, like an endless procession of the representatives of all ages, conditions, and countries; there was the Oriental splendour and grace of Byron, alternating with his fierce energy and gloomy philosophy—the still more erring and extravagant genius of Shelley—and the youthful bloom of Keats; there were the tales of Maria Edgeworth, of Miss Austen, Galt, Wilson, and other not unworthy associates; the histories of Hallam, and the historical pictures of Macaulay; innumerable biographies of great contemporaries who had gone before—the Sheridans, Currans, Wilberforces, and Hebers; innumerable books of travels, that threw open the world to our curious gaze; the gossiping treasures of Strawberry Hill and other family repositories, that revived the wits, and poets, and beauties of a past age; the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys; the inimitable letters of Cowper drawn from their sacred privacy; the policy and intrigues of courts laid bare; the whole world of literature and the living world of Europe stirred to their inmost depths. What rich materials in the wars and politics of the times—in the rise and fall of Napoleon—in the overthrow of kings and dynasties—in the perturbations even of the mighty heart of England throbbing to be free! What discoveries in science and the arts—steam, gas, railways, and all that facilitates and sweetens social intercourse! Over such vast and interesting fields had the ‘Edinburgh Review’ to travel, moving firmly under the guidance of its editor, with elate and confident step, and attended by thousands who caught its enthusiasm, and echoed its sentiments and opinions.

We have traced some of the circumstances which imparted interest and novelty to the plan of the Review. Its grand distinction, however, and the genuine source of its success, was the ability and genius it displayed, coupled with the perfect independence and boldness of the writers. Within the small circle of its projectors were men qualified to deal with questions in physical science, in political economy (the chosen field of Horner), in politics (the favourite ground of Brougham), in law, poetry, and the belles lettres. They had wit, irony, and sarcasm at will, with the higher attributes of eloquence, correct principles of reasoning and analysis, strong sense, and a love of freedom. They were free from all external restraint; they were young, and had both fortune and reputation to achieve. To give consistency and stability to the scheme, the editor laboured with unceasing attention and judgment. No other member of the fraternity could have supplied his place. His own contributions were also from the first the most popular and effective in the work. He selected the departments of poetry, biography, and moral philosophy, with occasional excursions into the neighbouring domains of history and politics. The first number of the Review displayed the leading characteristics of his style and manner. It could not show the whole extent and richness of the vein, but we saw its peculiar quality, and could form an estimate of its probable value. The opening paper is a critique on the now-forgotten work of M. Mounier on the ‘Causes of the French Revolution,’ and it is distinguished by great ability in tracing and comparing political events, and trying them by the tests of history and philosophy. Some of the reviewer’s distinctions and

illustrations are very happy, and a high moral tone is preserved throughout the whole. This first effort is a key-note to much of Jeffrey's reasoning and to his clear and pointed expression. Subsequently his style became more loose and oratorical—from his increased practice at the bar, and the haste with which he wrote many of his reviews—but it gained also in power and copiousness. To the state of society and literature in France at this period he paid much attention; and his admirable articles on Marmontel, on Grimm, on Madame du Duffand, &c. are invaluable for the moral lessons they inculcate, and the earnestness with which the importance of our social and domestic duties is portrayed and recommended. The reviewer penetrated through the gaiety and glitter of the *salons* of Paris, and showed how little of real worth or of real happiness was contained amidst all their splendour. He delighted to expatiate on the superiority of those humble virtues which are of daily use and benefit, which brighten the domestic hearth, and shed contentment and joy on all the private and ordinary relations of life. And in this respect the example of the critic was in beautiful accordance with his precepts. He was the most affectionate relation—not in the least ambitious of new or distinguished acquaintances, nor by any means fond of large parties or the show and bustle of life; there was no one to whom all the charities of home and kindred were more endeared.*

In the first number of the Review Mr Jeffrey also propounded his canons of poetical criticism, and began his warfare with the Lake Poets. He produced an elaborate critique on Southey's 'Thalaba,' prefaced with observations on the perverted taste for simplicity, which he considered as the distinguishing mark of the modern school of poetry, of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, were represented as the masters or disciples. The gauntlet was thus thrown down. It was obvious that the great critic of the 'Edinburgh Review' had taken his stand on certain limited principles of taste, and that however tolerant he might be of political innovation, he was to be strongly conservative in poetry. His rules were calculated to make correct poets, not great ones. He forgot that

‘The native bards first plunged the deep
Before the artful dared to leap.’

The same circumstances which had convulsed society, and laid bare the whole organisation of governments, gave an impulse to the powers of creative genius, and led it into new fields free from the conventionalism of the old régime. Notwithstanding all the errors and puerilities of the modern school—aided by importations from the German dramatists—it had infinitely more of nature, of originality, and boldness, than the artificial system it sought to supplant. The critic's severe and restricted standard of poetical excellence was further illustrated by his criticism on Scott's poetry. He concluded that the popularity of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' would be obstructed by the locality of the subject, while this very circumstance was in reality one great cause of its success. The old Border country was consecrated to song and romantic traditions. The aged minstrel, the chivalrous and superstitious incidents, and the feudal manners of the poem, were all native to the 'Braes of Yarrow,' and familiar to

* Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan.

the lovers of poetry. 'Marmion' was still more unmercifully dealt with. Its errors were dwelt upon with iteration and emphasis, and little or no sympathy was evinced with respect to the nobler passages which redeem the work, and which rendered it so universally popular. The miscalculations of the critic as to the probable success of Scott's poems, and the effect of such minute painting of ancient manners, arose from the limited faith he had in the power of genius to mould the national taste and awaken enthusiasm. Scott broke through the rules of criticism in writing a modern romance of chivalry, but he infused into it the life and fire of genius, and many of the popular elements of poetry.

In the same number of the Review which contained the depreciatory critique on 'Marmion,' appeared one not less elaborate on the poems of Crabbe. The simultaneous publication of the two articles was an unlucky combination, for the principles laid down in one cannot be well reconciled with those in the other. If the ingenious critic be right in condemning the minute descriptions of Scott as deficient in interest and dignity, the same rule must be applicable to Crabbe, who is still more prolix and minute, and whose descriptions are of the humblest and lowest character. The account of Lord Marmion, with his mail of Milan steel, the blue ribbons on his horse's mane, and his blue velvet housings—even the attire of his men-at-arms—was as natural and necessary to the poet of chivalry as the cottage furniture, the cock-fights, the dirt and squalor of village life, were necessary to enable the poet of the poor to complete his pictures. The critic was inconsistent. Scott had not profited by his former schooling, and the lash, therefore, was laid on without mercy. In Crabbe, too, there was more of real life, of keen observation, and simple pathos, which possessed a greater charm for the mind and feelings of Jeffrey than the warlike chivalry and tournaments of the middle ages. He saw and felt the truth of these village paintings, and he forgave their Dutch-like minuteness in consideration of their reality. The works of Campbell and Rogers Jeffrey was peculiarly qualified to feel and appreciate, and friendship for the authors may have led to a warmth of praise unusual with the stern reviewer.

Poetry has many mansions, and even Francis Jeffrey had not then a key to all, or else he wilfully refused to enter some of its most select and august chambers. In the epic creations of Southey, and particularly in his 'Curse of Kehama,' there are sublime conceptions, and an affluence of poetical resources, which the critic did not rightly estimate; the fine imagination and rich diction of Coleridge he neglected or contemned; and to Wordsworth he was uniformly unjust. It required some courage to reprint in 1844 the critique on 'The Excursion,' beginning 'This will never do,' after the world had decided that it *would do*, and had reversed his judgment by calling for successive editions of the poem. The purity and elevation of Wordsworth's poetry, his profound sympathy with external nature and humanity, and the consecration of his whole mind and genius to his art, would have formed a noble and congenial theme for Jeffrey; but he saw only the puerilities and ridiculous theories of some of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which no more represent the great body of Wordsworth's poetry than the weeds of a garden represent its flowers and fruits.

In his disquisitions on the old masters of our literature Jeffrey did good service. His reviews of the writers of the Elizabethan age and of later

periods are generally excellent. He revelled among the creations of Shakspeare, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and dwelt with cordial delight on the ornate graces of Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, as on the milder charms of Addison, the sweep of Dryden's versification, and the pointed brilliancy of Pope. The modern revival of a taste for those great authors may be partly ascribed to the 'Edinburgh Review.' And for the critic's severity in assailing those on the lower slopes of Parnassus who departed from such models, he had this excuse—that he conceived it to be his duty to punish all sins of irregularity and conceit, that he might keep the public taste from corruption, and reform the offender. He had another apology common to periodical writers, and which, in his genial frankness and acknowledged supremacy, he could afford to produce. When recanting some of his strictures on the character of Burns, he said—'A certain tone of exaggeration is incident, we fear, to the sort of writing in which we are engaged. Reckoning a little too much perhaps on the dulness of our readers, we are often unconsciously led to overstate our sentiments in order to make them understood; and when a little controversial warmth is added to a little love of effect, an excess of colouring is apt to steal over the canvas, which ultimately offends no eye so much as our own.' He seems also to have aimed at blending a conversational freedom and carelessness with his criticisms, as if ambitious, like Congreve, to be more of the gentleman than the author. This contributed to the tone of superiority which the 'Review' assumed from its commencement, and which the suffering authors felt to be peculiarly galling. It unquestionably made the articles more piquant; and when the reviewer rose above the conventional level, the contrast afforded by his finer passages was the more conspicuous and effective. If he had been more profound in imagination or feeling, he must have lost some of that airy elegance, and fancy, and spontaneous grace, which contributed so much to his success. Another distinctive quality was the great taste with which Jeffrey made selections from the works he reviewed. Whatever was new or striking, solemn, picturesque, or figurative in language or matter, was sure to be extracted. The finest scenes in a new novel, the best passages of a poem, a book of travels, or a work of biography, were generally to be found in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and the criticism with which the whole was linked together, or the manner in which the plot was described by the acute and lively critic, rivalled, if it did not excel, the work of the author. The *setting* was as precious as the jewels.

One of the most memorable incidents in the critical and personal history of Mr Jeffrey was his rencounter with Moore the poet. In this case the sentiment that no man should write with his pen what he is not prepared to defend with his sword, was substantially verified; for though in the modern *duello* the instrument of warfare has been changed, the danger has not thereby been lessened. Literary duels, still common in France, have always been rare in this country. The effusion of ink sufficed to revenge even the truculent satires of Dryden and the stinging sarcasms of Pope. Dr Johnson laughed at the Drawcansir threats and hostile message of Macpherson, though he seems to have considered duelling a species of self-defence that might be justified on the same grounds as public war. Happily the force of opinion has now all but abolished the practice. When

literary men have been prompted to manifestations of this kind, it will generally be found that the demon of politics was present; and this, we suspect, was the case in the misunderstanding between Moore and Jeffrey. In the spring of 1806, the former published his 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems.' The poet enjoyed considerable social and fashionable celebrity. He was supposed to be a boon companion of the Prince of Wales. His poems were dedicated to the Earl of Moira; one of the epistles was addressed to Viscount Strangford, and others to the Lady Charlotte Rawdon, to Viscount Forbes, the Hon. William Spencer, &c. In all of these really graceful and sparkling poetical offerings, democratic America, with its 'piebald polity' and its 'fustian flag,' was heartily anathematised—French philosophy and liberty were denounced as unclean things—England was warned to beware of the mob mania—and over every page of the handsome hot-pressed quarto volume was spread an air of courtly fastidiousness and superiority. All this must have grated on the popular sympathies and Whiggish feelings of the Edinburgh reviewer; but he had a still more serious ground of offence. Many of the poems were tainted with licentiousness. Amidst the sweet and melodious versification, the glittering fancy, and rich exotic imagery, lurked this insidious poison of immorality—only the more seductive from its being half hidden with flowers—and Jeffrey, like the Good Knight in Spenser, set himself resolutely to trample down the whole. He reviewed the poems in the number for July 1806. Little was said of the literary qualities of the work; few citations were made, and those only of an unfavourable description; but the author was charged with deliberate immorality—with seeking to impose corruption upon his readers under the mask of refinement—and with insulting the delicacy and attacking the purity of the female sex. Some peculiarly mortifying personal imputations were also thrown out by the reviewer. Allusion was made to 'patrons who were entitled to respectful remonstrance,' and the following lines from an old poet were quoted as a prophetic description of Mr Moore's iniquities:—

'Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet off. But ah, for shame!
Let not sweet poets praise whose only pride
Is virtue to advance and vice deride,
Be with the work of losel's wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named.
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,' &c.

SPENSER's *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.

Youthful flesh and blood—and particularly Irish flesh and blood—could hardly refrain from resenting this charge of mercenary immorality. Mr Moore resorted to the mode then sanctioned as the blind arbiter of quarrels. He sent a challenge to his critic, who happened to be at the time in London, and the parties met, August 12, 1806, at Chalk Farm. Fortunately information of the affair had been given at Bow Street, and officers arrived just as the parties had taken their places to fire. It was afterwards found that the ball with which Mr Jeffrey's pistol was loaded had dropt out either on the field when the pistol was snatched from his hand by the

officer, or on the way to town, and some wag circulated a report that both pistols were leadless! Hence the sarcastic allusion in Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which was afterwards nearly causing a duel between the noble poet and Moore, but ultimately led to their acquaintance and friendship:—

'Health to great Jeffrey!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?'

This was of course a false representation of what occurred, but it served as a subject of raillery, not the less, we may believe, because Mr Moore was known to be sensitive on the subject, and had even taken the trouble to contradict the report in the newspapers. In a letter written a few days after the occurrence, addressed to the editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' Mr Moore vindicated his conduct. 'The quarrel,' he said, 'was not to be considered as *literary*. Though by no means indifferent to the decrees of criticism, I am aware that they are not to be reversed by an appeal to the pistol. The review, however, which Mr Jeffrey had written appeared to me to contain more personality than criticism; to impute to me motives which my heart disclaims and detests; and to assail me altogether much more as a man than as a writer. Conceiving, therefore, that in the present state of manners no gentleman can hold such language to another with impunity, I returned a contradiction to the assertions of Mr Jeffrey in terms too plain to be misunderstood, and the meeting of which the public has heard was the consequence.' The poet then anxiously explains that the pistol which the officer took from *him* was found to be regularly loaded, though, from some accident in the carriage of the pistols to town, that of Mr Jeffrey was certainly without a ball!

In this ridiculous affair the public was generally on the side of the critic. It was acknowledged that the prurient muse of the English Anacreon required to be checked and rebuked, and that though the moral censor might have gone too far, he went in the right direction. There was, however, too much wit, talent, and real worth on both sides for the estrangement to continue long. Habits of intimacy commenced shortly afterwards, and Mr Moore himself became an Edinburgh Reviewer. To the number for September 1814 he contributed a critique on Lord Thurlow's poetry, in which he almost rivalled the editor in critical severity. In one of the prefaces to his collected works, Mr Moore has said—'In the most formidable of all my censors—the great master of the art of criticism in our day—I have found since one of the most cordial of all my friends;' and on the occasion of his visiting Scotland in 1825, the poet passed some days with Lord Jeffrey at 'his agreeable retreat, Craigcrook,' where he sang his last new song, 'Ship Ahoy!' and was called upon to repeat it so often, that 'the upland echoes of Craigcrook ought long to have had its burden by heart.'

The famous critique on Lord Byron's 'Juvenile Poems' (January 1808) was still more remarkable in its results than that on Mr Moore. The merciless severity of the attack was intended to crush the minor poet, but it only nerved him for further exertion, and impelled him on in that poetical career

which was destined to be so fertile and glorious.' Had Byron's first critic not pronounced his poetry to be a *dead flat*, which the author could neither get above nor below, and had he not counselled him to *abandon poetry*, we should never have had that vigorous satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and might have waited long even for 'Childe Harold.' There was some danger at this period that Byron would sink into the idle dissipation and frivolity of a town life; and from such a descent the reviewer called him, though with no friendly voice, and added his name to the proud roll of our national poets. Byron's diaries and letters afford evidence that he considered the critique in the 'Edinburgh Review' to be the work of Mr (now Lord) Brougham. We believe this is no longer matter of doubt; though Jeffrey afterwards made amends to the noble poet's feelings by his criticism on his greater works. If Sir Walter Scott's critiques on Byron in the 'Quarterly Review' be compared with those of Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh,' it will be seen that, beautiful as the former are in style and spirit—approaching almost to feminine tenderness, and overflowing with illustration—the professional critic has greatly the advantage in force, discrimination, and eloquence. The early crudities of his poetical faith and opinions had been mellowed down by time and reflection; the range of his poetical emotion was extended; and in the poetry of Byron he had subjects worthy of all his powers and sensibilities. The poet felt the generosity of his critic. He had heard Jeffrey, he said, most highly commended by those who knew him for things independent of his talents, and he admired him for his liberality towards himself. 'None but a great soul dared hazard it; a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter.' In the tenth canto of 'Don Juan,' written at Pisa in 1822—when all his 'little feuds' were over, and his brief career was drawing to a close—Byron paid a noble tribute to his former antagonist, blended with rich allusions to Scotland, to *ould langsyne*, and to his boyish feelings and dreams, as must ever render the passage one of the finest and most interesting episodes in his poetry and his life.*

As the Review advanced in public favour, it assumed a bolder tone in politics. The war in Spain ranged the nation into two parties—one, like Scott, animated with a strong anti-Gallican spirit; and another, like Jeffrey, predicting that we should reap nothing but disaster and disgrace from the struggle. An article by Brougham on the 'French Usurpation in Spain,' being a review of a work by Don Cevallos (1808), seemed to induce a crisis in the affairs of the Review. 'The Tories,' said Jeffrey in a letter to Horner, 'having got a handle, are running us down with all their might, and the ghosts of all the misérables we have slain are rising to join the vengeance. Walter Scott and William Erskine, and about twenty-five persons of consideration, have forbidden the Review to enter their doors. The Earl of Buchan, I am informed, opened his street-door, and actually *kicked* it out!' The editor resolved to eschew party politics, and to prac-

* See 'Don Juan,' canto x., stanzas 11 to 19. In one line—'A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper'—there seems to be a punning allusion to the poet's supposed critic, Mr Brougham. Captain Medwin, in his conversations with Lord Byron in Italy, reports the poet to have said that Jeffrey disowned the article; and though he would not give up the author, promised to convince Byron, if ever he came to Scotland, who the person was.

tise exemplary moderation for the future; but this could not well be done. The public events were too exciting to be passed over in silence. Brougham and Horner were now in parliament, and connected with the Opposition. The editor himself was become too conspicuous to preserve an obscure neutrality. Friends required to be supported, and opponents encountered; and it was almost inevitable that the Review, to keep its ground, and preserve consistency, should become the recognised organ, defender, and exponent of the Whig party. A cry of infidelity was also raised against the Review, and it was grounded on articles written by an orthodox clergyman! Sydney Smith had commented in 1807 on Foreign Missions, and tried, as he said, 'to rout the nests of consecrated cobblers' with their Methodistic cant, in a style so daring and ludicrous, that it gave serious offence to many excellent persons, besides arming the political opponents of the powerful journal with new weapons of assault.

During all this time Mr Jeffrey was steadily advancing in his practice and reputation at the bar. In assiduity he rivalled the dullest plodder; for he took no fee without conscientiously studying the case, and he spared no pains to procure a verdict for his client. His fluency and vivacity, and the constant stream of his illustrations, poured out with the rapidity of a cataract, were sometimes too elevated and recondite for a common jury, but in important criminal trials he was highly effective. In political cases he was the intrepid defender of constitutional freedom. In the trials for sedition between 1817 and 1822 he was ever in the front rank. He also took part in public meetings, condemning the system of intimidation which was then adopted to repress the evils of discontent; he spoke at the Fox anniversaries; he wrote for the instruction of the discontented mechanics; and on all occasions, when oppression or slavery was to be stigmatised, or toleration and liberty promoted, he was ready with his displays of high eloquence, intermingled with effusions of wit or fancy. We need not dwell on those party conflicts; on the meetings in the Pantheon or county-halls; on the dinners to Hume or Brougham (in the latter case he disappointed his auditory, as if paralysed by the fierce invectives and tremendous power of Brougham); or attempt to depict the glowing scenes of rivalry and contention that have happily passed away. In 1816 the institution of the court for the trial of civil cases by jury in Scotland threw a vast accession of business into the hands of Mr Jeffrey. He was engaged in almost every case; his knowledge, acuteness, and subtle argumentation having there an appropriate field for exertion. In the intervals of his busy toils he made occasional excursions to the Highlands or to the English lakes. In 1811 he made a pilgrimage on foot through the wilds of Inverness-shire, and by the parallel roads of Glenroy. In 1815 we find him in France, noting in his journal that Cambrai was famed for 'its cambric, its league, and its Fenelon.' He had about this time taken a country-house—his residence of Craigcrook—'an old turreted mansion, much patched in the whole mass of its structure,' beautifully situated at the foot of the Corstorphine Hills, about three miles from Edinburgh. His windows looked out upon a wooded hill: he had a good garden, and some fields for rural occupation and pleasure. The charms of this old château and summer retreat were enhanced by the presence of a lady who added

much to his happiness, and who now mourns his loss. In 1811 M. Simond (the well-known French author), his wife, and niece, visited Edinburgh. Mr Jeffrey saw much of them during their stay, and some time afterwards the intercourse was renewed in London. In 1813 Mr Jeffrey followed his visitors to America, and was there married to the young lady, Miss Wilkes, a grand-niece of the celebrated John Wilkes.*

The exuberant fancy and imagery scattered throughout Jeffrey's essays and speeches, and which were constantly sparking up like a perennial fountain in his conversation, led many to believe that nature had marked him out for a poet, and that, as in the cases of Lord Mansfield and Sir William Blackstone, the goddess Themis, so jealous of her rights, had defrauded the Muses. Rarely have rhetoricians had such command of the elements of poetry as was possessed by Jeffrey.

* The following anecdote is related of his transatlantic marriage-journey:—"He met in America a large and brilliant party, who endeavoured to extort political opinions from him. The paltry and unnecessary war between the United States and Great Britain was then in progress, and one American statesman, in a very marked manner, asked, "And now, Mr Jeffrey, what is said of the war in Great Britain?" Jeffrey was determined to mortify the national vanity of the Americans, and he replied, "War—war? Oh yes, I did hear some talk of it in Liverpool!" The insignificance of the struggle, and the little interest it excited in this country, could not have been more happily or sarcastically illustrated."

A few personal traits and anecdotes may be here given. It was the custom of Jeffrey, when reviewing the works of his friends, to give them the perusal of the proof-sheets before publication. In doing this to Mrs Grant of Laggan, he remarked, "I let them know what I say of them *before they are led out to execution*." When I take up my reviewing pen, I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think." He courageously sent the proof-sheets of his critique on 'Marmion' to Scott, having to dine with the poet the same day. Scott preserved his equanimity, as may be seen from the detail in Lockhart's Life; but Mrs Scott could not help saying in her broken English, when her guest was departing, "Well, good-night, Mr Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr Constable has paid you well for writing it."

Mr Wilson, the early printer of the Review, in sending one of the proofs to the editor, wrote on the margin that 'there appeared to be some obscurity in it.' The sheet was returned with this reply—"Mr J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the great number of commas, which Mr W. seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with." Jeffrey was somewhat peculiar in the punctuation of his writings, as in his handwriting, which was wretched.

It has been confidently stated that Jeffrey sent the late Mr Hazlitt a sum of £50, to relieve him from difficulty in his last illness. This generosity is alluded to in the 'Life of Charles Lamb.'

Mr William McGavin, a Glasgow merchant, and author of a series of letters entitled 'The Protestant,' was tried and convicted for a libel on the Catholic priest at Glasgow. Jeffrey was retained for the pursuer, and brought his eloquence to bear with a very lively effect on McGavin. The latter sat, in mute astonishment, gazing on Jeffrey, while, minute after minute, there rolled forth periods of the fiercest invective against himself. At length the mortified 'Protestant' took out his watch, and calculated how many words Jeffrey spoke in a minute. He afterwards published, that having compared Johnson's Dictionary with Jeffrey's speech, he found that the voluble gentleman had in two hours spoken the English language three times over!

As so much has been said about Jeffrey and the Lake Poets, we may mention that the critic had little personal intercourse with them. He had met Southey in Edinburgh and Keswick, and Coleridge once only at Keswick. Mr Wordsworth and his critical antagonist had one meeting. This was in June 1828, at an evening party in the house of Sir James Mackintosh in London. It was at his own request that the critic was introduced to the poet by their courteous and benevolent host.

'Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.'

The Excursion.

This is the declaration of a high authority, but of one who would not perhaps have included the brilliant reviewer among his own silent brethren. To epic or tragic power, indeed, Jeffrey could have made no approach: the divine *afflatus* was wanting. But in that middle class of poetry, of which Horace was the great master and exemplar—uniting knowledge of the world and shrewd observation with pictures of manners, just sentiment, wit, and elegance—Jeffrey, we think, might have attained to a respectable rank. We do not know that he ever attempted translation. The following stanzas from his pen appeared in one of the *Annuals* in the year 1829, entitled 'Verses Inscribed in a Lady's Album.' They belong to the higher class of *vers-de-société*:—

Why write my name 'midst songs and flowers
To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers,
For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet though my heart no more must bound
At witching call of sprightly joys,
Mine is the brow that never frowned
On laughing lips or sparkling eyes.

No, though behind me now is closed
The youthful Paradise of Love,
Yet I can bless, with soul composed,
The lingerers in that happy grove.

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take,
Where'er amid its charms you roam,
Or where, by western hill or lake,
You brighten a serenest home.

And while the youthful lover's name
Here with the sister beauty's blends,
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim
That to the list would add a friend's.

There is more poetry in the following specimen of his prose. In treating of the beauty of landscapes, as connected with the law of association, in a critique on Alison's *Essay on Taste* (1811), Mr Jeffrey draws this exquisite parallel:—

'Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows, with fat cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well-fenced, well-cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique church, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedgerows—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms—for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's palette, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion

in the mind—but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections—in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life—in the images of health and temperance and plenty which it exhibits to every eye—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

‘Instead of this quiet and tame English landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with castled promontories—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, “from towns and toils remote;” and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals; then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon one another, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred—and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions and the peculiarities of their present life—their wild and enthusiastic poetry—their gloomy superstitions—their attachment to their chiefs—the

dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral sheilings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land—and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion with all their toils and ambition, while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.

In 1820 Mr Jeffrey was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow. The principle of election for this high academical distinction is of a popular character. By the original statutes, dated so far back as 1450, the suffrage is vested in the whole of the matriculated students, with whom are joined the dean and principal professors. In the earlier periods of our history, before civil rights were extended and defined, the rector possessed vast powers civil and criminal. His court was almost as absolute as the Star Chamber. The duties and powers of the office are now, however, almost nominal. The appointment is an honorary distinction, and is generally bestowed on some eminent public character, with whose political sentiments, genius, or learning, the majority of the students sympathise. Burke filled the office in the year 1784; Adam Smith was installed in 1787. Of late years the names of Sir James Mackintosh, Brougham, Campbell, Peel, and Macaulay, shed honour on the office of Lord Rector; and on the choice of the young students. Jeffrey was elected in a time of considerable excitement by an overwhelming majority, and his appointment was a graceful tribute to his talents and political consistency, rendered the more appropriate by his having studied at Glasgow university. He delivered his inaugural address on Thursday, December 28, and spoke warmly of the grateful and flattering honour conferred upon him.

‘It was here,’ he said, ‘that, now more than thirty years ago, I received the earliest and by far the most valuable part of my academical education; and first imbibed that relish and veneration for letters which has cheered and directed the whole course of my after-life; and to which, amidst all the distractions of rather too busy an existence, I have never failed to return with fresh and unabated enjoyment. Nor is it merely by those distant and pleasing recollections—by the touching retrospect of those scenes of guiltless ambition and youthful delight, when everything around and before me was bright with novelty and hope, that this place, and all the images it recalls, are at this moment endeared to my heart. Though I have been able, I fear, to do but little to honour this early nurse of my studies since I was first separated from her bosom, I will yet presume to say that I have been, during all that interval, an affectionate and not an inattentive son. For the whole of that period I have watched over her progress, and gloried in her fame; and at your literary Olympics, where your prizes are distributed, and the mature swarm annually cast off to ply its busy task in the wider circuit of the world, I have generally been found a fond and eager spectator of that youthful prowess in which I had ceased to be a sharer, and a delighted

chronicler of that excellence which never ceased to be supplied. And thus the tie which originally bound me to the place was never allowed to be broken; and when called to the high office which I this day assume, I felt that I could not be considered as a stranger, even by the youngest portion of the society over which I was to preside.'

Mr Jeffrey, according to the usual custom, was re-elected Lord Rector at the expiration of his first year of office. He delivered a second inaugural address on the 3d of January 1822, in which he announced that he had determined to give a prize, 'to be awarded by the young men themselves, to the individuals who shall excel in recitation and declamation—a science in the study and knowledge of which we are so much behind our southern neighbours: the prize, a gold medal, to be confined to the two classes where such an excitement seems more particularly called for—the Greek and Latin classes—to each of which it will be given alternately, commencing with the Greek.' By a subsequent arrangement on the part of the Lord Rector, this prize was confined to the most distinguished student in the Greek class, the award to be made by the votes of his fellow-students. In order to place the medal on a permanent footing, the generous donor, in 1849, remitted to the college factor the sum of £120, of which ten guineas were to be applied in procuring two medal dies, the remainder to be invested by the faculty for the purpose of 'providing and engraving annually, in all time coming, a gold medal, of such value as can be obtained for the amount of the yearly interest.'

In 1829 Mr Jeffrey was chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, an honour unanimously conferred upon him by his brethren of the bar, and which was justly regarded not only as a token of personal confidence and respect, but as an unequivocal recognition of his having reached the summit of his profession as an advocate. On his election to this office he resigned the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' into the hands of Mr Macvey Napier. He still, however, took a lively interest in its management, and was consulted by his successor whenever any difficulty occurred.

The year 1830 brought Mr Jeffrey prominently into public life. It was truly an *annus mirabilis*. We had the revolution in France agitating all Europe, and the scarcely less decided revolution in England, which began with the overthrow of the Duke of Wellington's administration (considered as impregnable as the lines of Torres Vedras), and the accession of the Whig party to power. Jeffrey was now to reap the honours of the well-fought field, and to receive the plaudits of the nation as one of the victors. With the French success he cordially sympathised, and he joined with his fellow-citizens in publicly commemorating the valour, moderation, and heroism of the people of France. A few months afterwards, he was appointed Lord Advocate in the administration of Earl Grey. This office must always be one of high responsibility, as including the functions of crown lawyer and public prosecutor, and the exercise of political influence and patronage. The Lord Advocate is the minister for Scotland. The duties of the appointment were also rendered more arduous and delicate at this time, when a party had acceded to power on popular principles, and pledged to extensive reforms. To charm the popular voice into submission and contentment after a period of such unbounded excite-

ment and expectation, required more energy and prudence than were necessary at first to secure success. Mr Jeffrey said he accepted office with sincere reluctance; for he had to leave the retirement of private life, in which he had his chief solace and delight. He did not covet the office; it had come to him from no solicitation on his part, but from the circumstance that the new government formed by the crown professed all the most important principles it had been the study of his life to assert and maintain. It was necessary that the Lord Advocate should have a seat in parliament. He became a candidate for the representation of the district of burghs including Perth, Dundee, St Andrews, Cupar, and Forfar, for so many important towns were then linked together in unnatural union to return one member to parliament! The three first-mentioned voted for the Lord Advocate; the two last for his opponent, Captain Ogilvy of the 'noble House of Airly;' and as Forfar was the returning burgh, and had a casting vote, both candidates claimed to be elected. Mr Jeffrey was declared the sitting member, and Captain Ogilvy petitioned against his return. Mr Jeffrey took his seat in the House of Commons on the opening of parliament in February 1831. He had thus an opportunity of aiding his friends in the great debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill, which, after a four-nights' discussion, was carried on the 22d of March. Four days afterwards, the election committee decided in favour of Captain Ogilvy. The Lord Advocate, however, found refuge in the small burgh of Malton in Yorkshire, where the influence of Earl Fitzwilliam predominated. Sir James Scarlett, who had opposed the Reform Bill, retired; and Mr Jeffrey succeeded him as member for Malton on the 12th of April. In less than a fortnight the House of Lords had rejected the Reform Bill, and parliament was dissolved. Mr Jeffrey then solicited the suffrages of his native city, and no less than 17,400 of the inhabitants petitioned the elective body, the town-council, in his favour. He was, however, defeated by the narrow majority of three—fourteen members of council voting for him, and seventeen for his opponent, Mr R. A. Dundas (now Mr Christopher). So indignant was the populace at the rejection of their favourite candidate, that serious riots took place, and the Lord Provost had to be escorted home by a party of dragoons. The whole nation was at this period (to use the phrase of an old politician) 'intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified.' The Lord Advocate was again returned—and on a valid election—for the Forfar burghs, his seat in Malton being at the same time kept open till his election was secured. He again co-operated in carrying the Reform Bill through the Commons. The peers gave way, the bill became law; and under the new constituency Mr Jeffrey, and his friend Mr Abercrombie (now Lord Dunfermline), were almost unanimously elected the representatives for the city of Edinburgh. The Lord Advocate retained his seat until May 1834, when he gladly exchanged the turmoil of party politics for the duties of a judge. He was appointed to the bench on the retirement of an aged judge, Lord Craigie; his parliamentary career having thus extended over a period of three years and three months.

The impression was universal that Mr Jeffrey had failed in parliament. The case of Erskine was cited as a parallel one, and we were reminded of the saying, that the floor of the House of Commons was strewed with the

wreck of eminent lawyers' reputations. All such broad unqualified statements must be received with caution. With the examples of Mansfield and Wedderburne, of Thurlow, Scarlett, and Brougham, before us, it is idle to say that eminent lawyers do not succeed in the House of Commons. Erskine's failure was only comparative. He could not rival Pitt, or Fox, or Sheridan; and he did not apply himself sedulously to cultivate the arts necessary to success in debate. His previous reputation as a forensic orator was so great, that scarcely any appearance could have realised the expectations formed by his friends. Mr Jeffrey laboured under the same disadvantage. His fame was already high—filled to the brim. He had to contend not only with practised rivals, who waited for his halting, but with the prepossessions and hopes created by his own genius. He made one brilliant speech in support of the Reform Bill—one of the best which the discussion called forth; but he made no attempt to shine as a debater, and this is the most attractive and valuable accomplishment in a popular assembly. A clever retort or sarcasm, a personal sally, or a strain of witty exaggeration directed against an opponent, will always meet with a better reception in the House of Commons than a speech which deals with the first principles of a question, though abounding in the finest analysis or illustration, and appealing to history and reason. A familiarity with the forms and *personnel* of the house, a knowledge of parties, and a certain style of masculine plainness and vigour, are also requisite; and these can rarely be acquired except by early practice and long perseverance. A gentleman who sat with the Lord Advocate in parliament, and was a strenuous supporter of his principles, writes to us as follows on the impression made on the House by his distinguished friend:—

'That Jeffrey failed in securing the attention of the House of Commons in a manner commensurate with his extraordinary genius, and his talents as a public speaker in other respects, is, I believe, certain. As to the causes of his being imperfectly listened to, I may begin by saying that his voice was far from clear and distinct, and that he was subject to a tendency to bronchitis. His utterance was also extremely rapid. His pronunciation, though not broad, was not easily followed by an English ear. The shape in which he clothed his thoughts was not very intelligible to an English audience. There was a spontaneous flow of imagery in his ordinary language which it was not easy for him to restrain. There was a good deal of metaphysical theory, and a considerable sprinkling of technical phraseology, which, though quite familiar to his audiences in Edinburgh, was very imperfectly understood in the House of Commons. Besides all this, he did not enter the House till on the borders of sixty, at which no eminent speaker ever commenced his career.'

These physical impediments could never have been wholly got over; but at this time Mr Jeffrey laboured under severe indisposition and debility, which disqualified him for active exertion. He was often confined to his house, or could only exchange it for the purer air of the country, free from the stir and noise of the Great Babel. If we glance at the few and imperfectly-reported speeches delivered by the Lord Advocate in the debates on the Reform Bill, we shall find no trace of mental weakness, or any cause of parliamentary failure. How few men in the House could have struck off the following brief and philosophical summary!—

'It could not be denied that if they looked back to the career of glory which England had run during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, they found that England during those periods held a high rank among nations for wealth and splendour, and even then was regarded by other nations as the country where the principles of liberty were best understood and practised. But could it be argued that because England held that rank among the nations during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, the country was now to be satisfied with the institutions of those days? Why, this was an argument contrary to all history; and, independent of history, it was contrary to all principle. In infant states, the first things in order were wealth and prosperity, and these might exist for a short time without either liberal institutions or freedom; but the fruit of wealth and prosperity was necessarily freedom. The first stage of what might be called civilised society was generally that in which a magnificent and prudent tyrant ruled the destinies of a state, and encouraged those persons described in the book of Ecclesiasticus, as men who wrought with their own hands, and were cunning in works of wood, and brass, and iron. When wealth increased, liberty followed; for liberty was the daughter, not the mother, of wealth. This was the case with the Italian republics; with the free towns of Germany, with the ancient state of Corinth, and other Grecian republics; and, latterly, with the towns and corporations of England. Works of the utmost splendour and genius rendered England as proud a name then as it had been since; but was that any reason that when society became enlarged, and the various links of it became more multiplied, the basis of the constitution should not be widened, and room be found for the multiplied children of freedom?'

He argued that the greatest of all dangers was, that the really distressed or aggrieved in the country should be led to tolerate doctrines of anarchy in despair of legitimate redress. 'If the reasonably discontented were propitiated and satisfied, would they not feel themselves the stronger, and be the better able to deal with the unreasonable? He wanted, amid the political chaos, to establish a firmament which should separate the waters above from the infernal Stygian below.'

In advocating the Scots Reform Bill, which it was his official duty to prepare and superintend in its progress through the House, Mr Jeffrey gave a lucid and effective exposition of the anomalous and illusory system of representation which then prevailed. We may quote his account of Bute as a happy and remarkable illustration:—

'All the voters in the county of Bute were twenty-one, and it was ludicrous to state that twenty out of those twenty-one had no property whatever in that county; so that in that county there was only a single voter connected with it by property, who, like a sovereign, was uncontrolled within it. At one election there, within the memory of man, when the day of election came, only one person qualified to vote attended; and that person was the sheriff. He read the writ to the meeting as sheriff. Then he constituted the meeting. Then, having constituted the meeting, he called over the names on the roll. Then he answered to the names himself. Then he put the vote for a preses to the meeting; he elected himself preses; he read over the minutes of the last meeting; he moved that they should be confirmed; he confirmed them himself; and, last of

all, he put the representation to the vote; and being himself the whole meeting, made a unanimous return.'

If Jeffrey retired from parliament without one additional leaf of laurel—harassed with party tactics, and worn out with late divisions—he retired also without one stain on his honesty or disinterestedness as a politician. He was welcomed to the Supreme Court by all the legal profession and by the public; for all had confidence in his learning, his discernment, and his industry. He earned a high reputation as a judge. Suitors were anxious that their cases should be decided by him. He devoted the most careful consideration to every question that came before him; consulting authorities and maturing his opinions in private, and stating fully in court, with his usual candour and precision, the various grounds of his decisions. His quickness in detecting sophistry and error sometimes led him to interrupt the counsel with significant and puzzling questions; and there was at times an over-solicitude and over-refinement in his mode of handling a case; partly arising from his conscientious sense of duty, and partly from his intellectual habits of subtle investigation and nice inquiry. This, however, was counteracted by the alacrity with which he could set to any amount of labour, and his aversion to the accumulation of arrears. No better monument to his legal skill and perseverance need be given than the records of cases decided in the Court of Session within the last fifteen years. His judicial labours were relieved by his unabated love of literature. He contributed a few articles to the 'Edinburgh Review,' including critiques on the Lives of Mackintosh and Wilberforce; and at length he consented to the publication of a selection from the whole of his contributions, similar collections having been made and published with great success from the writings of Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Lord Jeffrey's work appeared in 1844, in four volumes, being only about a third of what he had actually written for the Review. The volumes were accompanied by a graceful, half-apologetic preface, and by explanatory notes couched in a gentle and subdued spirit. All traces of the keen invective and caustic irony had disappeared. The 'lord of the unerring bow' had sheathed his arrows. There was a full admission of the errors and indiscretions of the earlier numbers of the Review, and of its 'excesses' both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. Lord Jeffrey acknowledged that he had said 'petulant and provoking things' of Mr Southey, and that he had in many places spoken 'rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults' of Mr Wordsworth's poetry. But in these cases, though regretting the manner of his strictures, he still adhered substantially to the judgments he had given. Having acknowledged his faults, he intimates his claim to the merit of having more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion. The praise to which he aspired was, 'that of having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.'

The great critic realised all he aspired to, and much more. He made

good his claim to 'titles manifold.' His four volumes, though not containing all his most original or striking essays, are a repertory of sound and valuable maxims, fine conceptions, and correct definitions. The actual writings, however, afford no just criterion of the benefits which Jeffrey conferred upon his country. Who can calculate the impulse which he gave to thought and opinion, to the whole current of our literature, to correct principles of taste and reasoning, to enlarged views of government, of public duty, and private morality! Much that is valuable and instrumental in periodical writing perishes in their use. The arguments necessary to help on any great cause become to a certain extent superfluous and antiquated when that cause is won, as elementary dissertations on law or morals cease to interest in an advanced state of society. During his twenty-six years of active duty as editor and reviewer, Jeffrey had stored the public mind with principles and opinions which we have seen reduced to practice, and which no party would now dispute, but which were violently assailed when presented in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.' To appreciate him aright, we must go back to the times in which he wrote, when literary criticism was low and servile, and political independence a rare and dangerous quality—when he had to contend with discouragements on every hand, and to inspire or cherish the taste and feelings of which we now reap the advantages. Some of the reviews in his collected works, devoted entirely to political questions—to Ireland, the nature of our relations with America, the state of parties in England, and the subjects of parliamentary reform and criminal jurisprudence—are solid and valuable constitutional treatises. He not merely *lightens* on his subject—he reasons closely on it, and is logical as well as brilliant.

He loved to play with metaphysical abstractions; and this, which was one of his early triumphs, now impedes instead of advancing his popularity. He was just in time to catch the last gleams of metaphysical science from Reid, Stewart, and Alison; but the 'shadowy tribes of mind' retreated before the certain light of physical science, and the delineation of human passions and manners. The vivacity and ability with which Jeffrey could expound these mental theories astonished his contemporaries, and certainly have never been exceeded. He had an exhaustless armoury of language of all descriptions, to suit every shade of meaning, and he was always as definite and exact as he was copious and animated. Yet the adventurous critic was very sceptical as to the utility of metaphysical speculations. Instead of endeavouring to bring out a theory of his own, he set himself to investigate critically all the theories most prevalent in his day—to disentangle them from what he deemed doubtful and obscure, and to exhibit within the smallest possible compass what is satisfactory to our reason, or what bears in any degree on practical purposes. Thus he considers the principle of *veracity* and the principle of *credulity*, which Reid held to be original principles in human nature, to be merely excrescences on that philosopher's system, and unnecessary to carry out his views. He also cut off from Alison's theory of association the notion of *long trains* of ideas and sensations, which he held to be equally superfluous. Jeffrey's exposition of Alison's theory is one of his most elaborate and complete metaphysical dissertations, and it is enriched with some of his most picturesque and beautiful writing. He enlarged the article, and

reprinted it as an essay on Beauty in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' He evidently regarded it as the corner-stone of his fame.

His great superiority consists in the versatility of his powers, and the perfect command he had over his faculties and acquirements. There was scarcely a region of the intellectual world that he had not explored, yet his natural endowments were greater than his acquisitions. The demands of a laborious profession precluded any profound knowledge in the sciences or abstruser branches of learning. He was more a man of the world than an erudite scholar—more of a popular orator and lawyer than an author; yet how few have been able to rival him in mental philosophy or polite literature! His perceptions were so quick, as to seem intuitive, and his sensibilities so keen, as to include every species of emotion. No poet could have a greater admiration of the beauties of external nature, yet his fertile imagination was but the handmaid of his clear and powerful understanding. His reasons and arguments on any subject were as strong and distinct as his illustrations were rich and fanciful. When these were aided by the fire of his eye, the animated expression of his countenance, and that flow of language which seemed as if it were never to cease running and sparkling, and which never made one abrupt or half-formed sentence, the impression made by his genius and acquirements on all minds of the slightest susceptibility was indescribable. Mrs Hemans compared the effect of his conversation to drinking champagne. But Jeffrey aimed at higher things than these. Both by his voice and his pen he sought to make men better, and wiser, and happier. He had a deep sympathy with his kind in all its joys and sorrows—a love of whatever was fair and good, and a scorn of whatever was base, or mean, or hypocritical. His candour was as transparent as his truth. His highest flights as an orator or writer were connected with the best feelings and interests of humanity.

At a late period of his life Lord Jeffrey was called upon, in his judicial capacity, to deliver judgment in a case connected with the political reformers, Muir, Palmer, and Gerald. It was proposed in the year 1845 to erect a monument to their memory, but the scheme was objected to chiefly on political grounds. The Court of Session, by a majority of its body, overruled the objection, Lord Jeffrey concurring. 'The thoughts,' he said, 'which such a monument should suggest, even to those most opposed to the views and opinions of its founders, are naturally of a solemn and sobering character. And if, in some, they may still be too much mixed up with feelings of anger at supposed injustice, and in others of unmerciful reprobation of offences, of which the mischief and the penalties have been long ago consummated, I can only say that the blame will be with those who continue, on either side, to cherish sentiments so uncharitable; and that, if there be any place where the influences of the scene in which they are suggested are likely to soften them down to a more humane and indulgent standard, it is when that scene is laid where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest; and where everything should remind us of our own frail mortality, and of that awful Seat of Judgment before which none of us can hope to be justified—except through mercy.'

This solemn and touching admonition may prepare us for the fast-approaching sequel of our narrative. Lord Jeffrey's health had been shaken by several severe attacks. His cheerfulness and clearness of

intellect, however, were undiminished. He scarcely seemed old even at seventy-six. His evening parties at Craigcrook, or at his house in Moray Place, were the special delight of his friends; his acts of generosity and charity and unaffected kindness were still more numerous. Recent circumstances had revived his interest in the 'Edinburgh Review.' His only child, a daughter, was married to Mr Empson, professor of law in the East India College at Haileybury; and in 1847, on the death of Mr Macvey Napier, Mr Empson succeeded to the editorship of that journal from which his illustrious relative had derived such solid and lasting honours. Lord Jeffrey might now be seen in his leisure hours turning over the leaves of a critique destined for publication, and perhaps suggesting some golden thought or happy illustration to be set like a 'coigne of vantage' in the text. He was so engaged within one week of his death! Within four days of that event he sat in court, not having missed a day during the season; and one of his last writings was a letter, full of tenderness, addressed to the widow of his early friend, Sydney Smith, who had sent him a printed copy of the Lectures on Moral Philosophy delivered by Mr Smith so far back as 1806. His early associates and occupations—the names and the duties so long familiar—were thus vividly before him at the last! The closing hours were linked in beautiful sequency and uniformity with the morning splendour. On returning from the court on Tuesday, January 26, 1850, Lord Jeffrey had a slight accession of cold, which brought on his constitutional complaint, bronchitis; fever followed, and at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, while his medical attendant was in the act of feeling his pulse, life became extinct. His remains were interred in the Western Cemetery, without any funereal pomp, as was his own desire, but mourned deeply and widely with no common sorrow. He had lived and died among his own people; and his native country, amidst her grief, rejoiced, and will long rejoice—in his fame.

END OF VOL. II.

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